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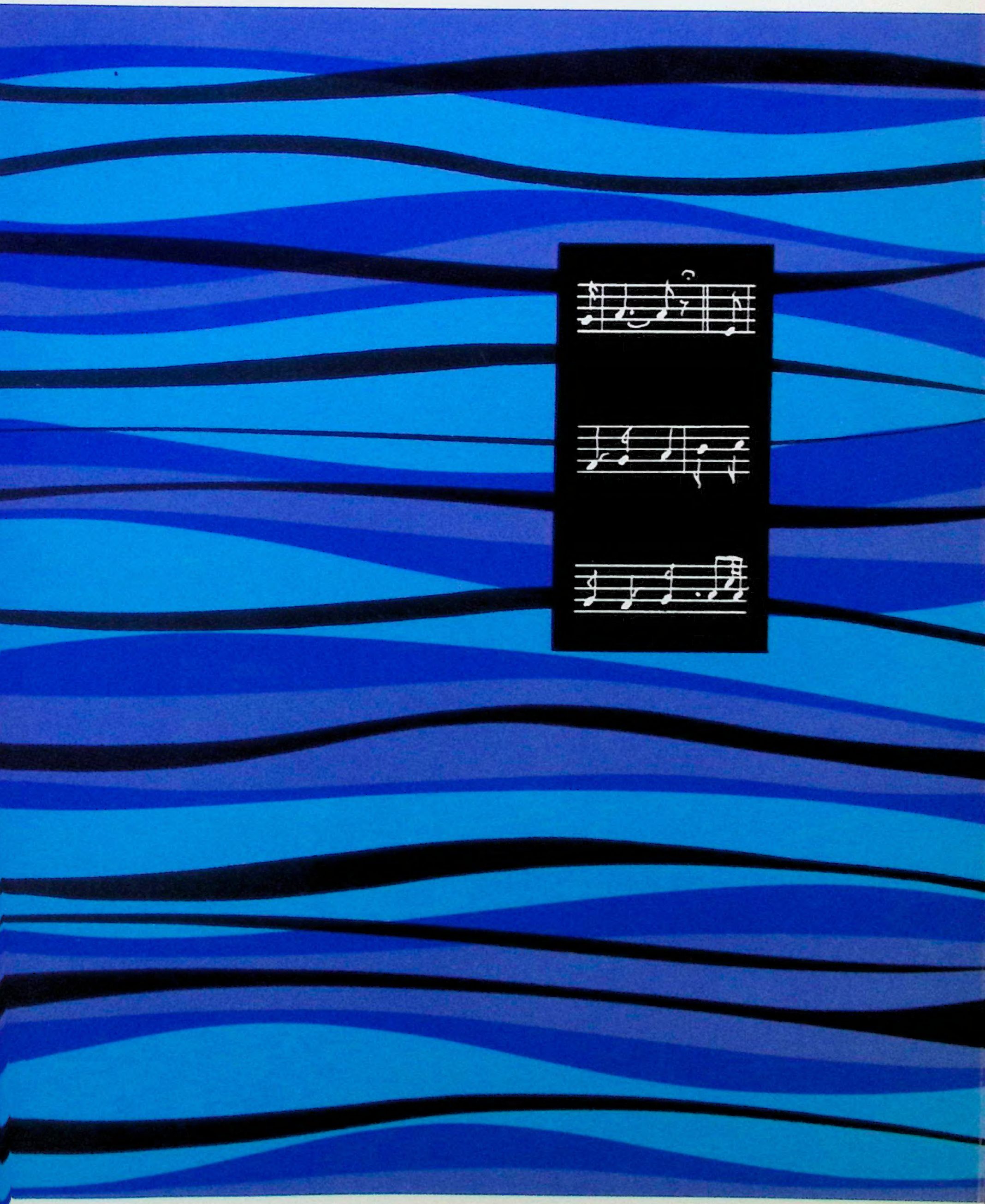
National Museum of Canada

Songs of the Newfoundland Outports



by KENNETH PEACOCK

Volume 3

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SONGS OF THE NEWFOUNDLAND OUTPORTS

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SONGS OF THE NEWFOUNDLAND OUTPORTS

Volume 3

collected and edited by

KENNETH PEACOCK

melodies transcribed and drawn by the author
photographs by the author

Issued under the authority of The Honourable Maurice Lamontagne, P.C., M.P.
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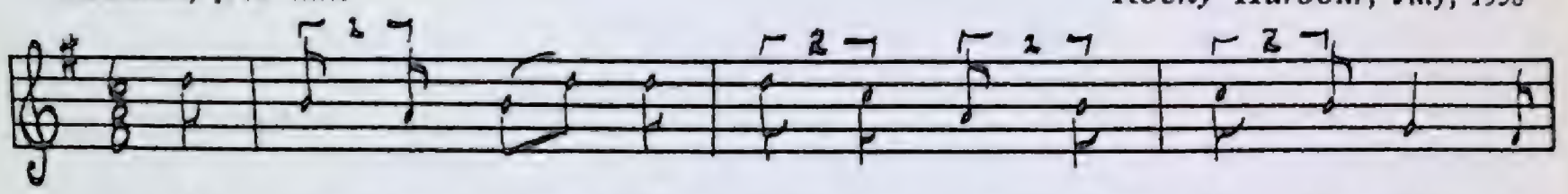
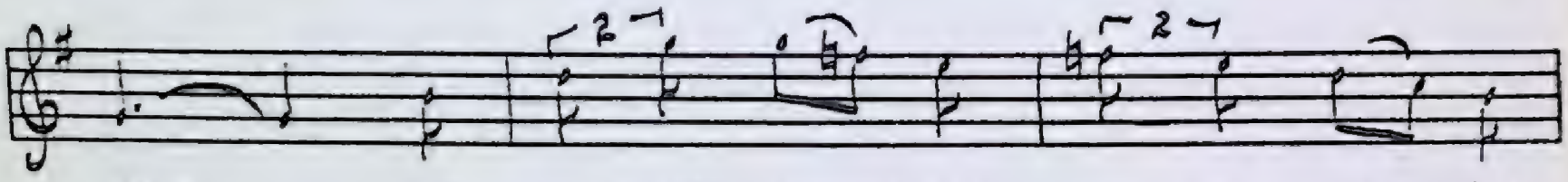
Love Tragedies

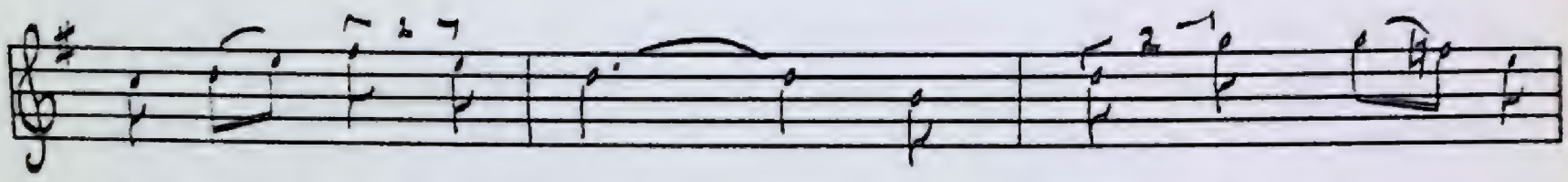
As Susan Strayed the Briny Beach

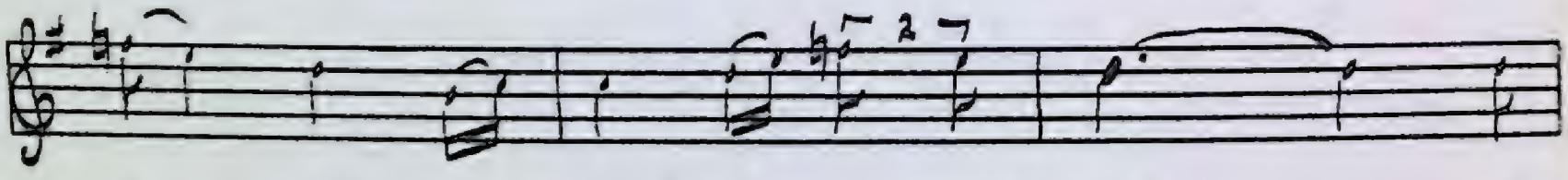
PEA 74 No. 669
Arthur Nicolle
Rocky Harbour, July, 1958

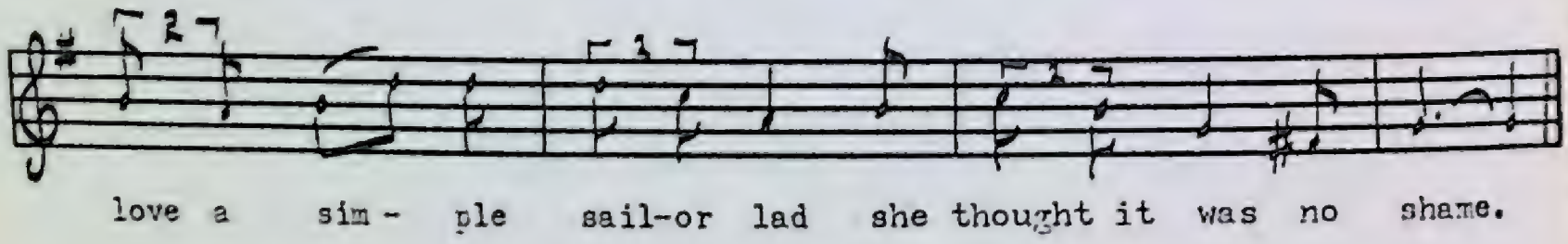
Moderate, free time











1. As Susan strayed the briny beach down by the Sligo shore
   She ofttimes thought all on a boy her fond heart did adore;
   And ofttimes in sad accents her tongue pronounced his name,
   To love a simple sailor lad she thought it was no shame.

2. Her father being a nobleman and born of high degree,
   While she being kind both heart and mind, most beautiful to see;
   And many a lord of high renown for she shed many a tear,
   She object [rejected] them all to her fond heart, being true to
   Willie dear.

3. "Oh who would love a sailor, or wish to be his bride
   When all his life he do depend on a dark or stormy tide?
   But I will never change my mind although my Willie be
   Just guarded by one single plank from death and eternity."

4. The following day the storm came on, the tempest seas rolled high,
While Susan strayed the briny beach the tears rolled from her eyes:
"Now tempest seas why had you rolled on which my Willie had crossed
Dashed high upon some wicked wave or else entirely lost."

5. As she turned forth to go away one lonely look she gave,
She thought that she saw something black a-floating on the wave;
In one quick look she knew it was the sailor's blue he wore,
When a boundless sea it did a-dash his body on the shore.

6. 'Twas more than a woman's strength which drew this corpse on high,
And laid it down all on a spot where all around was dry;
And gazing on that body that's been all bruised and tore,
Till something told her troubled mind she'd seen that face before.

7. She placed a gold watch to his mouth to catch some sign of breath,
His colour was not changed one bit, his eyes were closed in death;
His manly form it being unstripped his skin like maiden's fair,
And stripes of seaweed which tangled all in his dark brown hair.

8. As she turned forth to go away some more help for to bring,
'Twas on his finger she beheld this dazzling diamond ring;
In one quick look she knew it was the ring her Willie had wore,
She had placed it on his finger while last parting from the shore.

9. Come all you loyal lovers to view a solemn sight,
There's twelve young sailors dressed in blue and twelve young maids in white;
Just like some early blossom cut down in time of bloom,
Fond hearts have caused each other to be buried in one tomb.

This song has been collected in England by Cecil Sharp and published in various collections. It is widely sung in Newfoundland probably because it tells a story all too familiar to outport Newfoundlanders. The three variants I noted were all similar, so no further recordings were made when singers suggested singing it. In 1951 Howard Morry of Ferryland sang a version with the following last verse which is worth noting as an alternative to the one in the text.

On the day of Willie's funeral it was a mournful sight
To see twelve young sailors dressed in blue and twelve fair maids in white
Young Susan broke her tender heart and died that very same night,
Now the two are married in one grave, a sweet ending to their life.

Line two of verse 3 in the text is also from Mr. Morry's variant.

Sunset over Barred Island

Barbara Allen

(*Child 84*)

1. In Bedford town where I was born
   There was a fair girl dwellin',
   She was a fair and comely maid,
   Her name was Barbara Allen.
   Allen, her name was Barbara Allen.

2. And in that very selfsame town,
   The town where I was dwellin',
   Young Willie Groves on his death-bed lay
   In love for Barbara Allen.
   Allen, in love for Barbara Allen.

3. He sent his servants to the town,
   The town where she was dwellin'.
   "My master is sick and sends for you
   If your name is Barbara Allen,
   Allen, if your name is Barbara Allen."

4. Then slowly, slowly she got up,
   And slowly she came nigh him,
   And all she said when she got there:
   "Young man, I think you're dyin',
   Dyin', young man, I think you're dyin'."

5. "A dying man I surely am,
   One kiss from you will cure me."
   "One kiss from me you'll never enjoy
   If your poor heart is breaking,
   Breaking, if your poor heart is breaking.

6. "Oh can't you remember the other night
   When we were in the tavern?
   You drank a health to the ladies round,
   But slighted Barbara Allen,
   Allen, but slighted Barbara Allen."

7. "I well remember the other night
   When we were in the tavern,
   I drank a health to the ladies round,
   But the first was Barbara Allen,
   Allen, but the first was Barbara Allen.

8. "You look up at the head of my bed
   You'll see my knapsack hanging,
   There's my gold watch and my gold chain
   Are for you Barbara Allen,
   Allen, are for you Barbara Allen.

9. "You look down at the foot of my bed
You'll see my gold bowl a-standing,
It is so full of innocent blood
All spilled for Barbara Allen,
Allen, all spilled for Barbara Allen."

10. "Oh death is pictured in your face,
And sorrow is gone from you,
And I can't keep you from your grave,
So fare you well dear Willie [Johnny]
Willie, so fare you well dear Willie."

11. He turned his face unto the wall,
He turned his back unto her.
"Here's adieu, adieu to all my friends,
Be kind to Barbara Allen,
Allen, be kind to Barbara Allen."

12. Slowly, slowly she arose,
And slowly she went from him.
Next day while walking down the street
She heard his death-bell tollin',
Tollin', she heard his death-bell tollin'.

13. Oh she went through and through the town,
And heard his death-bell ringing,
And every stroke it seemed to say:
'Hard-hearted Barbara Allen,
Allen, hard-hearted Barbara Allen.'

14. She looked to the east and looked to the west,
And spied his corpse a-comin'.
"Lay down, lay down that corpse of clay
So I may gaze upon him,
Upon him, so I may gaze upon him."

15. The more she gazed, the more she wept,
Till at last she burst out cryin':
"Oh pick me up and carry me home,
For I feel that I am dyin',
Dyin', for I feel that I am dyin'.

16. "Oh mother dear come make my bed,
And make it long and narrow,
This young man died in love for me,
I'll die for him in sorrow,
Sorrow, I'll die for him in sorrow."

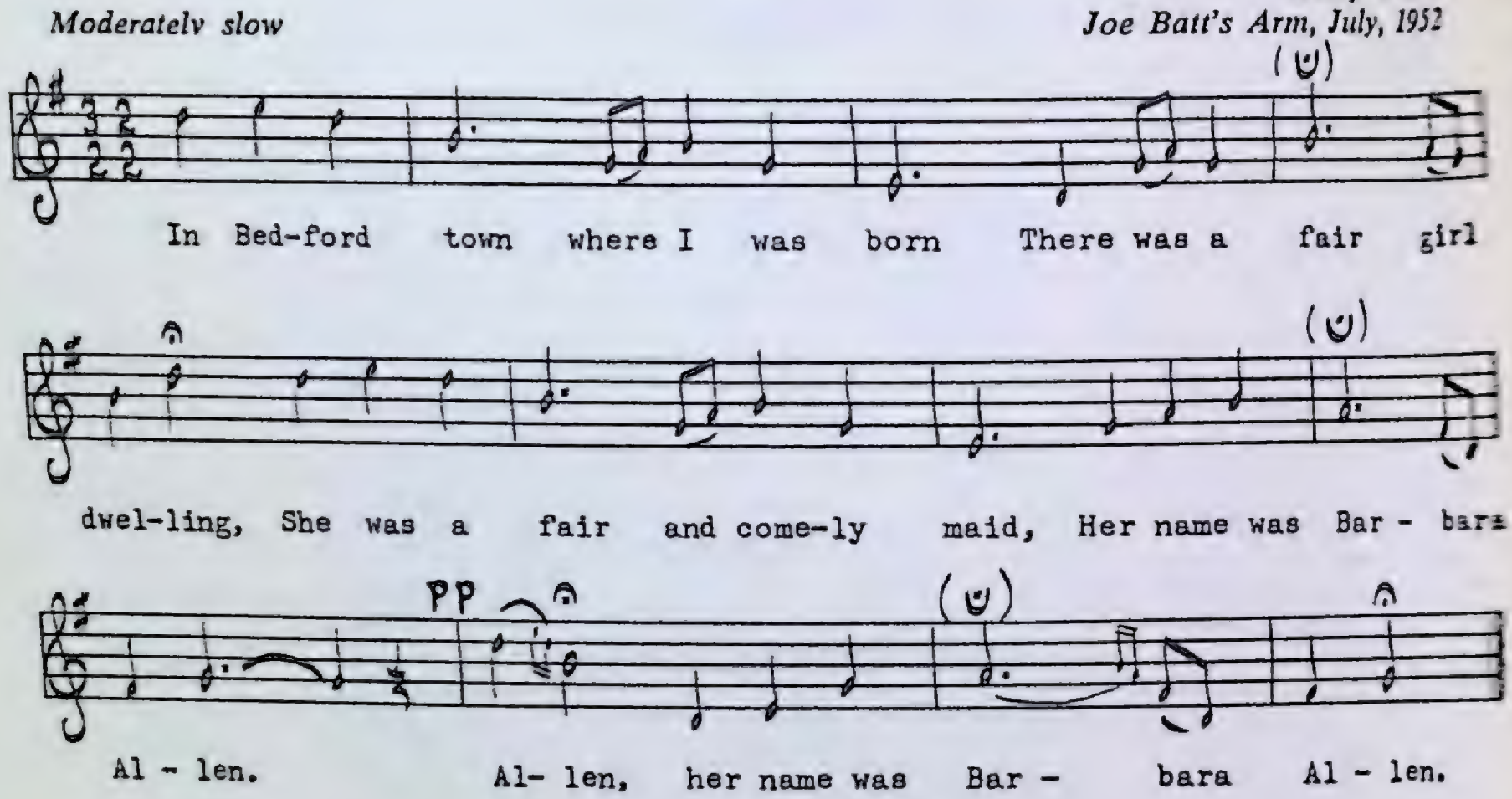
17. They both were buried in one grave,
For such was her desire,
And out of one there grew a rose,
Out of the other a briar,
Briar, out of the other a briar.

18. They grew and climbed by the old church tower,
Till they could grow no higher,
And formed into a lover's knot,
The rose entwined the briar,
Briar, the rose entwined the briar.

A

MS 6
Harry Curtis
Joe Batt's Arm, July, 1952

Moderately slow



1. In Bedford town where I was born
   There was a fair girl dwellin',
   She was a fair and comely maid,
   Her name was Barbara Allen.
   Allen, her name was Barbara Allen.

2. And in the very selfsame town,
   The town where I was dwellin',
   Young Willie Groves on his death-bed lay,
   In love for Barbara Allen.
   Allen, in love for Barbara Allen.

3. Slowly, slowly, she arose,
   And slowly she went to him,
   And when she got to his bed-side
   She said, "Young man you're dying,
   Dying", she said, "young man you're dying."

4. "A dying man I surely am,
   One kiss from you will cure me."
   "One kiss from me you'll never enjoy,
   If your poor heart is breaking,
   Breaking, if your poor heart is breaking."

5. "Do you remember the other night
   When you sat in a bar-room drinking?
   You drank a health to other fair girls,
   But slighted Barbara Allen.
   Allen, but slighted Barbara Allen."

6. "Yes, I remember the other night,
I sat in a bar-room drinking;
I drank a health to all fair girls,
And the first was Barbara Allen.
Allen, and the first was Barbara Allen.

7. "Look there, look there by my bedside,
You'll see my knapsack hanging;
There's my gold watch and my gold chain,
Are for you Barbara Allen.
Allen, are for you Barbara Allen."

8. Slowly, slowly, she arose,
And slowly she went from him;
Next day while walking down the street,
She heard his death-bell tollin'.
Tollin', she heard his death-bell tollin'.

9. She looked to the east and looked to the west,
And saw his corpse a-coming;
She asked the bearers to lay him down
That she might gaze upon him.
Upon him, that she might gaze upon him.

10. The more she gazed, the more she laughed,
Although her poor heart was breaking;
When her parents they cried out, "For shame!
Hard-hearted Barbara Allen.
Allen, hard-hearted Barbara Allen."

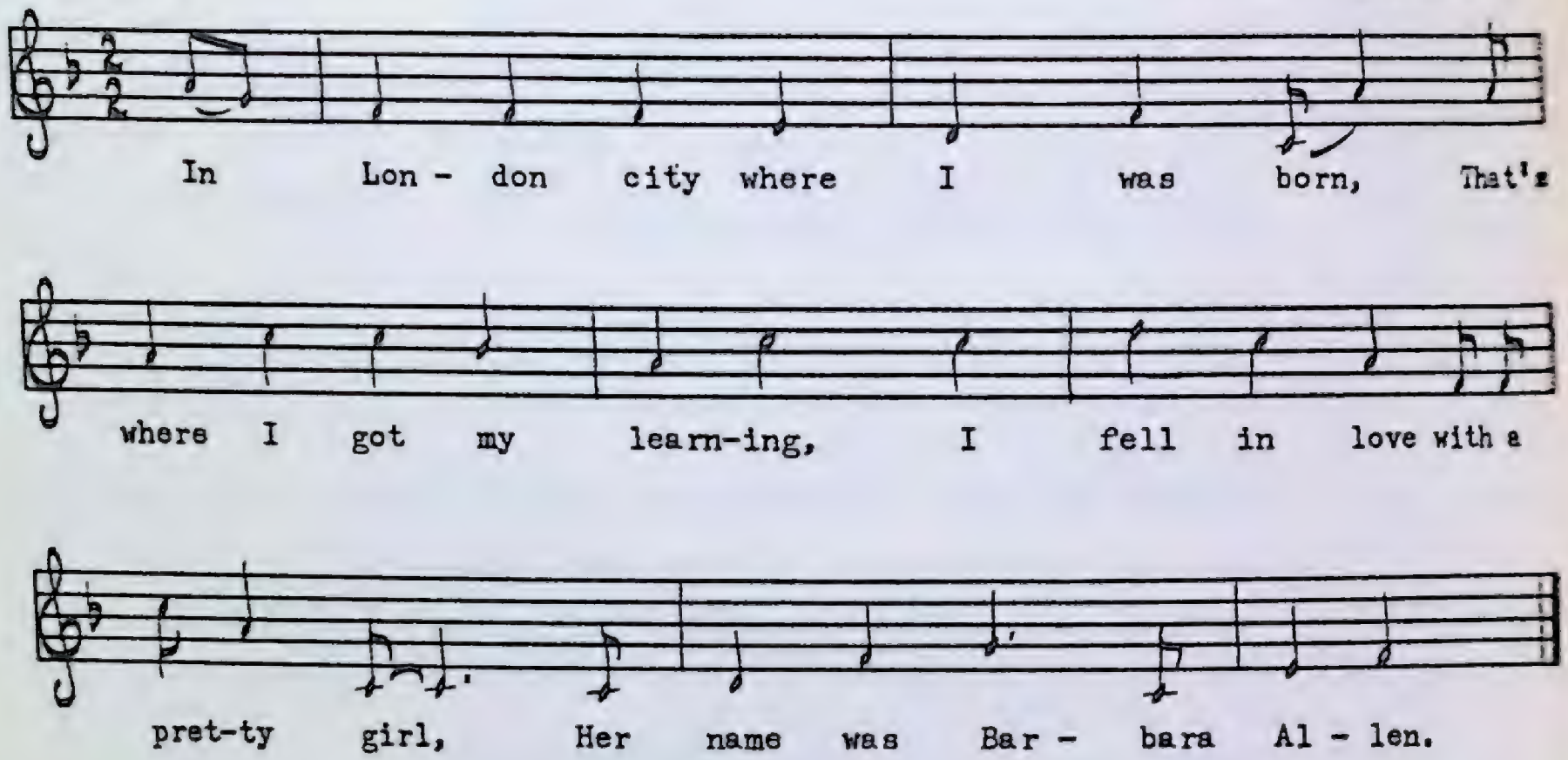
11. "Oh mother dear, come make my bed,
And make it long and narrow;
This young man died in love for me,
I'll die for him in sorrow.
Sorrow, I'll die for him in sorrow."

12. They both were buried in one grave,
For such was her desire,
And out of one there grew a rose,
Out of the other a briar,
Briar, out of the other a briar.

13. They grew and climbed by the old church tower,
Till they could grow no higher,
And formed into a lover's knot,
The rose entwined the briar,
Briar, the rose entwined the briar.

B

PEA 164 No. 1044
Mrs. Clara Stevens
Bellburns, August, 1959



1. In London city where I was born,
   That's where I got my learning,
   I fell in love with a pretty girl,
   Her name was Barbara Allen.

2. And in that very selfsame town,
   The town where I was dwelling,
   A youth he on his death-bed lay
   For love of Barbara Allen.

3. He sent his servants to the town,
   The town where she was dwellin'.
   "My master is sick and sends for you
   If your name is Barbara Allen."

4. Then slowly, slowly she got up,
   And slowly she came nigh him,
   And all she said when she got there:
   "Young man, I think you're dyin'.

5. "Oh can't you remember the other night
   When we were in the tavern?
   You drank a health to the ladies round,
   But slighted Barbara Allen."

6. "I well remember the other night
   When we were in the tavern,
   I drank a health to the ladies round,
   But the first was Barbara Allen."

7. He turned his face unto the wall,
He turned his back unto her.
"Here's adieu, adieu to all my friends,
Be kind to Barbara Allen."

8. Oh she went through and through the town,
She heard his death-bell ringing,
And every stroke appeared to say:
'Hard-hearted Barbara Allen.'

9. She looked to the east and looked to the west,
And spied his corpse a-comin'.
"Lay down, lay down that corpse of clay
So I may gaze upon him."

10. The more she gazed, the more she wept,
Till at last she burst out cryin':
"Oh pick me up and carry me home,
For I feel that I am dyin'."

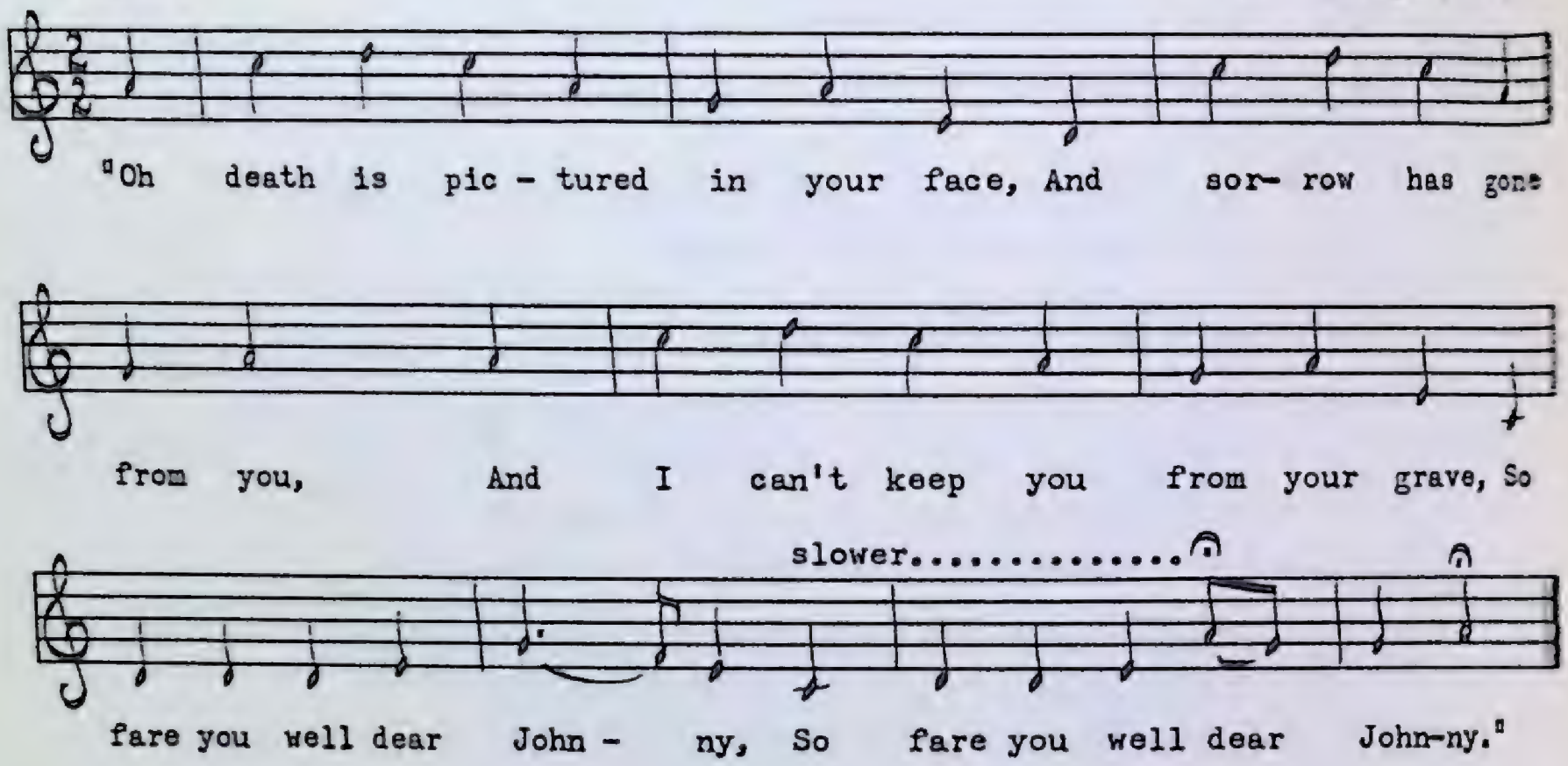
11. Sweet Willie was buried in the old church-yard,
And Barbara was buried beside him.
From Willie's grave there grew a rose,
From Barbara's a green briar.

12. They grew to the top of the old church tower
Till they couldn't grow any higher,
They hooked and they tied in a true love's knot
For young men and maidens to admire.

C

PEA 113 No. 839
Freeman Bennett
St. Paul's, August, 1958

Moderate



1. "Oh death is pictured in your face,
   And sorrow is gone from you,
   And I can't keep you from your grave,
   So fare you well dear Johnny." (*twice*)

2. As she was going through the town
   She heard the death-bells tolling,
   The more it sound' it seemed to say:
   Hard hearted Barb'ry Ellen. (*twice*)

3. She looked to the east, she looked to the west,
   She saw his corpse a-coming.
   Saying, "Put him down, my little boys,
   That I may look all on him." (*twice*)

4. The more she looked, the more she laughed,
   Till a-further she got from him;
   Till all her friends cried out, "For shame,
   Hard-hearted Barb'ry Ellen." (*twice*)

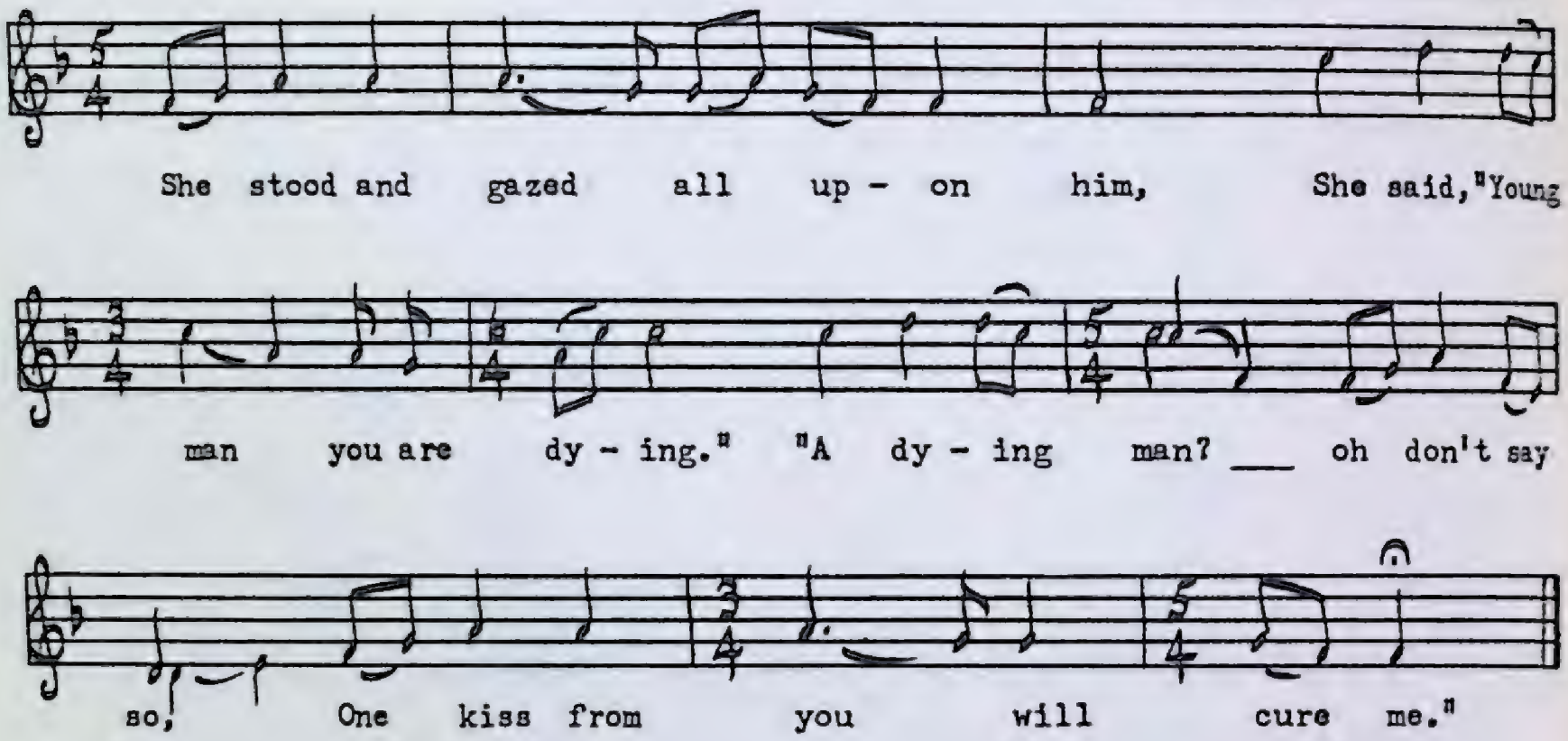
5. Oh Johnny died that night be the day,
   And Ellinor died to-morrow;
   And Johnny he did die for love,
   And Ellinor died for sorrow. (*twice*)

6. Oh Johnny was buried in the low church-yard,
   And Ellinor was buried in the higher;
   And out of Johnny's breast sprung a rose,
   And out of Ellen's sprung a briar. (*twice*)

7. It growed till it growed to a true-love's knot,
It growed till it couldn't grow no higher;
It growed till it growed to a true-love's knot,
And the rose growed 'round the briar. (*twice*)

D

PEA 119 No. 863
Mrs. Wallace Kinslow
Isle aux Morts, June, 1959



1. She stood and gazed all upon him,
   She said, "Young man you are dying."
   "A dying man?—oh don't say so,
   One kiss from you will cure me."

2. "One kiss from me you will never get,
   Not if your fond heart is a-breaking."
   .....
   .....

3. "Can you remember last Saturday night?
   You were to the ale-house drinking,
   You drinked your health to all fair girls
   And slighted Barb'ry Allen."

4. "You look up at the head of my bed,
   There is my gold watch a-hanging
   There is my gold watch and my gold chain,
   Give it to Barb'ry Allen."

5. "You look down at the foot of my bed,
   There is my gold bowl a-standing,
   It is so full of innocent blood
   All spilled for Barb'ry Allen."

6. As I was a-walking up London street
   I heard a bell a-tolling,
   And as it tolled it seemed to say:
   'Hard-hearted Barb'ry Allen.'

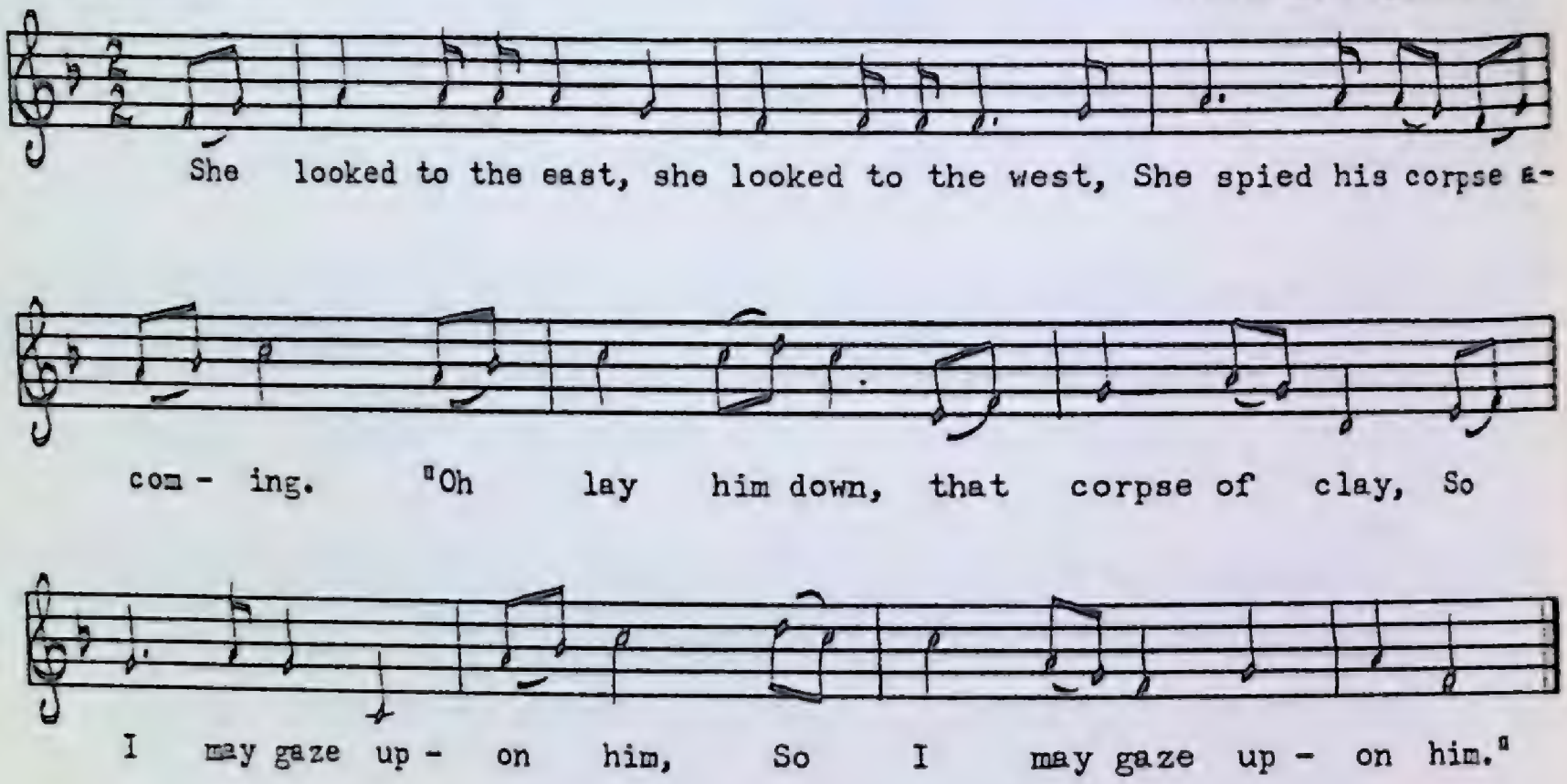
7. "Oh mother, oh mother, come and make my bed,
You must make it long and narrow,
For my true love was buried today,
And I will die tomorrow."

8. They both growed up to the old church-yard
Where they could not grow any higher,
And on the top grows a true love's knot
For boys and girls to admire.

E

PEA 164 No. 1043
Mrs. Clara Stevens
Bellburns, August, 1959

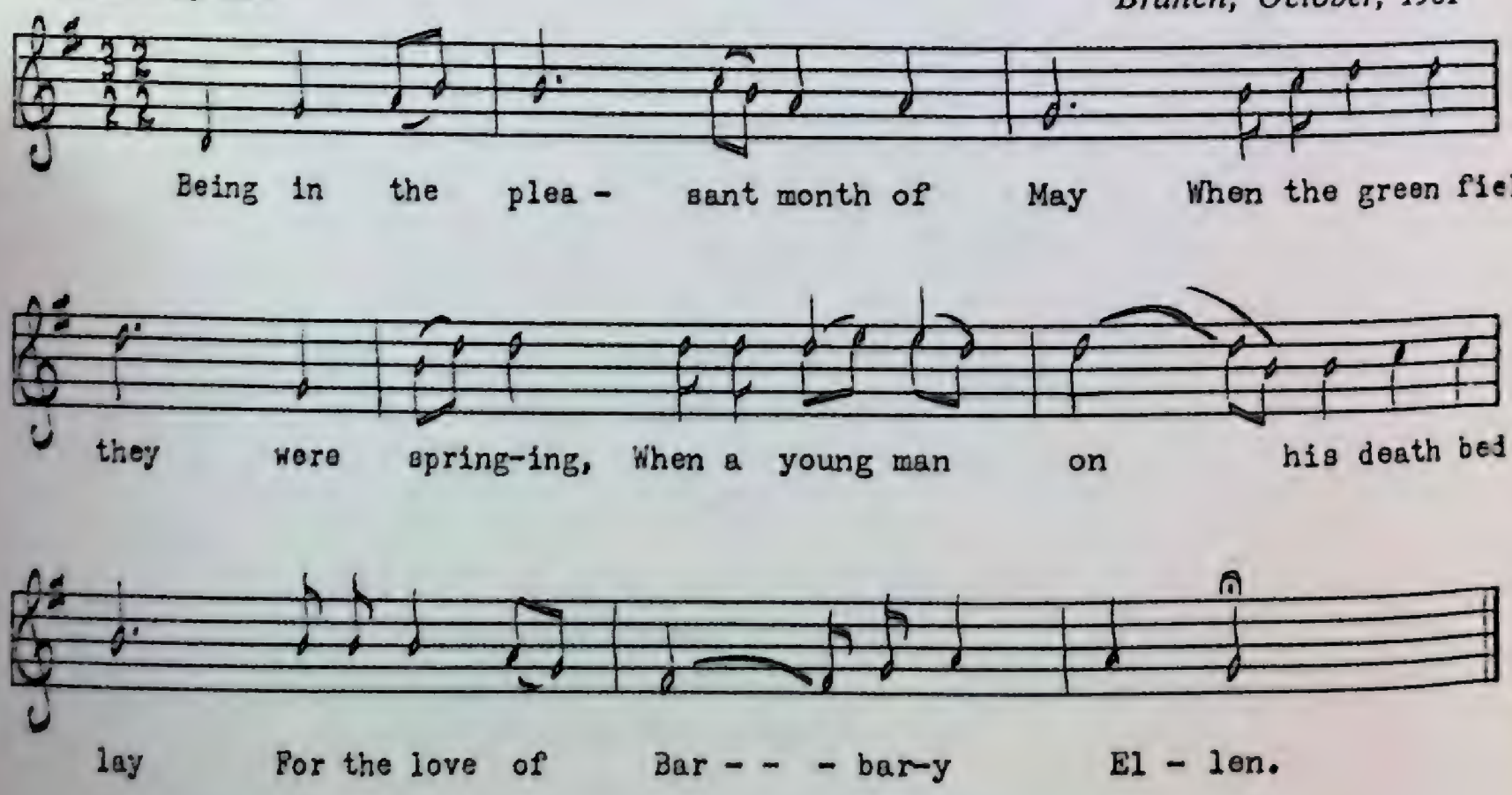
Moderately slow



F

PEA 201 No. 1169
William Nash
Branch, October, 1961

Moderately slow



None of the Newfoundland tunes reproduced here are among the popular ones usually associated with this ubiquitous ballad. Tune *C* is now my favourite, although when I first heard it I was not particularly impressed, in spite of its ancient Aeolian flavour. The text given at the beginning is a collation of *A, B, C,* and *D,* which professional singers might find useful. However, the original source texts are also given for those of a more scholarly bent. The inverted pause signs in tune *A* signify a shortening of the tone.

Le beau galant

PEA 183 No. 1116
Mme Joséphine Costard
Loretto, juillet 1960

Modéré, expressif
Deuxième couplet

Au bout de six mois tout au plus, Le beau ga- lant est re-ve-

nu, Au bout de six mois tout au plus, Le beau ga-

lant est re - ve - nu, Est re - ve - nu de sur sa

tan-te Où c'qu'il a eu tant de plai - sir, Où c'qu'il a

eu tant de plai - sir- e, Et tant de ré - - - jouis-san - ces.

Je suis fille à marier,
Mon amant m'a délaissée. } (*bis*)
Il est parti dessur ces Indes
Prend'e la navigation d'un bâtiment,
Il est parti dessur ces Indes
Prend'e la navigation d'un bâtiment.

Au bout de six mois tout au plus,
Le beau galant est revenu, } (*bis*)
Est revenu de sur sa tante
Où c' qu'il a eu tant de plaisir,
Où c' qu'il a eu tant de plaisir-e } (*bis*)
Et tant de réjouissances.

Sa tante lui répondit:
«Qu'il fallait plus venir ici, } (*bis*)
Elle est partie dans un couvent
Où c' que l'on vit qu'en languissant,
Elle est partie dans un couvent
Où c' que l'on vit qu'en languissant.»

Le beau galant fondit en pleurs
Jusqu'à la porte du couvent. } (*bis*)
Elle lui a dit: «Si je suis retenue,
C'est bien toi qu'en est l'auteur.»
Elle lui a dit: «Si je suis retenue,
C'est bien toi qu'en est l'auteur.»

Le beau galant lui dit par trois fois:
«La bell', montre-moi votre doigt, } (*bis*)
Voici z-un' anneau d'or j'vous le donne,
Il est d' mon cœur et de ma foi,
Belle, souv'nez-vous de moi-e,
Ah! belle, souv'nez-vous de moi.» } (*bis*)

La bell' a pas eu l'anneau d'or passé au doigt
Que le beau galant est tombé mort. } (*bis*)
—Ah! puisque mon amant est mort-e,
C'est moi qui doit l'ensevelir,
Que l'on m'apporte un drap de fleur-es,
Qui soit tout couronné de fleurs.
Ah! puisque mon amant est mort-e,
C'est moi qui doit porter le deuil,
Que l'on m'apporte un habit noir-e,
Un habit noir m' conviendra bien.

The unusual fiorituras in bars two and six are rather difficult to put into notation. The best effect will be obtained by imagining the principal tone 'A' as continuous, yet embellished with short grace-notes on the minor third above, producing a warbling effect.

La belle est morte entre les bras de son amant

PEA 181 No. 1103
Mme Joséphine Costard
Loretto, juillet 1960

Modéré

C'est un jour, en m'y pro - me - nant, En ve-

nant d'un' as - sem - blet - - - te. Dans mon che- min j'ai ren- con-

tré Un - e bell' fill' tant à mon gré. Dans mon che- gré.

C'est un jour, en m'y promenant,
En venant d'un' assemblette. } (*bis*)
Dans mon chemin j'ai rencontré
Une bell' fill' tant à mon gré. } (*bis*)

Je lui demandis en riant:
—La belle, êtes-vous mariée? } (*bis*)
—Non, mariée je ne le suis pas,
Ni que je l'ai dans la pensée. } (*bis*)

—La belle, si vous voudriez m'aimer.
En m'y faisant la promesse, } (*bis*)
Une anneau d'or que j'ai dans le doigt,
Le belle, vous n'en s'rez la maîtresse. } (*bis*)

La belle, a' lui répondit
Qu'elle est encor' jeunette. } (*bis*)
—Disons, la belle, j' vous donn'rai du temps,
Car je m'en va's au régiment. } (*bis*)

Tant qu' le galant il fut parti,
Son père, i' la marie. } (*bis*)
Le mariage qu'il lui a donné,
C'est un vieillard fort mal à son gré. } (*bis*)

—Ah! oui, mon pèr', j' vous épouserai,
Un amant, c'est pour vous l' plaire. } (*bis*)
Non, avec lui, je ne resterai,
Non, avec lui je ne mangerai. } (*bis*)
Non, avec lui, je n'épouserai. (*bis*)

Le bell' monte en haut dans sa chambre,
En arrachant ses blonds cheveux. } (*bis*)
«Non, avec lui, je ne resterai,
Non, avec lui, j' n'épouserai.»

Quand c'est venu su' l'coup d'onze heures,
Elle entend chanter des cornes. } (*bis*)
Ça lui disait dans son doux chant:
«Ma mie, je vous reconsole.» } (*bis*)

Quand c'est venu su' l'coup d' minuit,
Ça vient frapper à la porte. } (*bis*)
—Rouvrez la port', c'est vot'e cher amant,
Car il arriv' du régiment. } (*bis*)

J'ai bien entendu de nouveau
Que vous étiez mariée. } (*bis*)
—Oui, mariée, je le suis,
Ainsi qu' la première nuit. } (*bis*)

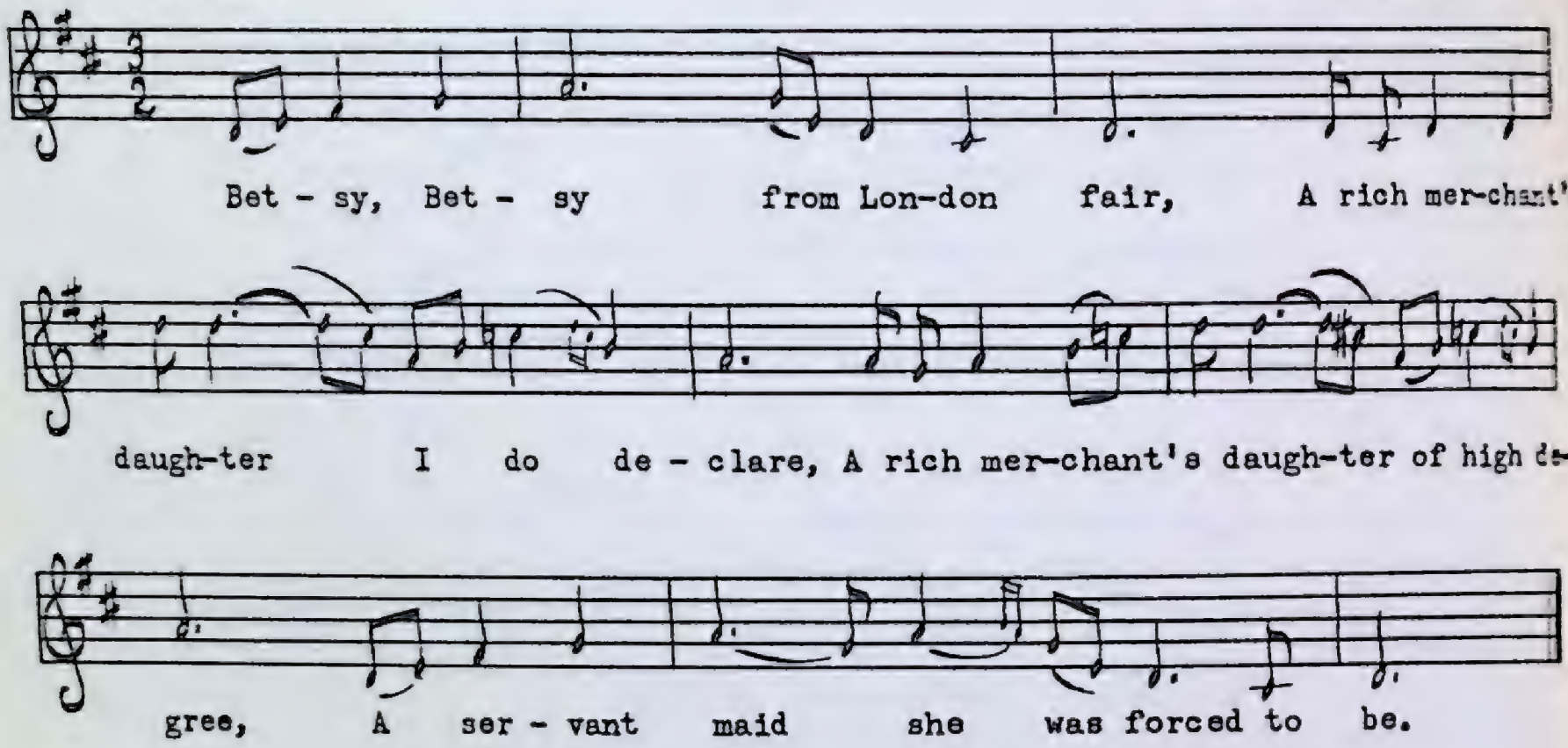
La belle est morte entre ses bras,
Son père, il ne l' croyait pas.
La belle est morte entre ses bras,
Son père, il ne l' croyait pas.

—Volez, volez, mon équipage,
Et faisez-moi mourir-e. } (*bis*)
Vous leur direz, à tous mes parents,
Car je suis mort au régiment. } (*bis*)

Betsy, Betsy from London Fair

MS 9
Mrs. J. Mahoney
Stock Cove, July, 1952

Moderately slow



1. Betsy, Betsy from London fair,
   A rich merchant's daughter I do declare,
   A rich merchant's daughter of high degree,
   A servant maid she was forced to be.

2. Her mistress had but one only son,
   And Betsy's beauty his heart had won;
   For Betsy's beauty did shine so fair,
   It threw this young man's heart into a snare.

3. One morning he arose, put on his clothes,
   And into Betsy's bed-chamber goes,
   Saying, "Betsy, Betsy, my heart's delight,
   I do intend making you my wife."

4. His mother in the next room lay,
   Could not help hearing what her son did say.
   That dreary night she kept in her mind,
   To balk them both in their hearts' incline.

5. Early next morning this woman arose,
   And into Betsy's bed-chamber goes,
   Saying, "Arise up Betsy, and come with me
   Into the country for a day or three."

6. Betsy arose, and put on her clothes,
   And into the country with her mistress goes.
   There was a ship lay in the town,
   And Betsy's poor heart to a slaver she bound.

7. It was on his mother's returning home,
This young man saw she was alone.
"You are welcome mother," her son he said,
"But where is Betsy your servant maid?"

8. "Now dear son you can plainly see,
Your Betsy's not along with me,
You'll love no more for it's all in vain,
Your true love Betsy's gone plowing the main."

9. Her son took sick, took very bad,
There was none but Betsy could make him glad;
She sent for doctors both far and near,
But none but Betsy could his spirits cheer.

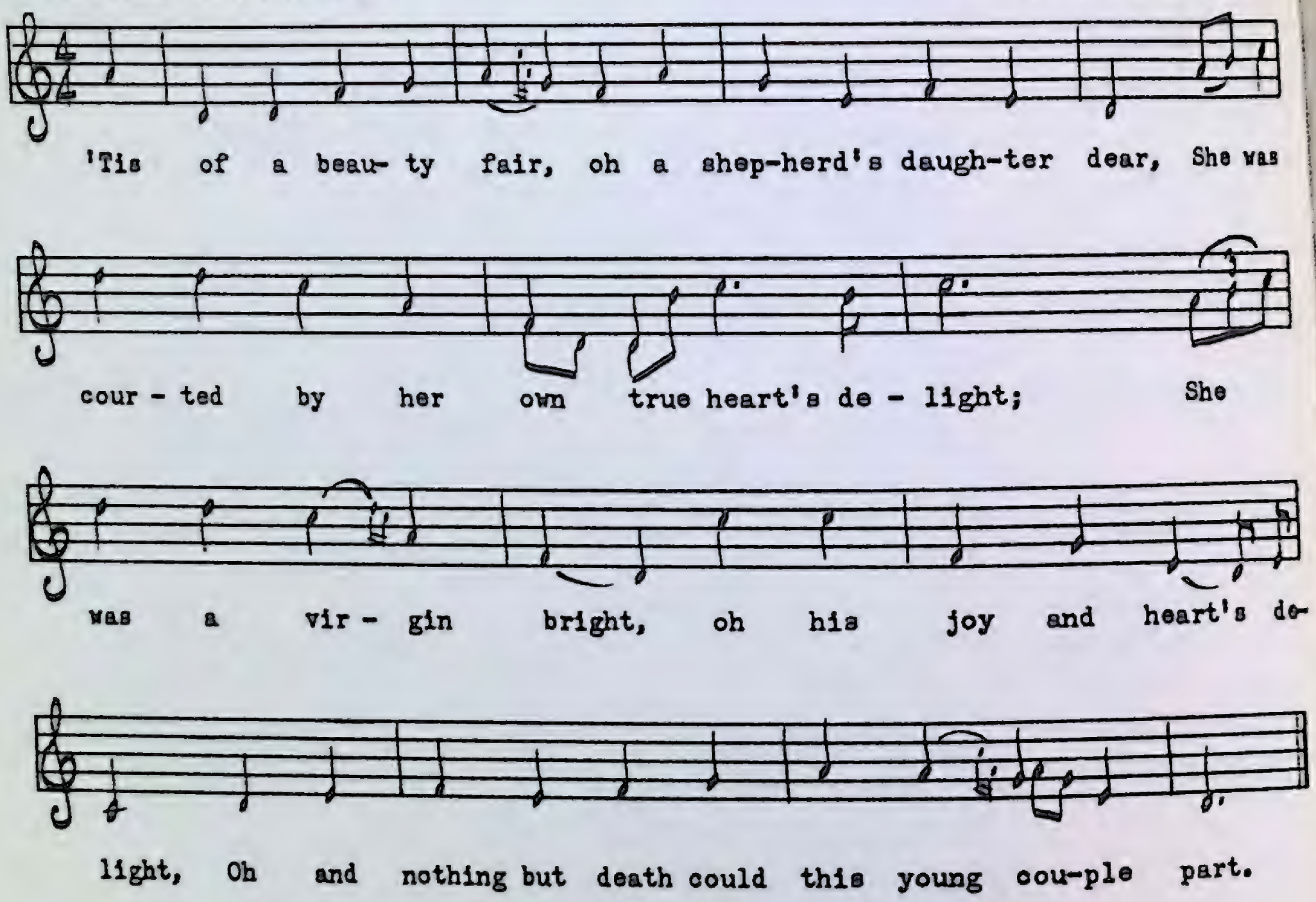
10. When she heard that her son was dead
She wrung hands and tore her head,
Saying, "If I had my son back again,
I would send for Betsy far over the main."

The reference to 'slaver' in verse 6 is mysterious. It could either mean an African slave ship or refer to Betsy's status as a 'slavey' or kitchen girl. A variant from Vermont has the mother sending Betsy to Virginia, so the ballad may very well date back to early colonial times when girls were 'recruited' to work on the plantations.

The Bloody Garden

PEA 95 No. 755
Everett Bennett
St. Paul's, August, 1958

Moderately slow, free time



1. 'Tis of a beauty fair, oh a shepherd's daughter dear,
   She was courted by her own true heart's delight;
   She was a virgin bright, oh his joy and heart's delight,
   Oh and nothing but death could this young couple part.
2. His mother false and cruel wrote a letter to his jewel,
   And she wrote it in a hand just like his own,
   Saying: "Meet me here tonight, meet me here my heart's delight,
   In the garden gay nearby my mother's home."
3. The gardener agreed oh with fifty pounds indeed
   To kill this girl and lay her in the ground,
   And with flowers fine and gay oh her grave to overlay,
   That way her virgin body ne'er shall be found.
4. This fair one she arose oh and to the garden goes
   All for to meet her own true heart's delight;
   Where she searched the groves all round oh but no true love she found,
   Till at length the bloody gardener came in sight.
5. "Oh madam now I pray, what brought you here this way,
   Are you going to rob me of my garden gay?"
   "No," she said, "no thief I am, I'm in search of a young man
   Who has promised for to meet me here this way."

6. "Prepare, prepare," he cries, "oh prepare to lose your life,
Your virgin body bleeding in the ground;
And with flowers fine and gay oh your grave I'll overlay,
That way your virgin body ne'er could be found."

7. She on the ground did fall oh and to the Lord did call,
Saying, "Oh false cruel love is this your design?"
"No, his mother false and cruel has betrayed you and your jewel,
And has paid me well to make your heart all mine."

8. With that he drew a knife, cut the single thread of life,
Lay her virgin body bleeding on the ground;
And with flowers fine and gay oh her grave did overlay,
That way her virgin body ne'er could be found.

9. This young man he arose and to the garden goes
All for to meet his own true heart's delight;
Where he searched the grove all round oh but no true love he found,
Till the grove and the valleys seemed to mourn.

10. Then he lay down to sleep on a mossy bank so sweet,
Where a milk-white dove flew swiftly o'er his head;
With her battering wings did beat all about this young man's feet,
And when he awoke the dove she had fled.

11. The dove away did flee and perched on a myrtle tree,
This young man followed her through the garden gay;
He called her soft and low with his heart so full of woe,
Till he came to the place where the dove did lay.

12. He said, "My pretty dove so mournful there above,
Have you lost your own true love as I have mine?"
Down from the tree so tall oh she on the ground did fall
Where she drooped her neck spread her wings, and bled from the breast.

13. This young man home did go with his heart so full of woe,
Saying, "Oh false cruel mother you have me undone,
Robbed me of my beauty bright, oh my joy and heart's delight,
And 'tis soon now you shall have no heir and son."

14. With that he drew a knife, cut the single thread of life
In the bloody garden where his true love lay.
"Oh my virgin beauty bright, oh my joy and heart's delight,
Soon we both shall meet all in the garden gay."

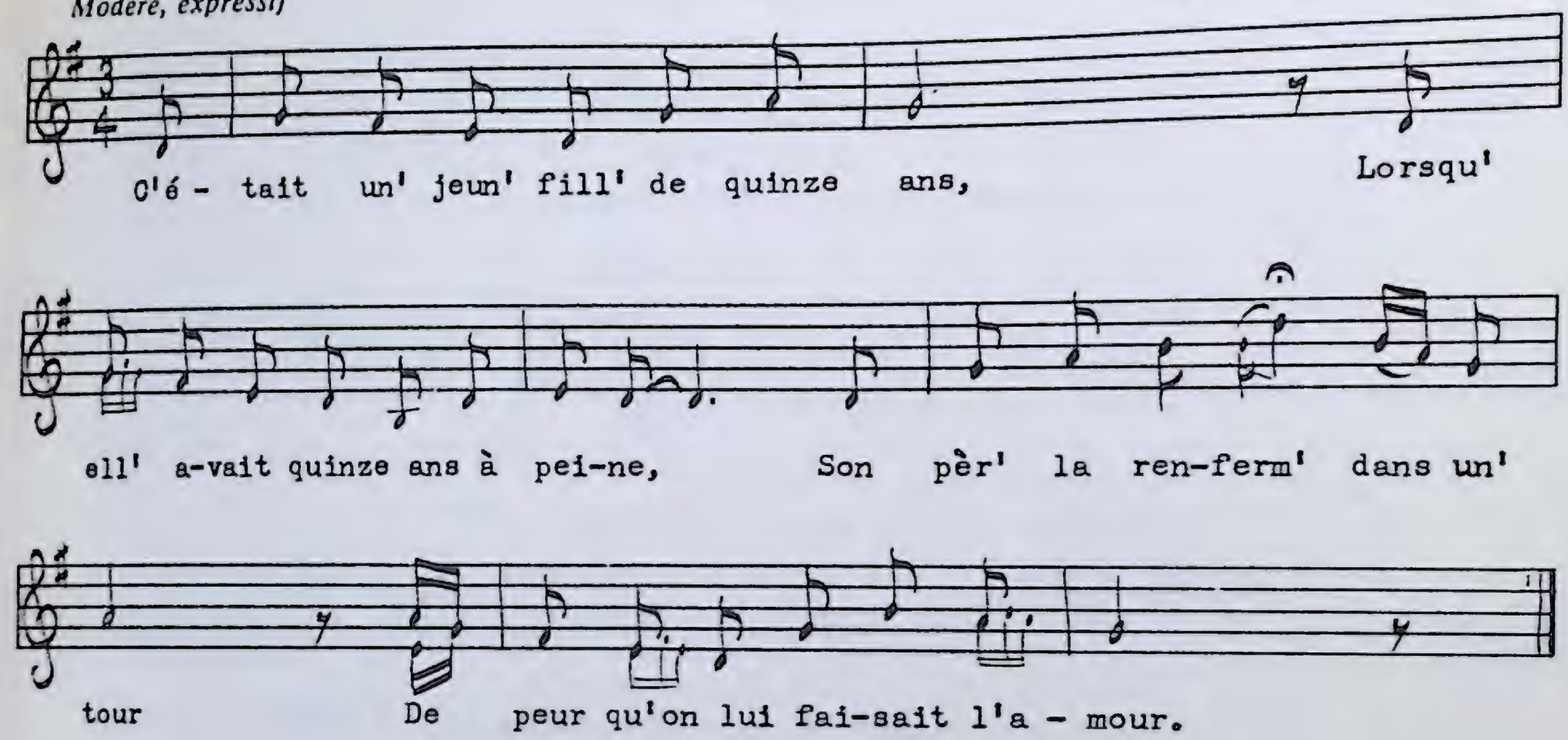
Armchair psychiatrists who are always on the lookout for lurking symbols will have a field-day with this psychological thriller. The drama is enacted by several star performers of Doctor Freud's Mythical Theatre: the hero-lover of Oedipal inclination; his jealous, domineering mother; the young virgin of the garden (Eden) panting to start the world going round; the wrathful "Father"-gardener who wreaks vengeance on those mortals who

dare upset the tranquillity of His Garden with their sinful passions ("Are you going to rob me of my garden gay?"). Quite seriously, though, this rare ballad is a fascinating study in extended metaphor. The garden finds extension in the human as well as the physical universe. Its purity, however, is symbolized not by the virgin but by her idealistic lover (as followers of Ingmar Bergman's love films already will have realized). The virgin is too hot to handle directly, so her purity must be symbolized by the white dove. It is at the climax of the tale when the dove falls, spreads her "wings," and bleeds from the "breast" that the young man fully realizes the horror as well as the ecstasy of human love. His subsequent suicide is not so much the result of inconsolable grief as of unbearable knowledge. When he blames his mother for robbing him of his "joy and heart's delight" he is referring not to the girl herself but to his own idealized vision of her. Like all tales on the love-death theme, this ballad carries the implication that true love is too fragile to persist for any length of time in the bloody garden of human desire. Death is seen as the only solution to the problem of physical contamination, though in the original Biblical version Adam and Eve are allowed to carry on the function of human reproduction in a state of 'un-living,' a religious curse Dr. Freud has transliterated into 'scientific' jargon for twentieth-century cliff-dwellers.

Flambeau d'amour

PEA 181 No. 1109
Mme Joséphine Costard
Loretto, juillet 1960

Modéré, expressif



C'était un' jeun' fill' de quinze ans,
Lorsqu'ell' avait quinze ans à peine, } (*bis*)
Son pèr' la renferm' dans un' tour
De peur qu'on lui faisait l'amour. } (*bis*)

Mais son amant qui était là,
Baissant les yeux, versant des larmes. } (*bis*)
—Bell', donnez-moi beau rendez-vous,
J'irai vous y voir à la tour. } (*bis*)

—Amant, si vous venez m'y voir,
Je mettrai flambeau pour enseigne. } (*bis*)
Quante le flambeau s'ra-z-allumé,
Il sera temps d' vous approcher. } (*bis*)

Mais quand c'est v'nu su' l' coup d' minuit,
Flambeau bruyant s'est allumé-e. } (*bis*)
«Flambeau d'amour, bruyant flambeau,
Est-i' temps d'aller à la tour?
Voir ma blonde?» } (*bis*)

Il n'est plus temps de plus r'tarder,
Flambeau d'amour est allumé-e. } (*bis*)
Flambeau d'amour, bruyant flambeau,
Bruyant flambeau, flambeau d'amour. } (*bis*)

La mer était d'un grand courant,
D'un fort courant d'une tempête. } (*bis*)
La mer était d'un fort courant, } (*bis*)

Le lendemain, au point du jour,
Quante que la belle, elle s'y réveille, } (*bis*)
Elle a r'gardi du haut en bas,
Ell' voit son amant au trépas. } (*bis*)

—Servant', servante, apportez-moi
Une belle serviette blanche,
Que j'ensev'lis' assurément
Le précieux corps de mon amant. } (*bis*)

Avec la point' de mes ciseaux,
Je percerai un' de mes veines,
Je laisserai couler mon sang
Pour ressusciter mon amant. } (*bis*)

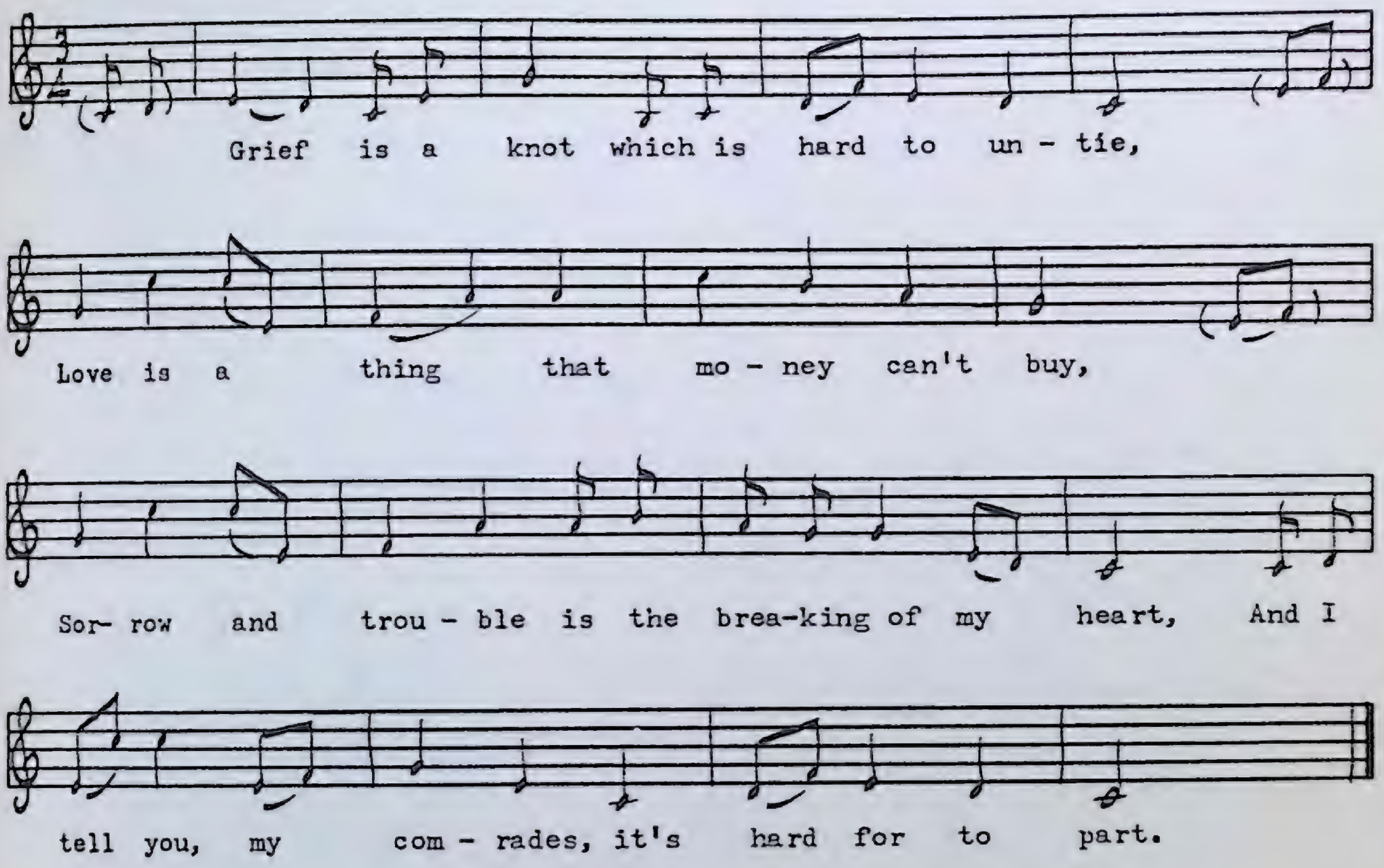
Si j'étais fille en liberté,
Je m'en irais dans un bocage. } (*bis*)
Je prierais Dieu pour mon amant,
Celui que mon cœur aime tant. } (*bis*)

Voici l'histoire des deux amants.
Qui s'entr'aiment comm' la tourterelle. } (*bis*)
Quante leu's amours, ils sont finis,
De branche en branche, s'en vont mourir. } (*bis*)

Grief Is a Knot

PEA 94 No. 752
Mrs. Freeman Bennett
St. Paul's, August, 1958

Slow



1. Grief is a knot which is hard to untie,
   Love is a thing that money can't buy,
   Sorrow and trouble is the breaking of my heart,
   And I tell you, my comrades, it's hard for to part.

2. I haven't no father, no mother, no home,
   No brother, no sister, I'm all all alone;
   I had one brother and a sailor was he,
   And today he lays slumbering into the deep sea.

3. Oh the worst of my trouble is yet for to come,
   The one I love dearly, where can he be gone?
   This long week has passed, love, and he is not come,
   I wonder oh where can my Willie be gone?

4. He's gone from me now leaving me all alone,
   No one to love me, no friends or no home,
   No brother, no sister for to comfort me,
   I wish I was in heaven with mother today.

5. When he returned unto me he did say:
   "I think we'll get married before I go 'way;
   Don't you think it won't suit you as you're all alone,
   No one for to love you, no friends or no home?"

6. Then I consented to be his young bride
With his head on my bosom as he sat by my side,
Saying, "Mary, I am sorry for the words that I said,
I never intended that we should be wed."

7. "What are you saying or what do you mean,
Are you going to leave me in sorrow and shame,
Are you going to leave me as I am alone,
No one for to love me, no friends or no home?"

8. "Yes Mary darling, we are going to part,
For I now love another, she is my sweetheart,
You know that I loved you in the days that's gone by,
But I now love another, so Mary, goodbye."

9. To her bed she was taken and this she did say:
"Go send for that young man, I'm going to die,
Go send for that young man and bring him in here,
Go bring him before me, that's all I do ask."

10. This young man was sent for and quickly he came,
He knocked at the door and she answered, "Come in,
You deceitful, hard-hearted, young Willie," said she,
"Can't you see where I'm suffering and dying for thee?"

11. "Are you dying in love, are you dying in pain,
Can I do anything for you?" the young man exclaimed.
"No nothing, no nothing, false Willie," said she,
"It is all for your sake I am dying today."

12. He bent for to kiss her but turning her head,
"Don't you dare for to kiss me," the dying girl said,
"Too often you kissed me, too often," said she,
"It's all to you Willie I'm suffering today."

13. "Oh Mary, dearest Mary, what do you want of me?"
"Will you take the baby when I pass away?
For you know it is yours, love, and you can't deny,
Don't you be so deceitful as you was to me."

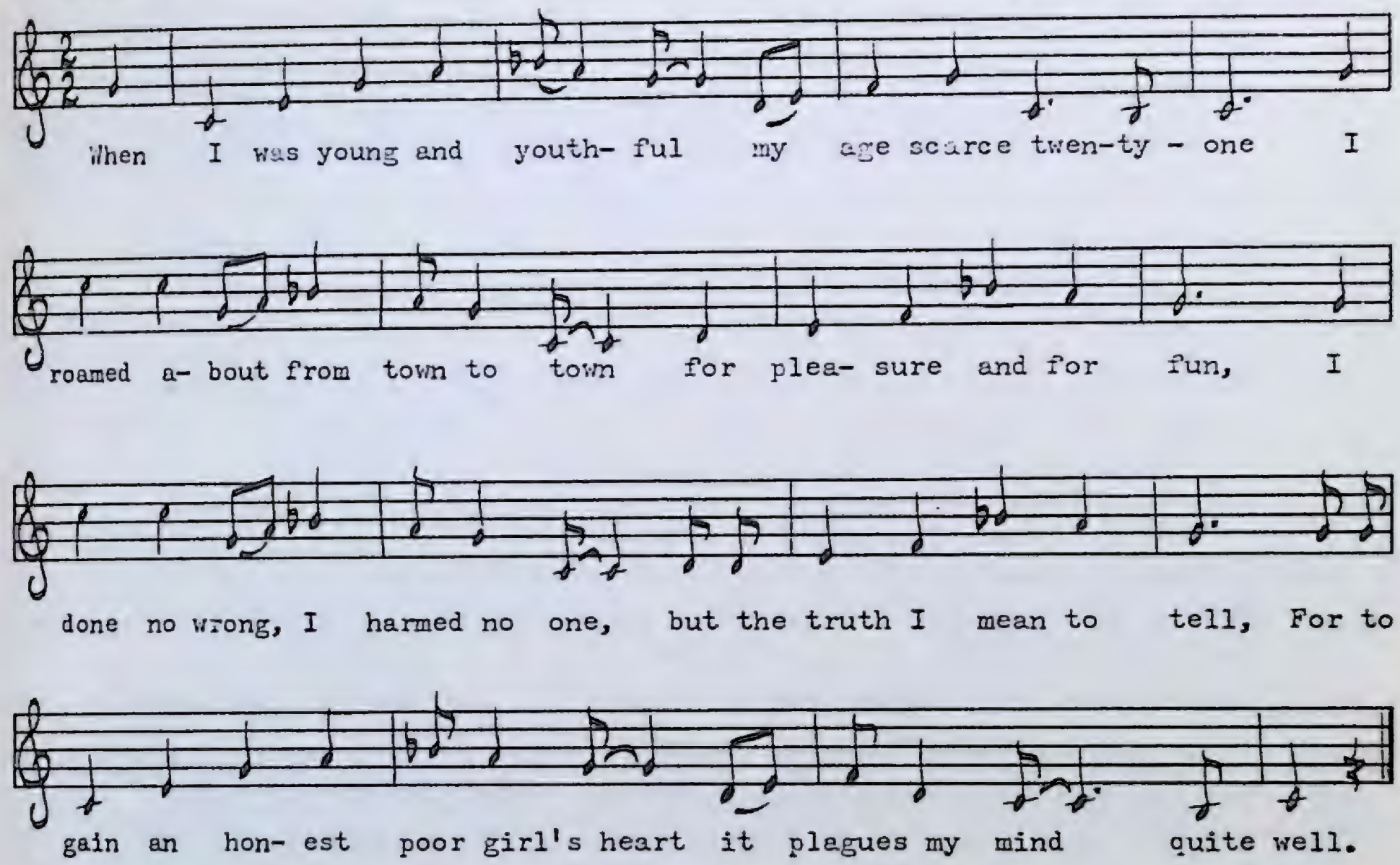
14. "Yes, Mary darling, I know it is mine,
Yes, I'll take the baby when you pass away."
"Oh I know it will be frowned on when I pass away,
God answer my prayers and take him with me."

15. Oh the day of Mary's funeral was a sad mournful sight,
With her babe on her bosom in long robes of white;
Where she died that evening and the babe died that night,
And they both lay a-slumbering in silence so bright.

Verse 11 is from a similar variant sung by Mrs. A. Ghaney of Fermeuse.

Henry and Nancy

PEA 7 No. 44
Mike Kent
Cape Broyle, July, 1951



1. When I was young and youthful my age scarce twenty-one
   I roamed about from town to town for pleasure and for fun,
   I done no wrong, I harmed no one, but the truth I mean to tell,
   For to gain an honest poor girl's heart it plagues my mind quite well.

2. 'Twas there that I intended to spend a happy life,
   It being my whole intention for to make this girl my wife.
   She was the treasure of my heart, my own, I loved her dear,
   I courted her for three long years till her parents came to hear.

3. And when they heard this story they flew into a rage,
   For to think that in my company their daughter was engaged.
   They called their only daughter this unto her did say:
   "If that's the man you intend to wed, you'll never enjoy the day."

4. They took her by the shoulders, they could do nothing more,
   They put her in her chamber and quickly locked the door,
   And her old mother this unto her did say:
   "You keep your true love in your mind and I will keep the key."

5. "Oh mother dear, you're foolish to lock me in for love,
   For I'll have satisfaction by all the rules above."
   With a pen and ink took in her hand and gave one heavy sigh,
   Saying, "My love shall know my misery before an hour pass by."

6. Young Henry on his pillow that night lay fast asleep,
He dreamt he saw his Nancy, in sorrow she did weep.
He woke up with a heavy sigh and gently raised his head,
A letter in deep mourning lay there all on his bed.

7. He took it up all in his hands, those very words did say:
"In the honor of our Saviour, what brought this here to me?"
And the writing on the sorrowful lines this unto him did say:
'I am here locked in my chamber and my parents hold the key.'

8. Young Henry was intending to have his love released,
He disguised himself that evening, went to her dwelling place,
And as he reached the castle asleep her parents lay,
He crept beneath the pillars, he gently stole the key.

9. He went down to his Nancy's room and then unlocked the door,
'Twas there he found his Nancy a-lying on the floor.
He took her up all in his arms those very words did say:
"You are my only treasure, love, and by your side I'll stay."

10. 'Twas then he did embrace her and press her to his heart
Saying, "In spite of your old-age parents, from this weary world we'll part,
We will put them to more trouble until their dying day,
And if God will forgive our sinful souls let us take our lives away.

11. "To stain my hands all with your blood, to me it's a dreadful sight,
But we must part from this cruel world together this very night,
I can't spare your life and let you live alone to bleed your heart."
So they bid each other a last farewell from this weary world to part.

12. Her parents did not know this when they awoke next day,
They went down to the chamber in which their daughter lay;
With a ghastly sight before their eyes as they opened wide the door,
And the very last drop of their heart's blood lay streaming on the floor.

13. They picked her up all in their arms and gave one bitter scream,
Saying, "We're the cause of your cruel death, yourselves are not to blame,
We're the cause of your cruel death the truth we'll ne'er deny,
But I hope you'll be forgiven by His Infant One on high."

14. Her mother on her pillow that night could take no rest,
Her daughter's ghost appeared to her with a ghastly wounded breast,
Saying, "You're the cause of our cruel death and what we suffered here,
So fare you well I now must leave and quickly disappear."

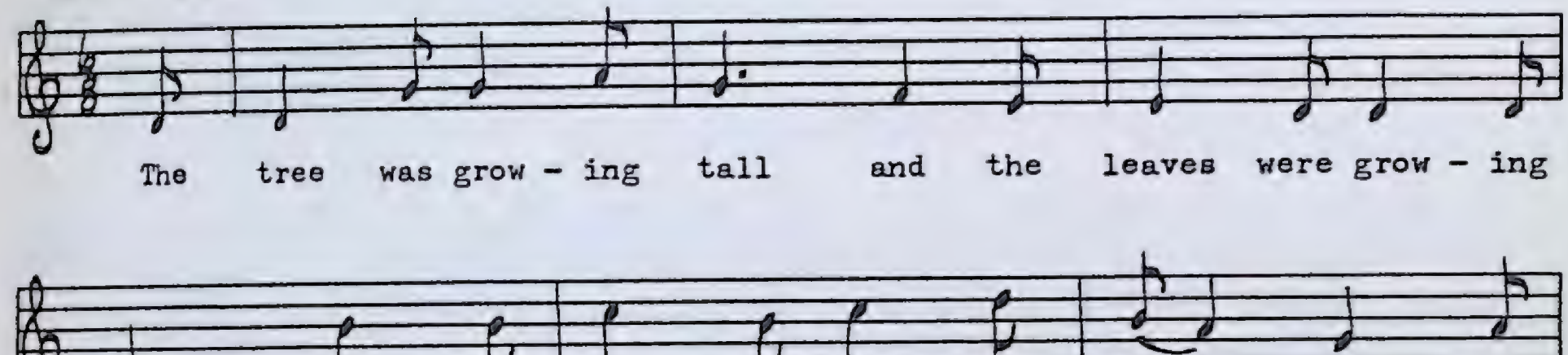
15. Come all ye who have children a warning take by me,
Don't be severe or hinder them or they'll meet the very same fate,
But trust in God who rules on high His honour you will obey,
And I hope they'll be happy with their child until the Judgment Day.

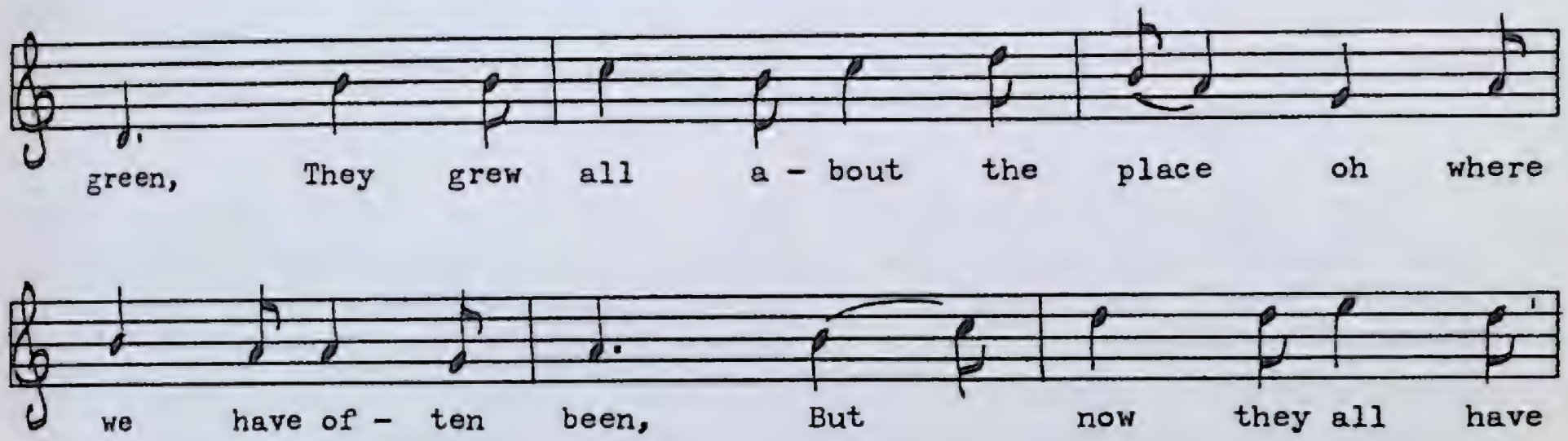
He's Young but He's Daily Growing

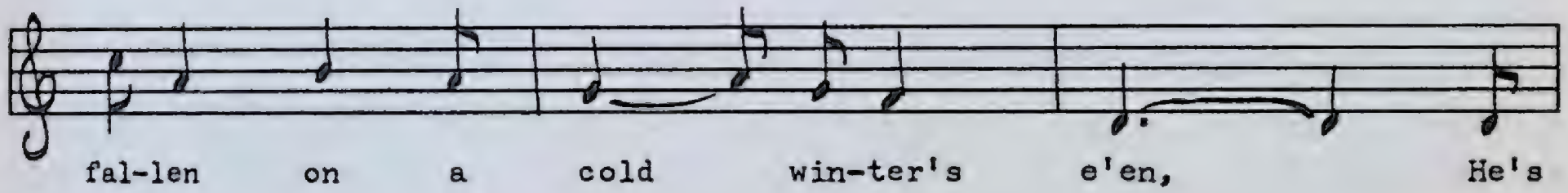
A

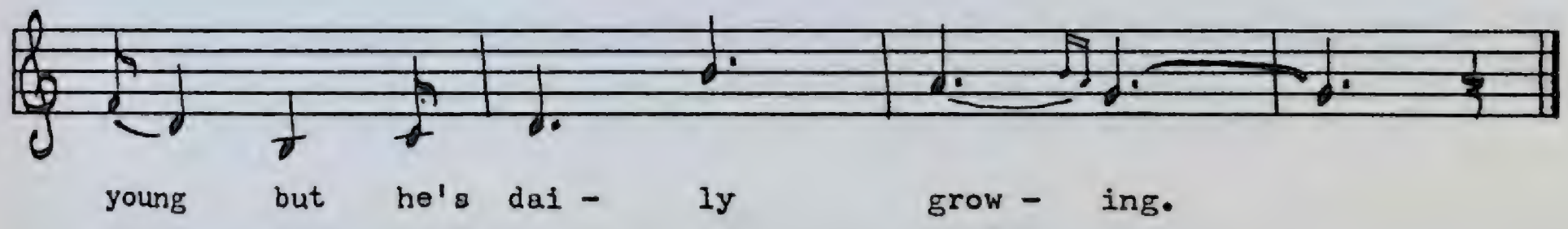
PEA 103 No. 790 and MS
Mrs. Charlotte Decker
Parson's Pond, August, 1958

Moderately fast









1. The tree was growing tall and the leaves were growing green,
   They grew all about the place oh where we have often been,
   But now they all have fallen on a cold winter's e'en,
   He's young but he's daily growing.

2. "Oh father, oh father, so cruel to me you've been,
   You have a-married me to a boy so young and green,
   While I am twice twelve he is only thirteen,
   He's young but he's daily growing."

3. "Oh daughter, oh daughter, I have done no such thing,
   You're a-married to a noble boy, and you wear his noble ring,
   And if you'll only wait upon him he will be a royal king,
   He's young but he's daily growing."

4. "Oh father, oh father, I tell you what we'll do,
We'll send him out to college all for a year or two,
And all around his waist we will bind a ribbon blue
To let the girls know he's married."

5. As she was a-sewing all in her father's hall,
'Twas there she saw the schoolboys a-tossing up a ball,
And 'twas there she saw her own true love, the flower of them all,
He's young but he's daily growing.

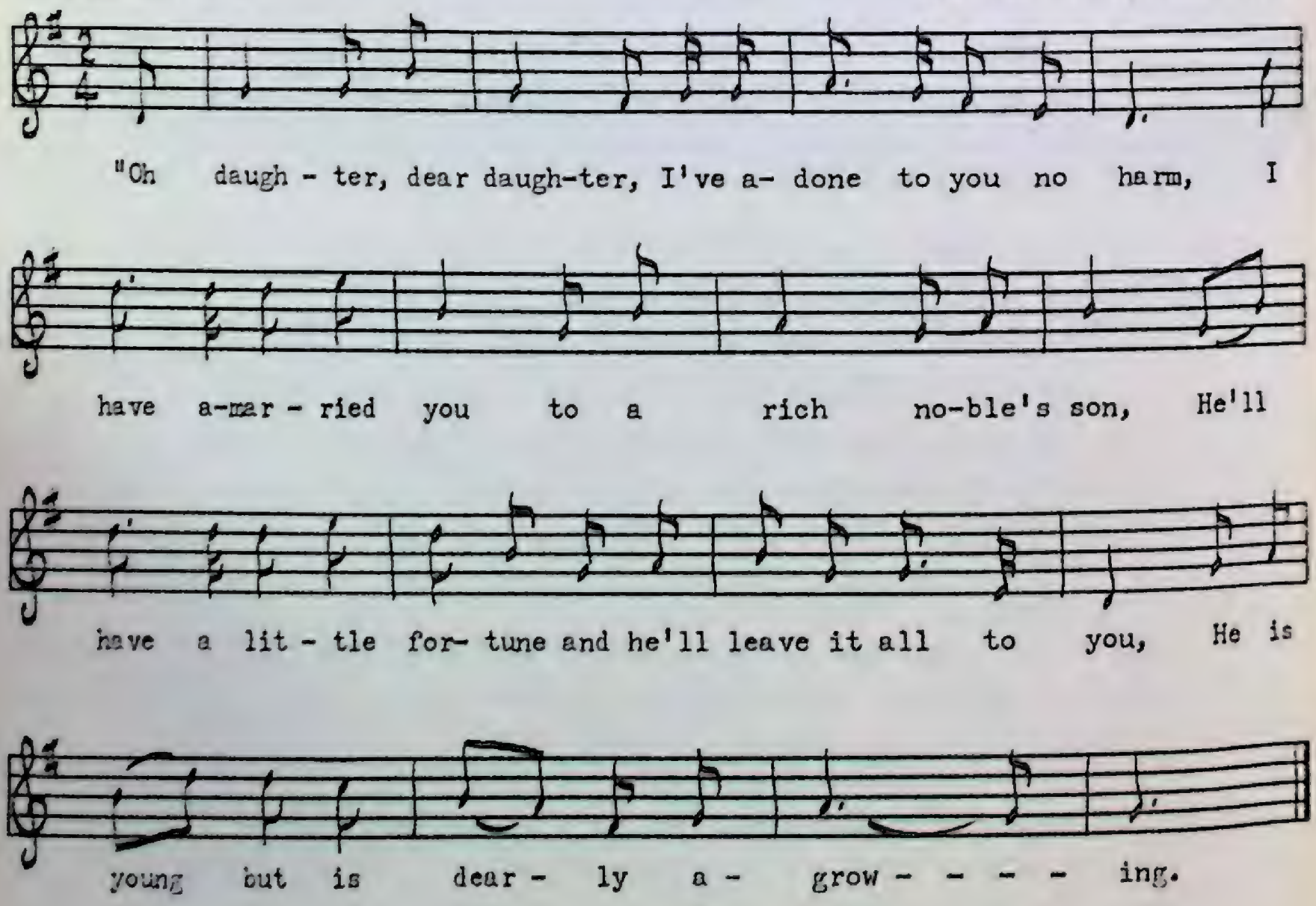
6. He was a married man at the age of thirteen,
His only son was born when he was just fourteen,
But at the age of fifteen oh his grave was growing green,
And that put an end to his growing.

This intriguing little ballad is very difficult to trace. Many scholars agree upon a Scottish origin, giving as evidence the arranged marriage of Elizabeth Innes to young Urquhart of Craigston who died early in life in 1634. Arranged marriages, sometimes of minors, were a fairly common practice among well-to-do families of this and earlier periods. The ballad has been collected from oral tradition on both sides of the Atlantic.

B

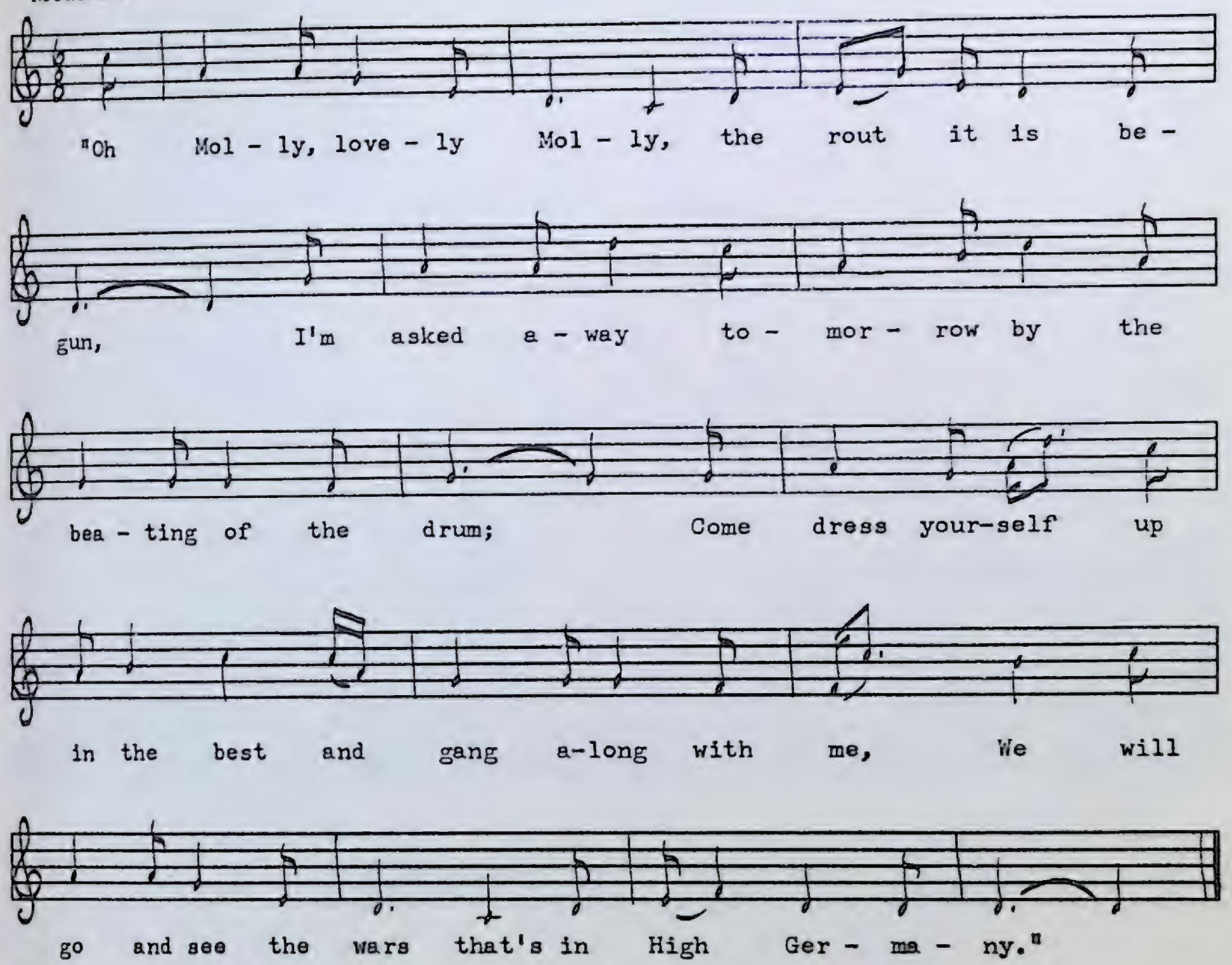
PEA 126 No. 885
Mrs. Wallace Kinslow
Isle aux Morts, June, 1959

Moderately slow



High Germany

PEA 98 No. 769
Jim Bennett
St. Paul's, August, 1958



1. "Oh Molly, lovely Molly, the rout it is begun,
   I'm asked away tomorrow by the beating of the drum;
   Come dress yourself up in the best and gang along with me,
   We will go and see the wars that's in High Germany."

2. "Oh Willie, lovely Willie, best mind now what you say,
   My feet they are too tender, love, to gang along with thee;
   Besides, my lovely Willie, I am with child by thee,
   I'm not fittin' for the wars that's in High Germany."

3. "I will hire a horse for you, my love, and on it we will ride,
   And all my delight will be in riding by your side;
   We'll call into Damsel's Tavern and drink as we pass by,
   Oh sweetheart now we'll get married on yonder mountain-side."

4. "Oh cursèd be the war and the hour that it began,
It has a-robbed old England of many a clever man,
Has took from me my Willie, my own dear brothers three,
And they're slain in the wars that's in High Germany.

5. "In losing of my brothers three it grieved my heart full sore,
In losing of my Willie it grieved me ten times more;
So when my babe it is now born I will diddle it on my knee,
And I curse the bloody wars that's in High Germany."

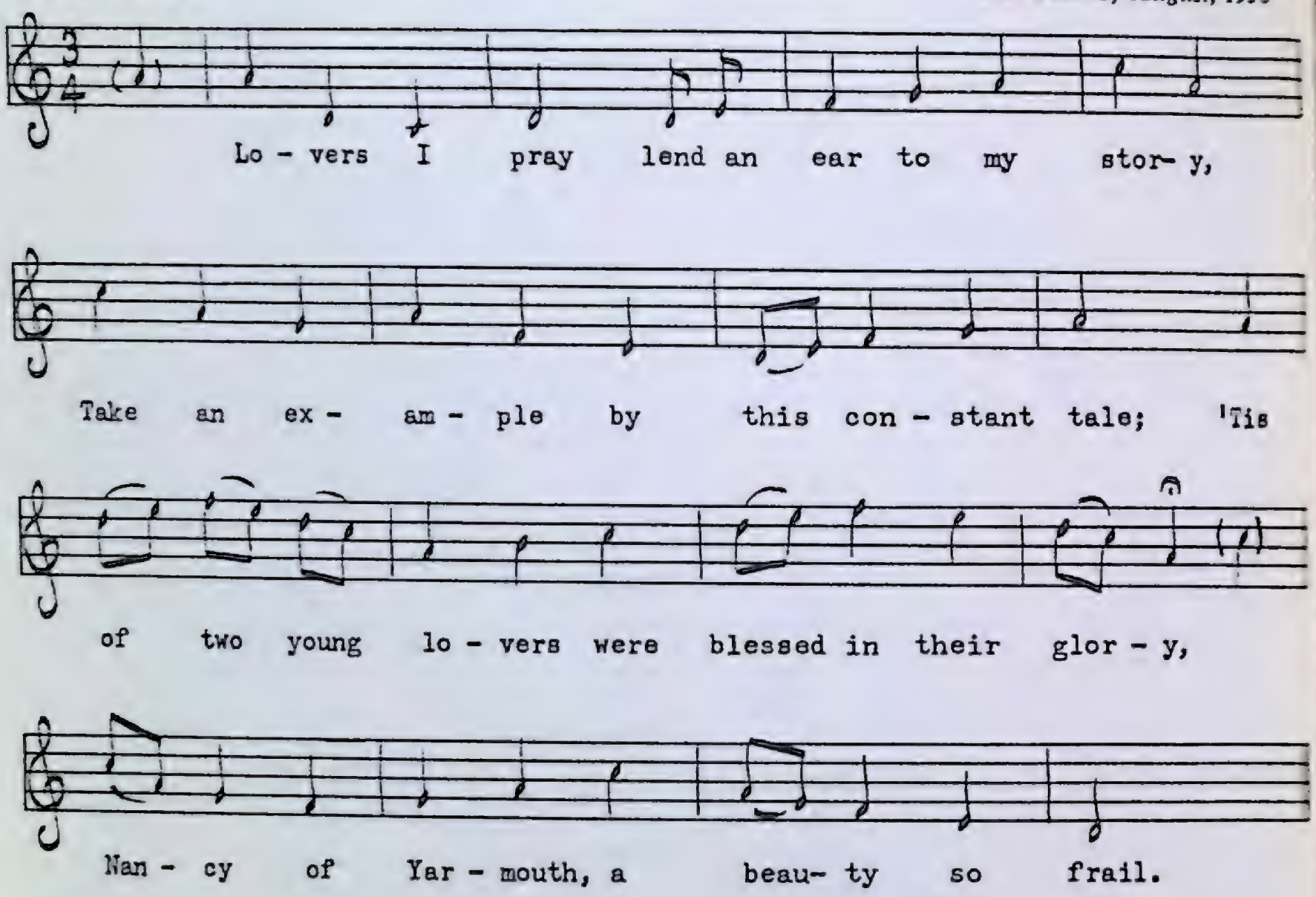
For a reference to the region known as High Germany see *The Young Earl of Essex's Victory Over the Emperor of Germany* (Child 288). While Child regards this ballad about the Earl of Essex "as foolish as it is fictitious," it was probably symptomatic of a new interest in European affairs when High Germany "had become familiar to the humble English." However, this little ballad called *High Germany* gives us a truer and a more intimate glimpse of the wars through the experiences of two really humble English lovers of the period. Jim Bennett was still in his teens when he sang this rare ballad for me. In verse 4 'clever' (or 'smart') is a Newfoundland expression for 'healthy' or 'stalwart.' "Is your Granny clever?" simply means "Is your Granny well?"

Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Bennett, St. Paul's

Jimmy and Nancy

PEA 104 No. 794
Freeman Bennett
St. Paul's, August, 1958

Moderately fast



1. Lovers I pray lend an ear to my story,
   Take an example by this constant tale;
   'Tis of two young lovers were blessed in their glory,
   Nancy of Yarmouth, a beauty so frail.

2. She was a merchant's fair daughter,
   Heiress of fifteen hundred a year;
   A young man he courted her to be his jewel,
   The son of a gentleman who lived near.

3. Many long years this maiden he courted,
   When they were infants in love did agree,
   When to an age this couple arrived,
   Cupid an arrow between them did speed.

4. They made a promise for to get married,
   But when their parents the same came to hear,
   They to the heart of their beautiful daughter,
   Acted a part that was base and severe.

5. "Daughter," they said, "give o'er your proceedence,
   If it's against our consent you do wed,
   Forever more we'll resolve to disown you,
   If you do wed one that is so meanly bred."

6. Her mother said: "You're of a great fortune,
Besides, you're beautiful, charming, and young;
You are a match, my dear child, that is fitting
For any lord that is in Christendom."

7. Then did reply this beautiful damsel:
"Riches and honour I both do defy;
If I am denied of my own dearest jewel,
Farewell to this world which is all vanity."

8. Then for the young man they sent in a passion,
Saying, "Forever kind sir, take your leave;
I have a match that's more fitting for my daughter,
Therefore it is but folly to grieve."

9. "Honourèd father," then said those two lovers,
"Promised we are by the powers above;
Our constant hearts can't never be parted,
Our eager desire no longer must stay."

10. Then said the father: "A trip on the ocean,
Jimmy shall go in a ship of my own;
I consent he shall wed my beautiful daughter
When to fair Yarmouth again he returns."

11. 'Round each other's necks their arms they enfolded,
Saying, "My dear, when you are on the sea,
Those tideless days will ever discover,
And bring you safe to the arms of your dear."

12. "Therefore, my dear lovely jewel, be constant,
For by the Virgin if you were untrue,
My troublèd ghost will ever torment you,
Dead or alive I will have none but you."

13. Beautiful Nancy then said: "Dearest Jimmy,
Here, take this ring in the pledge of my vow;
There with your heart keep it safe in your bosom,
Carry it with you wherever you go."

14. "When on the ocean, my dear, I am sailing,
Thoughts of my jewel my compass shall steer;
If fate should prove cruel, oh my dearest jewel,
That you and I each other shall see."

15. Then with a sorrowful sigh they departed,
The wind next morning blew pleasant and gay;
All things being ready, the *Sea Mare* regally
All for Bermuda straight she did steer.

16. Jimmy was floating on the wide ocean,
Their cruel parents were prating awhile;
They to the heart of their beautiful daughter
With cruel gold did strive to beguile.

17. Many a lord of fame bright and breeding
Came for to court this young beautiful maid;
But all their gold and favour she slighted.
"Constant I will be to my jewel," she said.

18. Now for a while we'll leave this fair maiden,
And tell how things with her lover agreed.
In the isle of Bermuda the ship safe arrivèd,
Which provèd the means of their fatal overthrow.

19. Jimmy was charming in every feature;
A Bermuda lady whose riches were great
On him fixed her eyes, saying, "If I get not
That brave English sailor I'll die for his sake."

20. She dressèd herself in gallant attires,
With costly diamonds she plaited her hair;
A hundred slaves dressed in white to attend her,
She sent for the young man to come to her there.

21. "Now noble sailor," she cries, "can you fancy
A lady whose fortune and riches are great?
A hundred slaves you shall have to attend you,
And musicks to charm you at your silent sleep.

22. "In robes of gold, my dear, I will deck you,
Jewels and pearls I'll lay at your feet,
In chariots of gold you shall ride at your pleasure,
If you can both love me, now answer me straight."

23. Amazed with wonder whilst he stood a-gazing,
"Superb noble lady," not long he replied,
"In fair England I am vowed to a lady,
At my returning to make her my bride.

24. "She is a charming, beautiful damsel,
She has my heart, I can never love more;
I buried my eyes in her beautiful features,
There's no other charmer on this earth I adore."

25. Hearing of this she did rave in distraction,
Saying, "Unfortunate maid I am to love cold,
I must not blame him because he is constant,
True love I find is much better than gold."

26. A costly jewel she instantly gave him,
Then in her trembling hand took a knife;
One fatal blow before they could save her,
Quickly she put an end to her life.

27. Great lamentation was made for this maiden,
Jimmy on board of the ship he did steer;
And then to fair England homeward he sailèd,
With longing desires to meet with his dear.

28. When that her father heard he was a-coming,
A letter he wrote to the bo's'n his friend,
Saying: 'A handsome reward I will give you
If you but the life of young Jimmy will end.'

29. Devoid of all grace and for the sake of money,
This cruel bo's'n the same did complete;
When on the deck so lovantly talking,
He suddenly plungèd him into the deep.

30. In the dead of the night when all was a-sleeping
His trembling ghost to his love did appear,
Saying, "Arise, now come dearest Nancy,
Perform the vows that you made to your dear."

31. "You are my own, so tarry no longer,
Seven long years for your sake I have wait;
Heaven does ever wonder with pleasure,
The bride-ghost is ready, therefore come away."

32. She cries: "Who is that in under my window?
Surely it is not the voice of my love."
Lifting her head from her soft down pillow,
Straight to the casement she did comply.

33. "Jimmy," she cries, "if my father should hear you
We should be ruined and there quick repelled."
To this he sighed: "I will instantly meet you."
"With my two maidens I'll come to you there."

34. Her night-gown bordered with gold and with silver,
Carelessly around her body she throws;
With her two maids dressed in white to attend her,
To meet with her true love she instantly goes.

35. Close in his arms the spirit enfold her.
"Jimmy," she cries, "you're more colder than clay;
Surely you can never be the man I admired,
For paler than death you appear unto me."

36. "Yes my dear creature, I am your true love,
Dead or alive you were to be my own;
Now for your vows, my dear, you must follow
My body down to a watery tomb."

37. "Indeed I did promise, my dearest creature,
Dead or alive I were to be your own;
Now for my vows, my dear, I am ready
To follow you to a watery tomb."

38. Her maidens heard of her sad lamentation,
But his apparition indeed could not see;
Thinking their lady had fell in distraction,
They strived to persuade her contented to be.

LIBRARY

39. This trembling lady was so affrighted,
Amazing she stood by the brink of the sea,
With her eyes lifted in heaven, saying, "Oh cruel parents,
Heaven reward you for your cruelty.

40. "My cruel father has been my undoing,
And now I will sleep in a watery tomb;
Now for my vows, my dear, I am ready,
To follow you to a watery tomb."

41. But still she cries, "I'm a-coming,
And on your bosom I will soon fall asleep."
When this she had spoke, this unfortunate lady,
He suddenly plungèd her into the deep.

42. Two or three days before the appearance
Those two unfortunate lovers were seen
In each other's arms on the waves were a-floating
By the side of the ship in a watery tomb.

43. This cruel old bo's'n was struck with remorse,
Soon did confess the deed he had done;
Showing the letter that came from her father,
That was the cause of those lovers' sad doom.

44. On board of the ship he was tried for a murder,
And at the yardarm was hung for the same;
Her father broke his heart for the love of his daughter,
Before that the ship into harbour came.

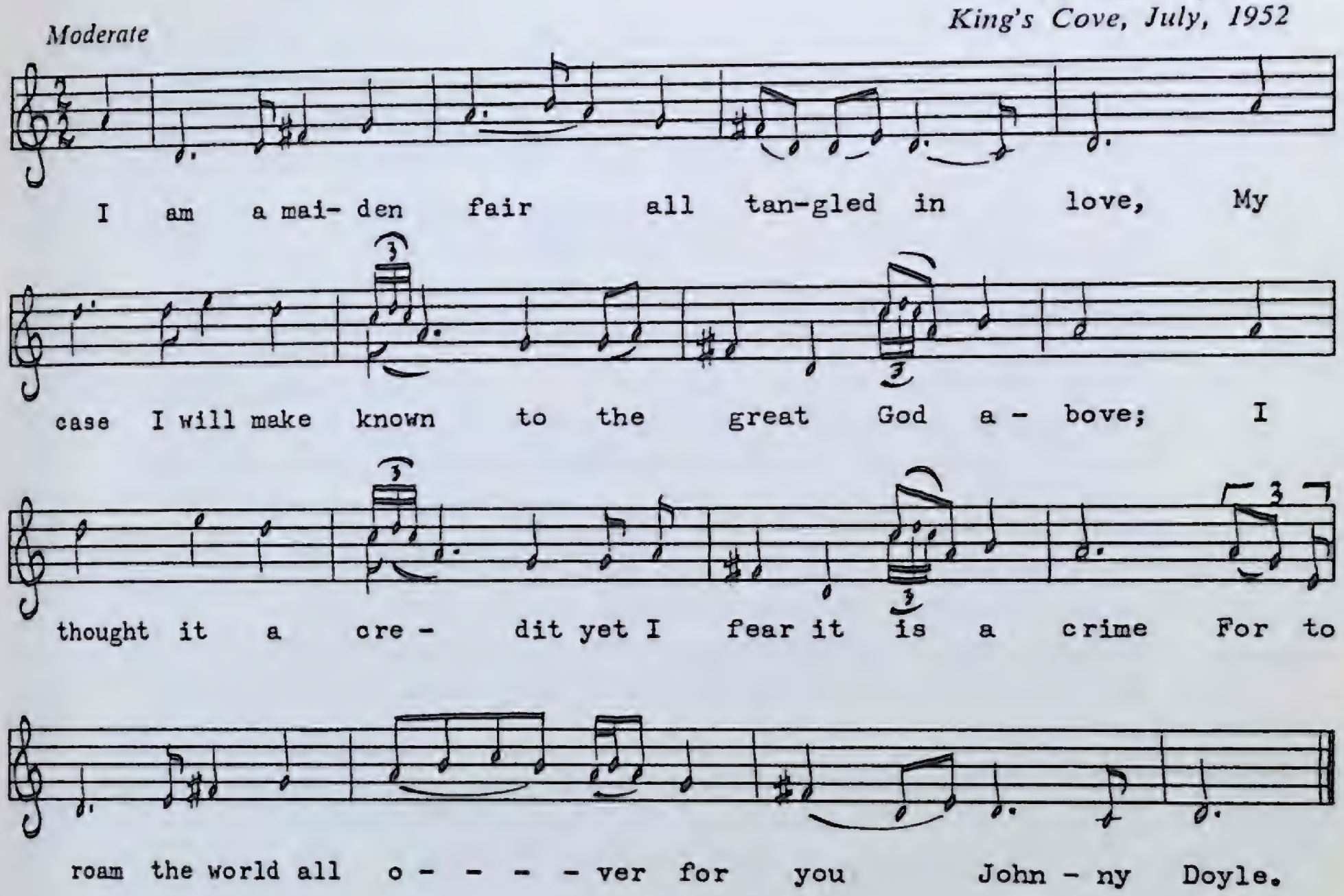
45. This cursèd gold has caused destructions,
And why should riches strive after gain?
I hope this story will be a warning
That cruel parents might never do the same.

This ballad has just about everything a traditional love-death ballad can have—early betrothal, cruel parents, forced separation, attempted seduction in a foreign country, adventure on the high seas, exchange of love tokens, murder, love-ghost visitations, and finally, of course, the consummation in death. As a broadside it appears in Garret's *Merrie Book of Garlands* with fifty-six verses, but this Newfoundland version is the longest and best I have seen collected from oral tradition. The Dorian-type tune is also of superior quality.

Johnny Doyle

A

MS 58
Michael Aylward
King's Cove, July, 1952



1. I am a maiden fair all tangled in love,
   My case I will make known to the great God above;
   I thought it a credit yet I fear it is a crime
   For to roam the world all over for you Johnny Doyle.
2. It was on a Saturday evening we made up the plan,
   It was early Monday morning to take the trip along;
   My waiting maid was standing by as you can plainly see,
   She stepped unto my mama and told upon me.
3. My mama she conducted me into my bedroom high,
   Where no one could hear me nor pity my poor cry;
   She bundled up my clothes and she bid me be gone,
   For she knew well in her heart that I loved that young man.
4. A horse and a side-saddle my father did provide,
   In hopes to get me married and be young Somers' bride;
   A horse and a side-saddle my father did prepare,
   With six noble footmen to wait on me there.
5. So we rode all along till we came to Belfast Town,
   Our horses being stabled and footmen seated down;
   Whilst they were at their merriment I had my own toil,
   For my heart lies at home with my own Johnny Doyle.

6. By the eldest brother I was conducted home,
My mama she conducted me into my own bedroom.
My own bed being the softest my head I did lay down,
For to gain consoling sorrow my head I did lay down.

7. "Now close the door, dear mama, don't let young Somers in,
Now close the door, dear mama, don't let young Somers in;
For this is the night that he means to enstride,
The girl that's intended she'll never be his bride."

8. And when she saw the clergy coming in the door,
Her earrings they burst and flew upon the floor;
The gold ring on her finger in a hundred pieces did fly,
And her stomach it weakened and death was drawing nigh.

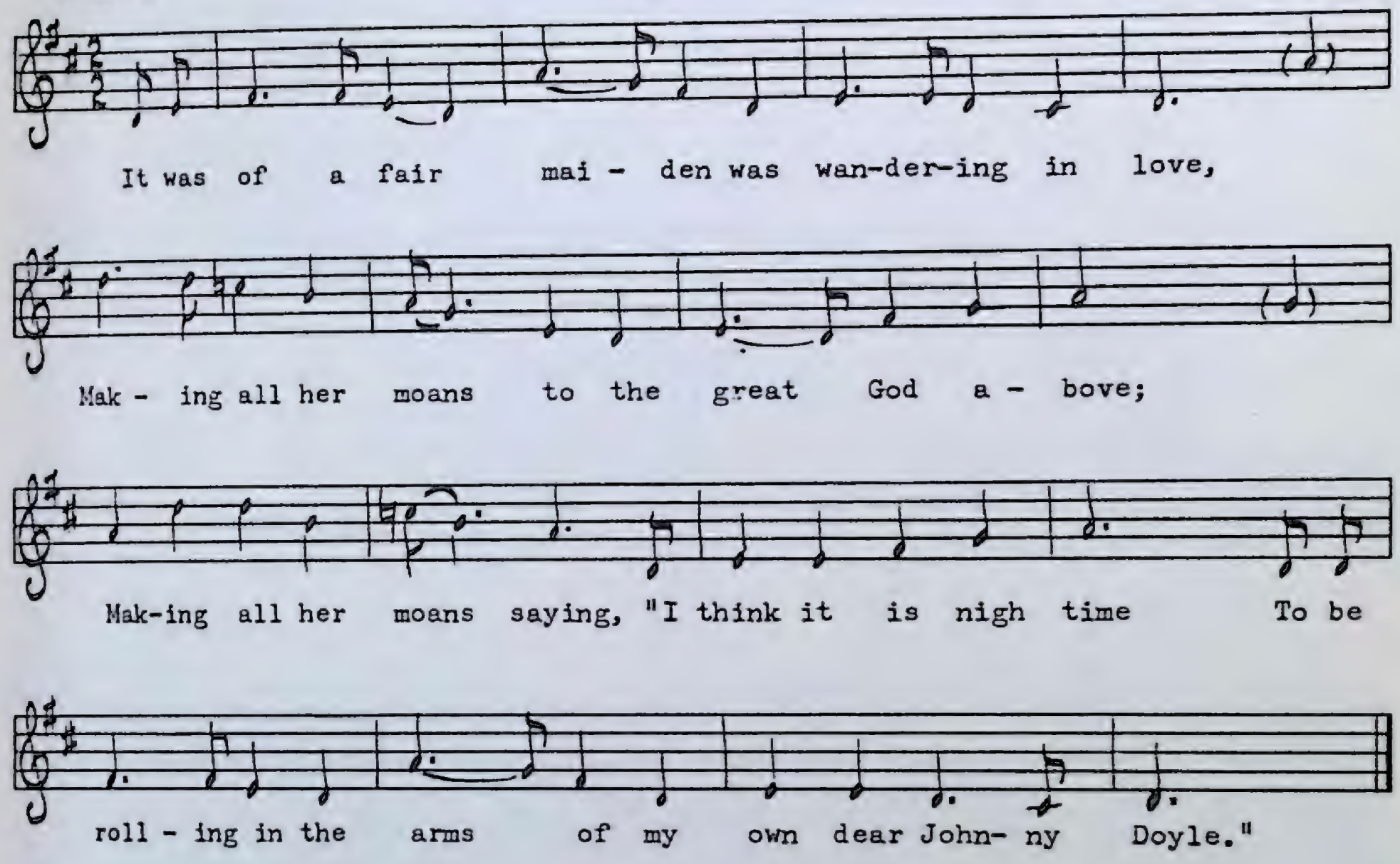
9. "I will send for Johnny Doyle for you my own darling child,
I will send for Johnny Doyle for you my own heart's delight."
"Oh yes you'll send for Johnny Doyle, mama, I fear it is too late,
For death it is coming and sad is my fate."

10. "Now death you are coming, you are welcome to me,
From the pains of love I'm sure you'll set me free;
There is more trouble on my mind than my poor tongue can tell,
And these are my dying words, Johnny Doyle fair you well! "

B

MS 59
James Heaney
Stock Cove, July, 1951

Moderate



1. It was of a fair maiden was wandering in love,
   Making all her moans to the Great God above;
   Making all her moans saying, "I think it is nigh time
   To be rolling in the arms of my own dear Johnny Doyle."
2. 'Twas on a Sunday evening we made up the plan,
   'Twas early Monday morning 'twas to be carried on;
   The servant-girl was listening to all that we did say,
   She went straight to my mama and gave me away.
3. She locked me in my bedroom so lonely and so high,
   Where no one could pity me nor hear my sad cry;
   She sent for Willie Colborne to come and marry me,
   A man that I hated and didn't want to see.
4. The horses they got ready, the carriages like-wise,
   .....
   For they drove with pleasure and I drove with toil,
   And I leave my heart behind me with young Johnny Doyle.
5. We drove along together till we came to Claudy town,
   Where the gate swang open and the clergy he walked down.
   To him I gave my right arm with a great deal of toil,
   Saying, "I'd far sooner marry my own Johnny Doyle."

6. The horses they got ready with my brother I drove home,
Saying "Mama, dearest mama, O take me to my room,
For Willie will never enjoy me nor ever call me wife,
Oh I pray this very night to put an end to my life."

7. "We'll send for Johnny Doyle, my dear, before it is too late,
He will comfort you I'm sure and ease your troubled state."
"You can send for Johnny Doyle mama but now it is too late
The distance is so far and my pains they are so great."

8. It was early then next morning this fair maid was found dead,
With Johnny Doyle's silk handkerchief all tied about her head.
And as she was dying 'twas, "Johnny dear, farewell,
There's more between you and me than any town can tell."

9. The day of Mary's funeral it was a glorious sight,
See four and twenty fair maids all neatly dressed in white;
They took her to St. Mary's church and laid her in the soil,
Saying, "Here lies the darling of young Johnny Doyle."

C

PEA 85 No. 712
Jim Bennett
St. Paul's, July, 1958

Moderate

'Twas on one Sa-tur-day eve - ning they made up the plan, So

ear- ly Mon-day mor - ning to take a strip of land; My

wai-ting -maid was stan-ding by as you may plain-ly see, And she

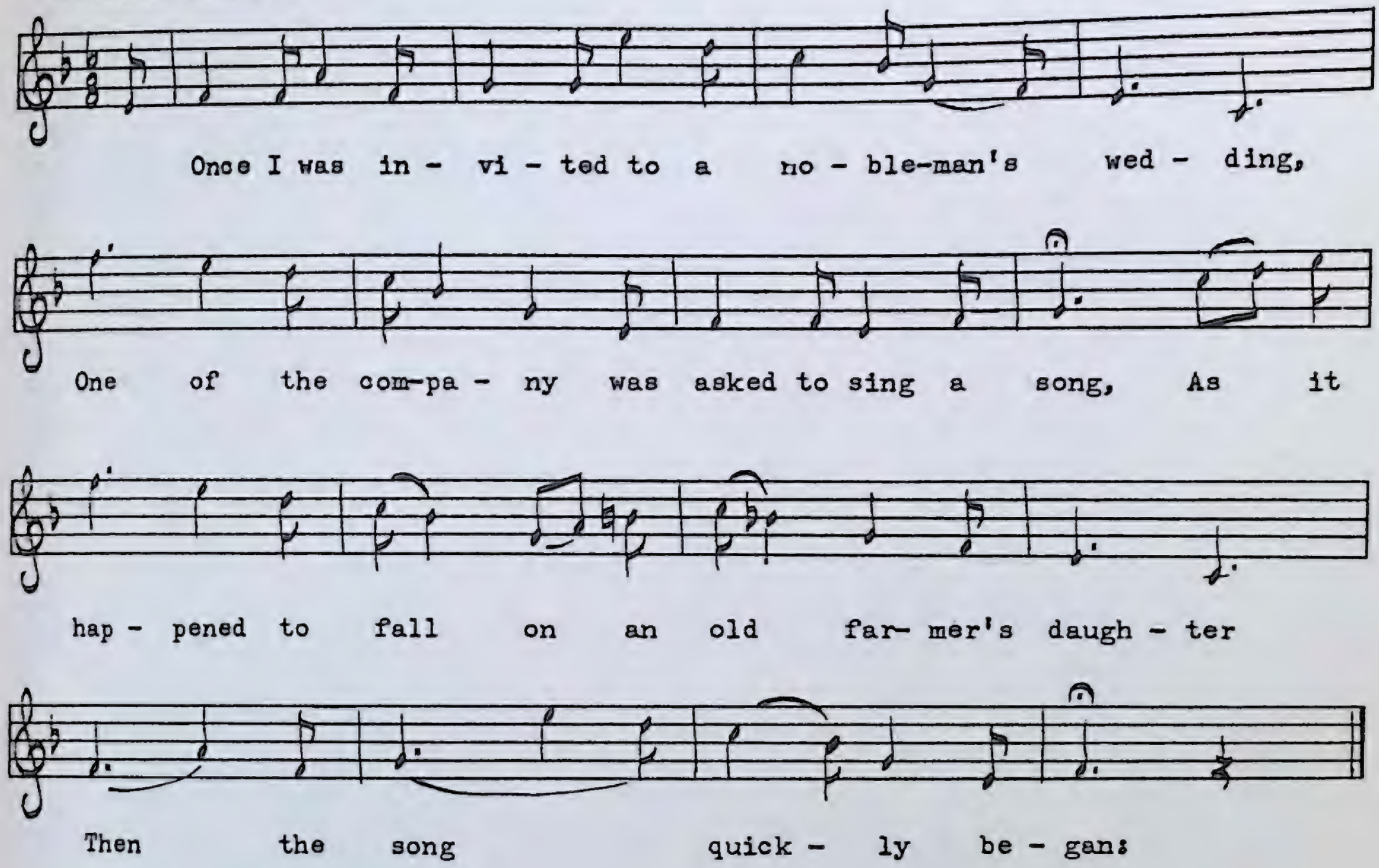
went and told my ma - ma what we had been saying.

The Nobleman's Wedding

A

PEA 6 No. 39
Jim Rice
Cape Broyle, July, 1951

Moderately fast, free time



1. Once I was invited to a nobleman's wedding,
   One of the company was asked to sing a song,
   As it happened to fall on an old farmer's daughter,
   Then the song quickly began:
2. 'How can you lie on another man's pillow,
   Knowing that he once was true love of mine?
   And the large piece of gold that was broken between us,
   Take it and keep it, no longer shall be mine.'
3. The bride she was seated at the head of the table,
   Hearing these verses no longer could she stand;
   Hearing those verses no longer could she bear it,
   Down at the foot of the bride-groom she says:
4. "There is one request I am now going to ask you,
   It is the first and I hope 'twill be the last:
   Grant me this night for to sleep with my loved one
   Then unto you I will do all the rest."
5. The question was asked and it quickly was granted,
   Sobbing and sighing she then went to bed;
   When he woke in the morning and called to her chamber,
   When they went there they found she was dead.

6. The green weeping willow it is a fine flower
Especially when it blooms in the spring of the year,
Where young men and maidens spend many of the hours
Kissing and courting with embraces so dear.

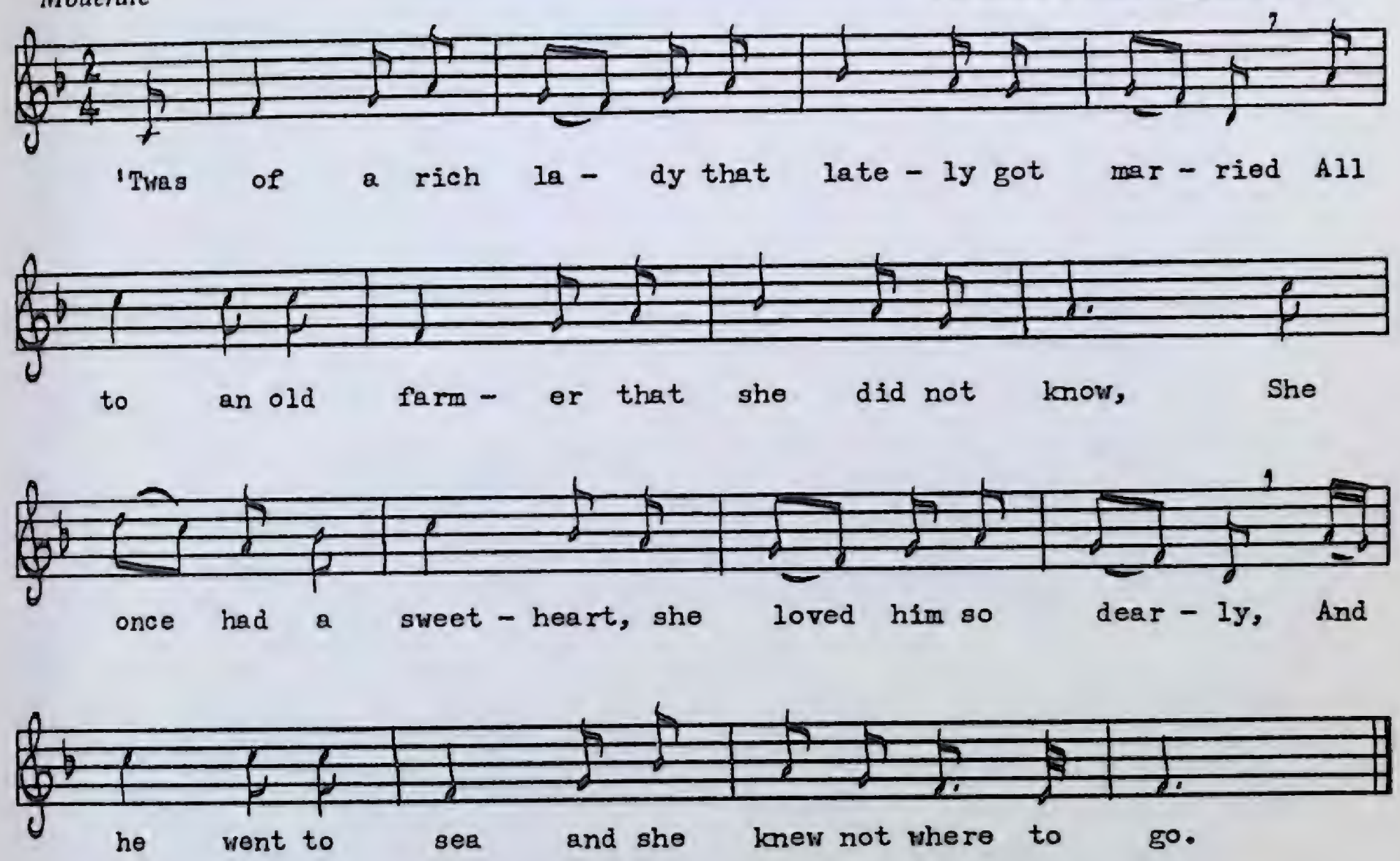
7. There is a tree in my old father's garden,
Some people call it a blossoming rue,
When it blooms out on a fine sunny morning,
That's for to teach all false lovers be true.

8. After the cow-slips and on come the daisies,
After the old ones along comes the new;
Just like the rose-bud that blooms in the summer,
And soon it will fade like the morning dew.

B

(The Green Willow Tree)

PEA 156 No. 1011
Nicolas Keough
Parson's Pond, August, 1959



1. 'Twas of a rich lady that lately got married
   All to an old farmer that she did not know,
   She once had a sweetheart, she loved him so dearly,
   And he went to sea and she knew not where to go.

2. A voyage to the East Indies this young man then took,
   Writing her letters in every foreign port,
   But she did not get them and thought he was drownded,
   So plans for the wedding she made up of every sort.

3. That night at the wedding a strange thing happened,
   Her own true lovyer 'twas back he returned,
   And she did not know him and thought him a stranger,
   To the wedding she asked him and he did consent.

4. When supper was over and everything was ended
   Every man in this room was to sing a fine song.
   The first one she called on was her former true lovyer,
   And the song that he sang causèd her poor heart to bleed.

5. 'Oh once I was invited to a nobleman's wedding
All by a fair damsel who proved so unkind,
And she did not know him and thought him a stranger,
To the wedding she asked him and he did consent.'

6. The bride and the bridegroom sat at the head of the table
Marking full well what this young man did say,
To bear it any longer poor girl she was not able,
So down at the bridegroom's feet she did fall.

7. "One favor, one favor I'm now going to ask you,
Hoping this favor it might be the last,
Grant me one night for to lie with my mother,
And the very next night you can sleep on my breast."

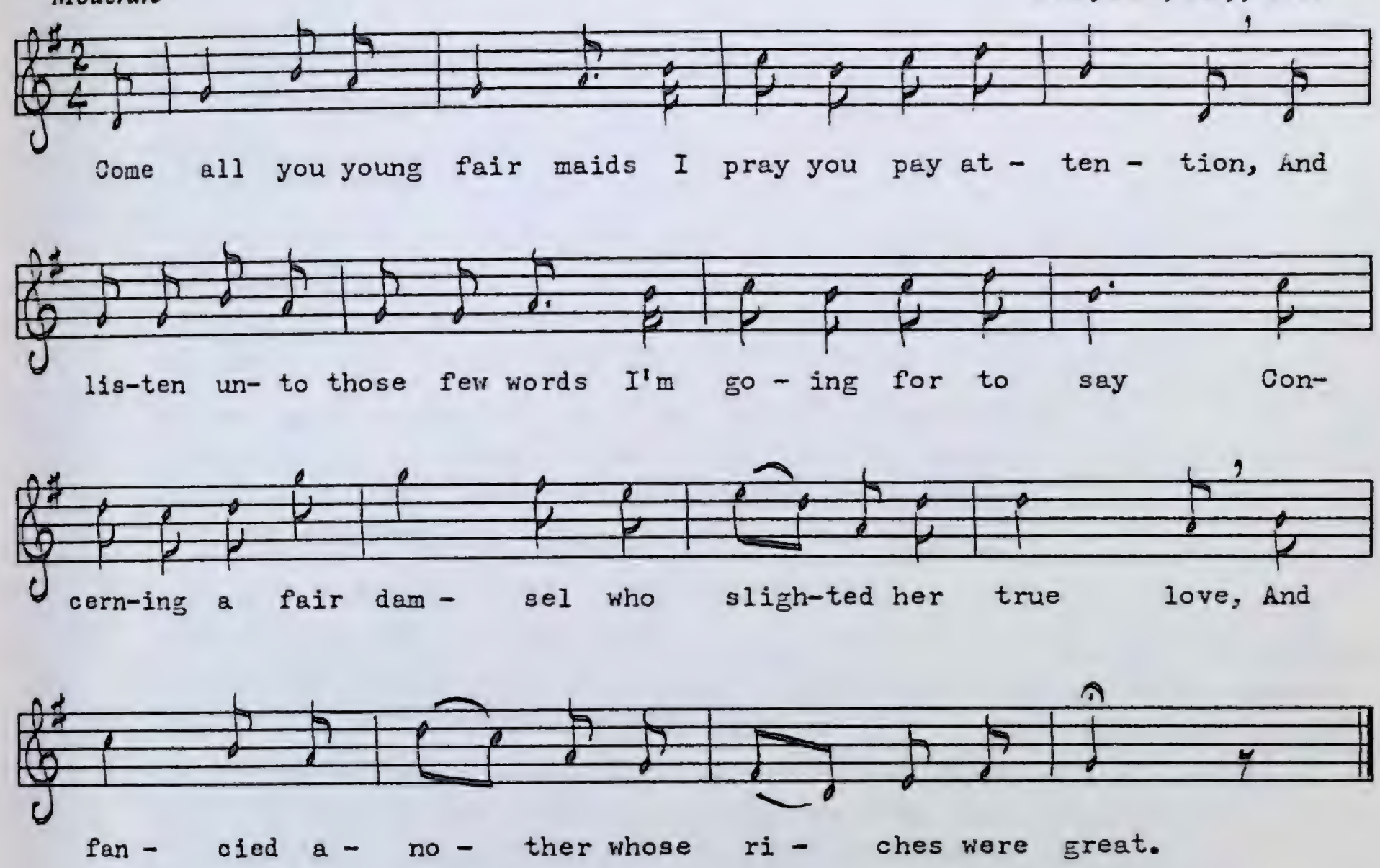
8. The favor was asked and instantly granted,
Crying and sobbing she went to her bed.
So early, so early all on the next morning
She and her true lovyer were both found dead.

9. The green willow tree is a very handsome flower,
Always in blossom in each season of the year,
Where young men and maidens spent many a happy hour
Kissing and courting but never draw near.

C

(The Green Willow)

PEA 8 No. 54
Howard Morry
Ferryland, July, 1951



1. Come all you young fair maids I pray you pay attention,
   And listen unto those few words I'm going for to say
   Concerning a fair damsel who slighted her true love,
   And fancied another whose riches were great.

2. Oh the supper was over and all things made ready,
   The question was asked for who would sing a song;
   And it happened to fall on her own former lover,
   And the song that he sung to herself it did belong.

   Saying: "There is a tree in my father's yon garden,
   And some people say that it's really true blue;
   But when it brings forth fruit on a cold and frosty morning,
   It is then all false lovers, it is then ye will prove true."

3. Oh the supper was over and the dance it was ended,
   And down at the knees of the bridegroom she fell,
   Saying: "There is one question I'm going for to ask you,
   And I hope that my husband won't deny it of me;
   It's to grant me the first night to lie with my mother,
   And forever after to lie, love, with thee."

4. Oh the question being asked and was already granted,
And sobbing and sighing she went to her bed;
And when her husband rose up so early in the morning,
He went to her bedroom and found that she was dead.

D

(The Wedding)

PEA 90 No. 735
Everett Bennett
St. Paul's, August, 1958

1. Last Saturday night I was invited to a wedding,
By one I thought that would never prove unkind;
But now she is married to another true lover,
And her former true lover still runs in her mind.

2. The day that she was married and joined into her happiness,
Her old sailor true lover returned back from sea;
But she did not know him and thought him a stranger;
She invited him to her wedding, and to come he did agree.

3. When supper being over and all things being ended,
Every man in the room were to sing a fine song;
The first one that sung was her former true lover,
And the song that he sung unto her it did belong.

4. "Oh here is a ring that's lately been broken,
Give unto me on yonder plain;
'Twas give unto me as a true lover's token,
And now with grief I'll return it again."

5. As the bride was a-sitting at the head of the table,
Marking those words what this young man had said;
To bear it any longer poor girl she were not able,
Down at her bride-groom's feet she instantly fell.

6. "One favor, one favor, I'm now going to ask of you,
If you will grant it unto me,
To grant me the first night to lay with my mama,
All after this I will lay on your breast."

7. The favor was asked and so instantly granted;
Sobbing and crying she went to her bed;
So early, so early all on the next morning,
He had went to her bedside and found she was dead.

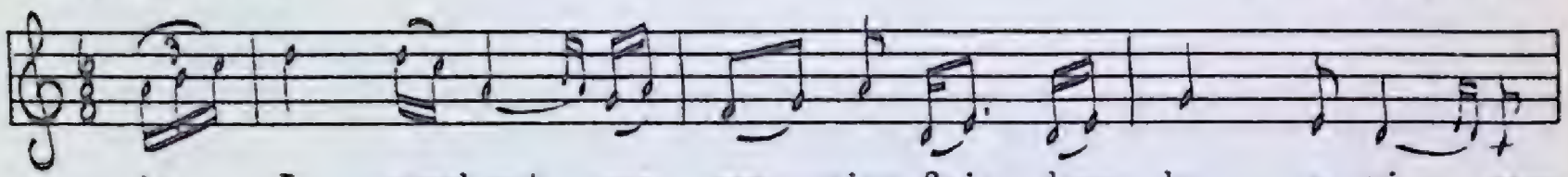
All four variants of *The Nobleman's Wedding* are reproduced because each has some point of interest not contained in the others, or a flaw in one of its verses that can be cured by replacing it with a good verse. I leave this job of collation to the reader. Though not a common song, it has been collected from oral tradition in both England and North America. It appears as *The Awful Wedding* in the Campbell-Sharp Appalachian collection, and as *The Green Willow* in Helen Creighton's Nova Scotia collection. It may also be found previously from Newfoundland in the Greenleaf-Mansfield book *Ballads and Sea Songs of Newfoundland*. Variant *A* is distinctive in having a golden love token. The green willow is a symbol of loss or mourning.

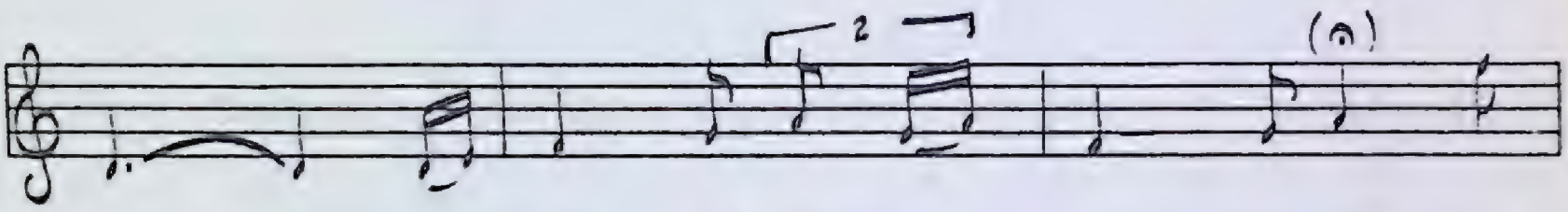
O'Reilly the Fisherman

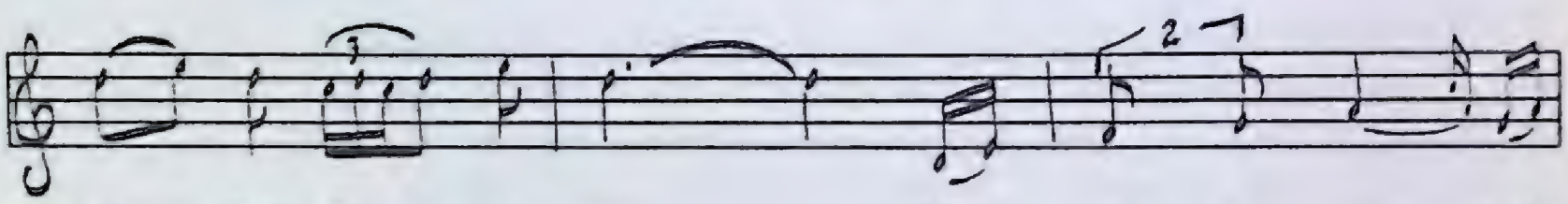
A

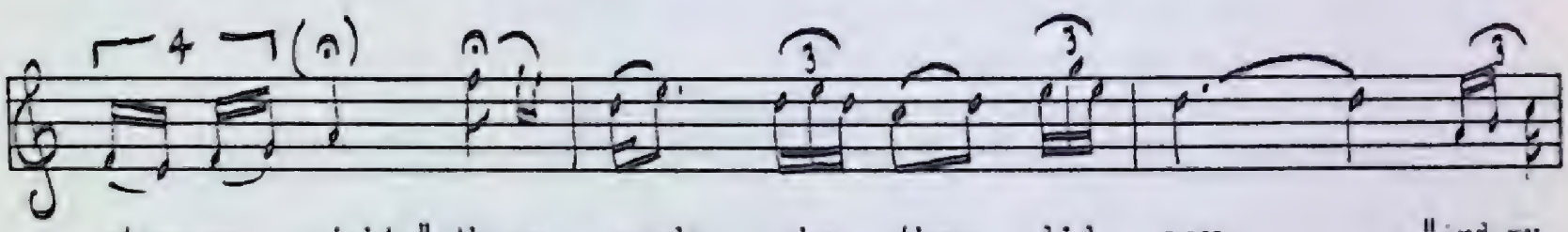
MS 91
Phillip Foley
Tilting, July, 1952

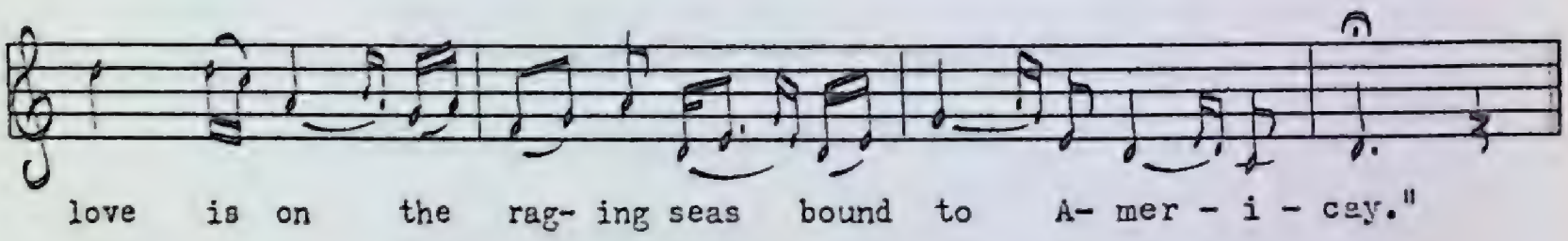
Moderately slow











1. As I roved out one evening fair down by a riverside
   I heard a lovely maid complain, the tears fell from her eyes.
   "This is a cold and stormy night," those words she then did say,
   "And my love is on the raging seas bound to Americay.

2. "My love he was a fisherman, his age was scarce eighteen,
   He was as fine a young man as ever yet was seen;
   My father he had riches great and Reilly he was poor,
   Because I loved this fisherman they could not him endure.

3. "Young O'Reilly was my true-love's name, 'twas near the town of Bray,
   My mother took me by the hand these words to me did say;
   'If you are fond of Reilly, let him quit this countery,
   Your father says he'll take his life so shun his company.'

4. "Oh mother dear, don't be severe, where will you send my love?
My very heart lies in his breast, as constant as a dove."
"Oh daughter dear, I'm not severe, here is one thousand pound,
Send Reilly to Americay to purchase there some ground."

5. When Ellen got the money, straight to Reilly she did run,
Saying, "This very night to take your life my father charged a gun;
Here is one thousand pound in gold my mother sent to you,
So sail away to Americay, and I will follow you."

6. When Reilly got the money he sailed away next day,
Before he put his foot on board those words to her did say;
"Here is a token of true love, we break it now in two,
You have my heart, here's half my ring until I find out you."

7. It was about three months after she was waiting by the quay,
O'Reilly he came back again and took his love away,
The ship was wrecked, all hands were lost, her father grieved full sore,
To find Reilly in her arms as they drowned upon the shore.

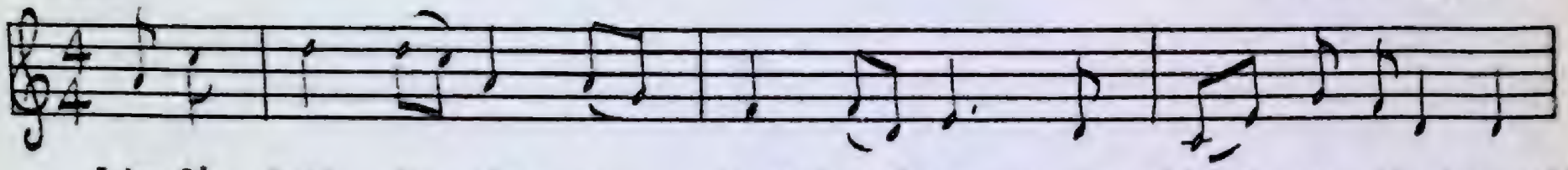
8. A letter they found upon her breast and it was wrote with blood,
Saying, "Cruel was my father, he thought to shoot my love;
Now let this be a warning to all fair maidens gay—
Don't ever let the lad you love go to Americay."

This beautiful Irish ballad has appeared in many English and American broadsides and books, but I doubt that any of them surpass this Newfoundland variant. Variant *B* is the same basic tune but was reproduced to show how a singer like Mr. Foley can embroider an ordinary piece of homespun into a work of art.

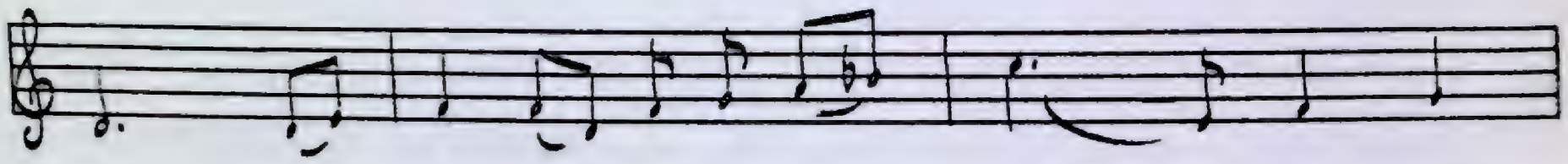
B

PEA 88 No. 726
Mrs. Freeman Bennett
St. Paul's, July, 1958

Slow

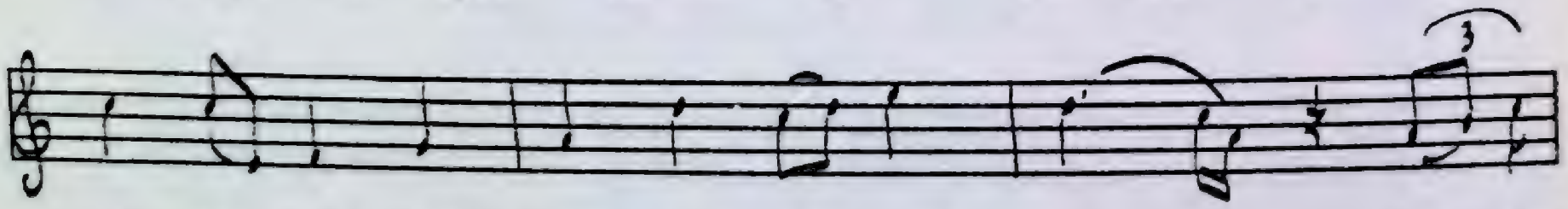


John O' - Reil - ly is my true love's name, he lived near the town called

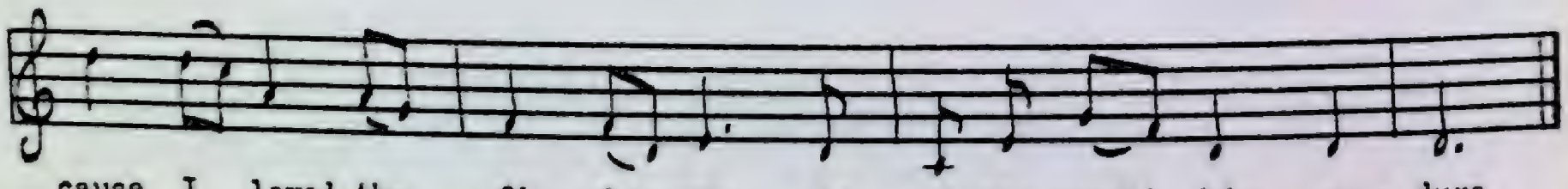


Glenn; He was so cle-ver a young man that

e- ver my two eyes seen. My fa - ther he had



ri - ches great and Reil - ly he was poor, And be -

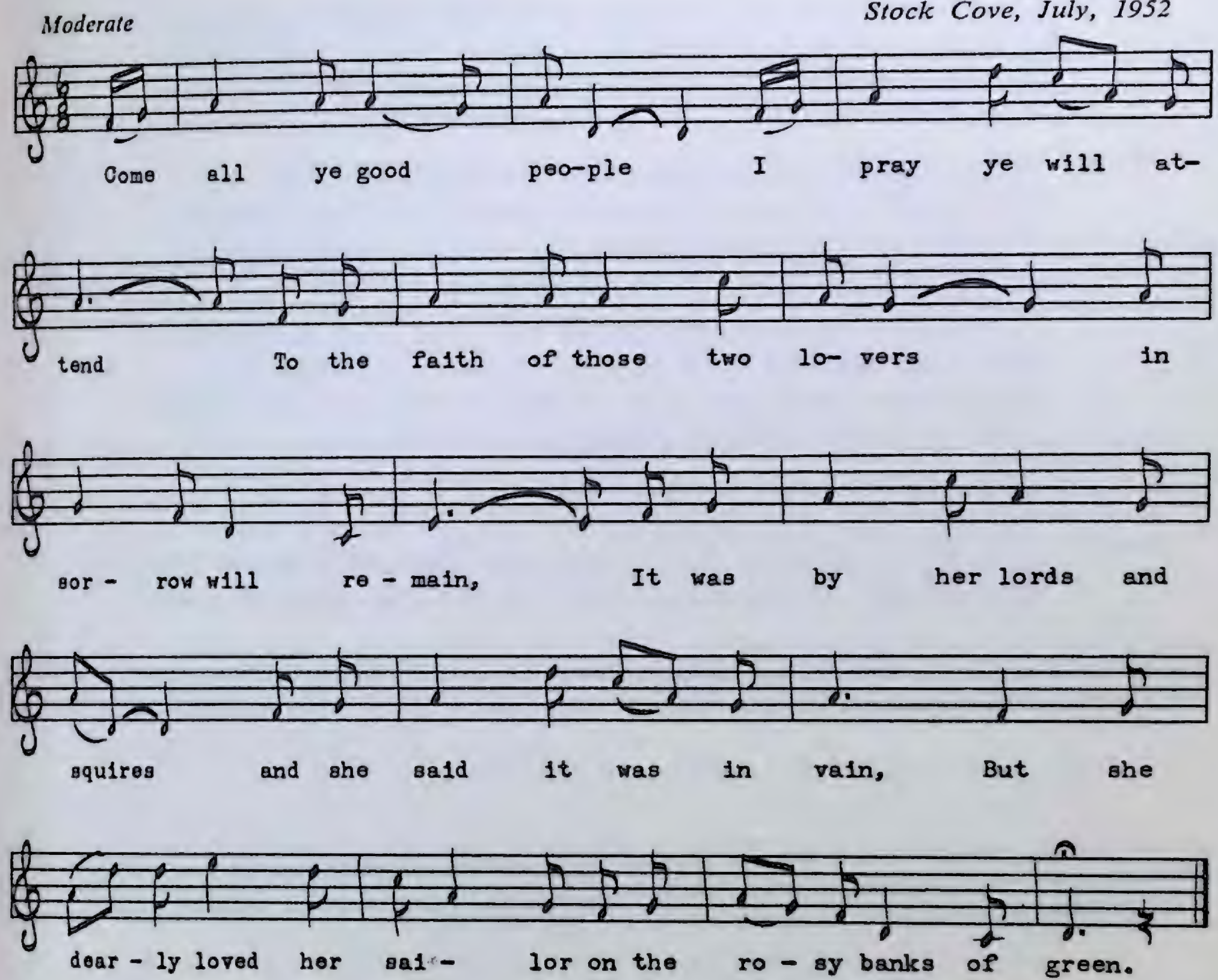


cause I loved the fi - sher-man he ne-ver could him en - dure.

The Rosy Banks of Green

A

MS 90
Mrs. Lucy Heaney
Stock Cove, July, 1952



1. Come all ye good people, I pray ye will attend,
   To the faith of those two lovers in sorrow will remain,
   It was by her lords and squires, and she said it was in vain,
   But she dearly loved the sailor on the rosy banks of green.

2. These two they had been school-mates in childhood's early days,
   He was but a schoolboy, he stole her heart away;
   It was by her lords and squires, and she said it was in vain,
   But she dearly loved the sailor on the rosy banks of green.

3. It was on one morning early down in her father's grove,
   Sat Josephine conversing with the boy she dearly loved;
   With your kisses and embraces and your own dear Josephine,
   And we never shall be parted on the rosy banks of green.

4. The father overheard them and his anger could not stand,
He jumped around upon them with a loaded gun in hand,
Saying, "Die ye bloody hoopers and no more you'll plow the main,
And tonight you shall be parted on the rosy banks of green."

5. He drew the deadly weapon, pulled the trigger with fingers two,
And Josephine like lightning to her lover's arms she flew;
The bullets took their course and so truly was the aim,
That these two they fell together on the rosy banks of green.

6. When Josephine was dying these words I heard her say:
"I'm glad my dear old mother never lived to see this day,
I hope she will rest in glory with her own dear Josephine,
And the murdering of her daughter on the rosy banks of green.

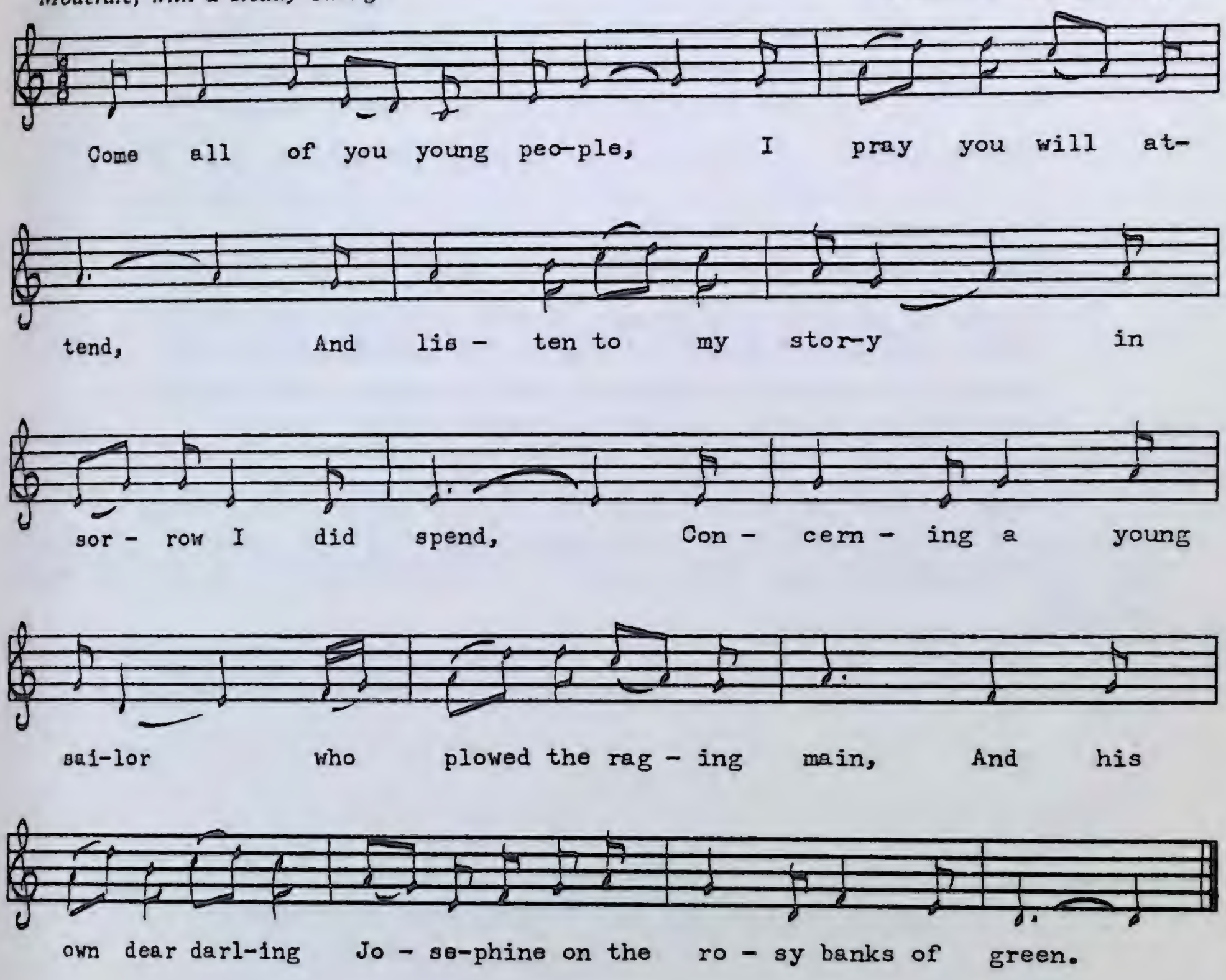
7. "O Charlie, dearest Charlie, we will meet on a distant shore,
But your old and aged parents will never see you more,
But I hope you'll rest in glory with your own dear Josephine,
And we never shall be parted on the rosy banks of green."

8. Come all ye good people I pray ye will attend
To the faith of these two lovers in sorrow will remain,
It was by her lords and squires, and she said it was in vain,
For she dearly loved her sailor on the rosy banks of green.

B

PEA 163 No. 1041
Mrs. Clara Stevens
Bellburns, August, 1959

Moderate, with a steady swing



1. Come all of you young people, I pray you will attend,
And listen to my story in sorrow I did spend,
Concerning a young sailor who plowed the raging main,
And his own dear darling Josephine on the rosy banks of green.

2. This couple had been school-mates in childhood's happy days,
When he was but a school-boy he stole her heart away.
She was loved by lords and squires but their love was all in vain,
For she dearly loved her sailor on the rosy banks of green.

3. 'Twas early on Sunday morning down in her father's grove,
Sat Josephine conversing with the boy she dearly loved.
With kisses and embraces from his own dear Josephine,
Saying, "Tonight we will be far away from the rosy banks of green."

4. Her father overheard them, in anger could not stand,
He then jumped out upon them with a loaded gun in hand,
Saying, "Die, you cruel sailor, no more you'll plow the main,
For tonight you will be far away from the rosy banks of green."

5. He aimed the deadly weapon, the fatal trigger drew,
And Josephine like lightning in her lover's arms she flew.
The bullet left the muzzle, its aim so true and keen,
And they both fell together on the rosy banks of green.

6. As Josephine lay dying these words I heard her say:
"I'm glad my dear old mother never lived to see this day,
In the higher seats of glory a witness she has been
To the murder of her daughter on the rosy banks of green."

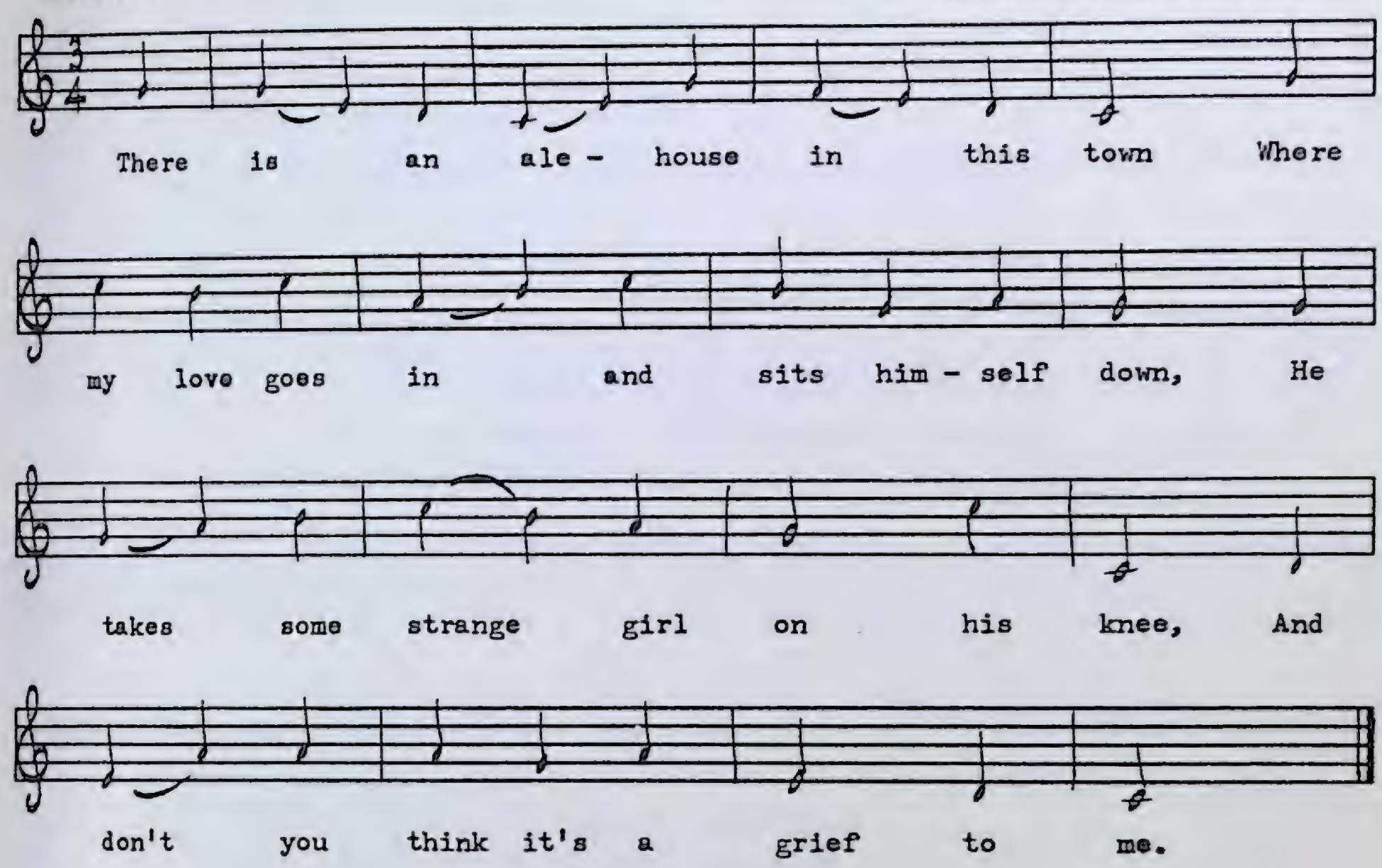
7. Come all of you good people, I pray you will draw near
To the graves of those two lovers, in sorrow shed a tear.
Beneath two marble tombstones out on yonder church-yard green
Lie two innocent lovers on the rosy banks of green.

Variant *A* has the better tune, and *B* the better text. This is a rather uncommon ballad, and so it is fortunate that both an excellent tune and text have survived. Verse 7 of *A* can be added to the text of *B* to make it complete.

She Died in Love

A

PEA 144 No. 965
Mrs. Thomas Walters
Rocky Harbour, July, 1959



1. There is ale-house in this town
   Where my love goes in and sits himself down,
   He takes some strange girl on his knee,
   And don't you think it's a grief to me.

2. A grief to me and I'll tell you why,
   Because she has more gold than I,
   But her gold will waste and silver fly,
   There's a time she'll have no more than I.

3. When I carried my apron low
   My love followed me through frost and snow,
   But now my apron is to my chin,
   My love passes by and won't call in.

4. Down in yon meadow I hear people say
   There grows a flower so costly and gay,
   If I could chance one of them to find
   'Twould cure my heart and ease my mind.

5. Down in the valley this fair one did go
Picking those flowers so fast as they'd grow,
Some she plucked and more she pulled
Until she gathered her apron full.

6. She carried them home and she made a bed,
A stony pillow for her head,
She laid herself down and nevermore spoke
Because, poor girl, her heart was broke.

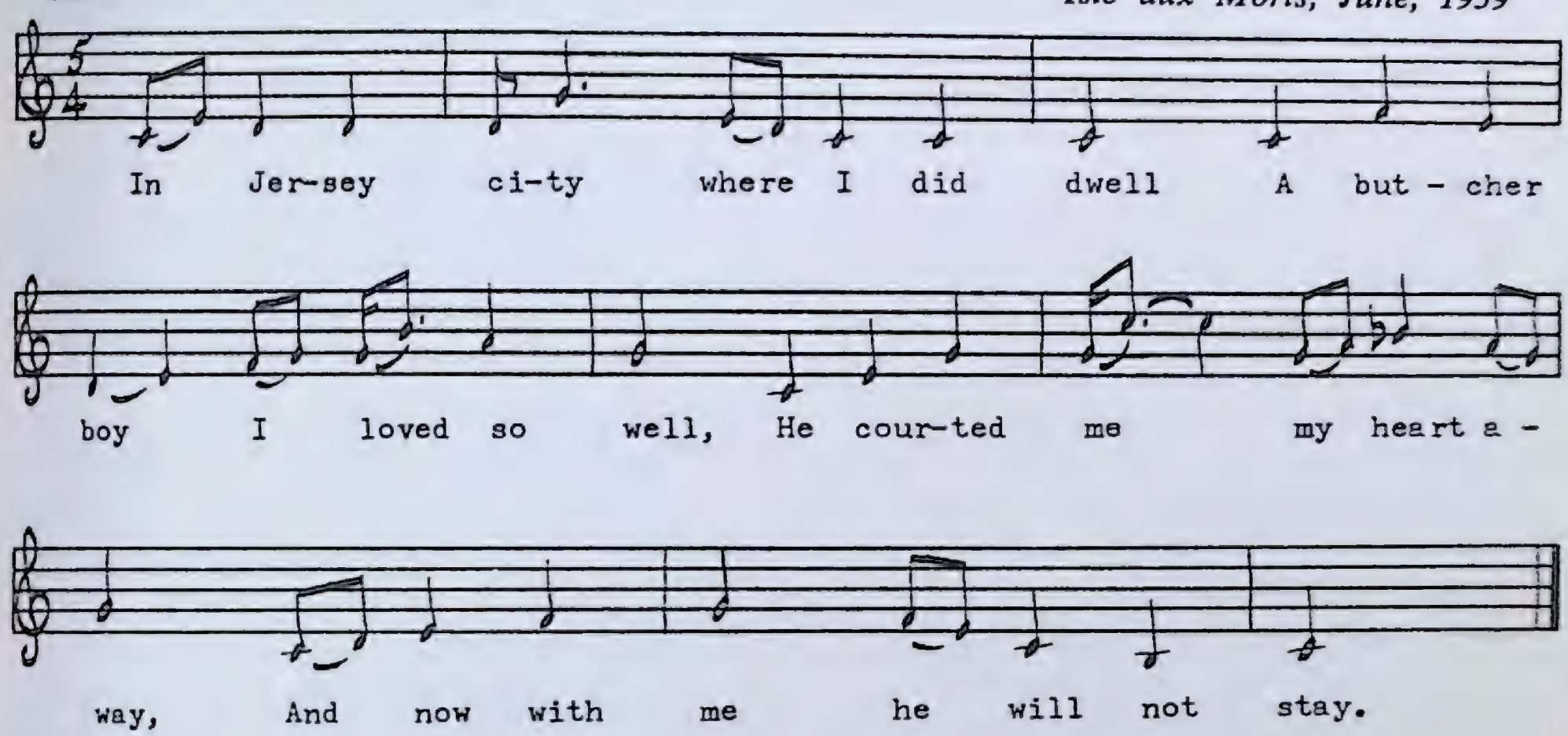
7. When she was dead and her corpse was cold
This sad news to her true love was told.
"I'm sorry for her, poor girl," said he,
"How could she be so fond of me?"

8. Dig her a grave wide, long, and deep,
A tombstone at her head and feet,
And on her breast lay a turtle-dove
So the world may know that she died in love.

B

(*The Butcher Boy*)

PEA 122 No. 870
Mrs. Wallace Kinslow
Isle aux Morts, June, 1959



1. In Jersey city where I did dwell
   A butcher boy I loved so well,
   He courted me my heart away,
   And now with me he will not stay.

2. There is a girl all in this town
   Where my love goes and sits right down,
   He takes a strange girl up on his knee
   And he tells to her what he don't tell me.

3. A grief to me, I'll tell you why,
   Because she has more gold than I,
   Her gold will waste and her silver fly,
   In times of need she'll be poor as I.

4. Go and get a chair and sit me down,
   And pen and ink for to write it down,
   On every line she dropped a tear,
   On every verse crying, "Willie dear!"

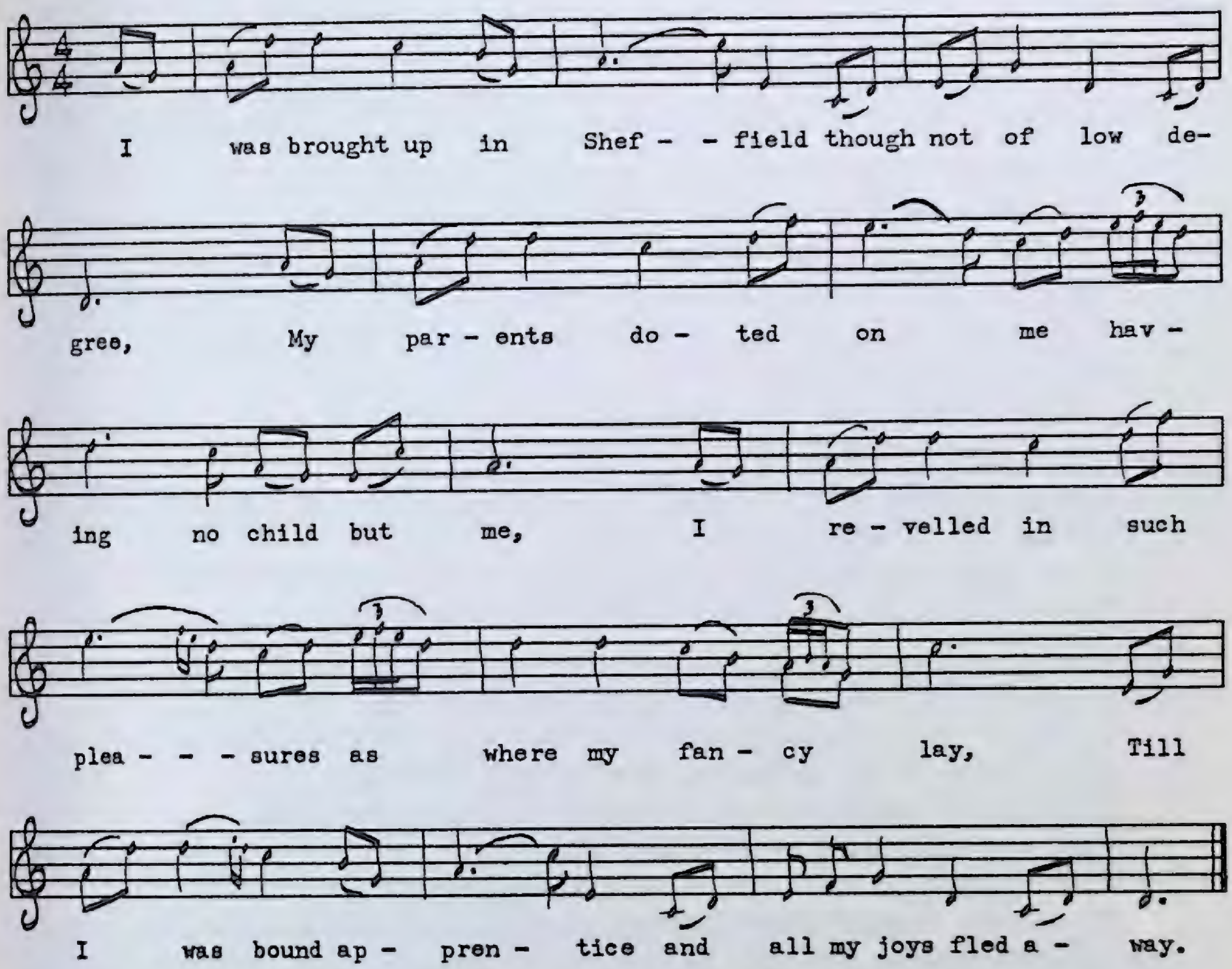
5. He went upstairs and the door he broke,
   He found her hanging all from a rope,
   He took his knife and cut her down
   And in her bosom those lines were found.

6. 'Oh what a silly girl am I
To hang myself for a butcher boy,'
And on her breast those lines were found
To show the world that she died for love.

Some of the most beautiful lyric verse in the English language is to be found in this traditional ballad and its relations. Those familiar with *She's Like the Swallow* will immediately spot two common verses. As a matter of fact, I had sung a couple of verses of *She's Like the Swallow* to see if Mrs. Walters was familiar with it, and she immediately sang this song in reply to show how similar they are. *She Died in Love* also has much in common with several fragments of *A Brisk Young Lover,* collected in England by Cecil Sharp and collated into a complete lyric ballad by James Reeves in *The Idiom of the People.* In fact, with the exception of verse 4, every verse of *She Died in Love* has its counterpart in the Reeves' collation. *The Butcher Boy* may be regarded as a separate song, but it has so much in common with *She Died in Love* that I have considered it a variant. But the list of related ballads does not end here. Many readers will have already noticed the similarity to *There Is an Alehouse in Yonder Town,* an English song from which the American college song *There is a Tavern in the Town* is derived. The relationships and cross-influences among all these songs is so complex that it is doubtful if the 'original' will ever be discovered. See also the note on *She's Like the Swallow.*

The Sheffield Apprentice

PEA 187 No. 1130
George Reid
Codroy, July, 1960



1. I was brought up in Sheffield though not of low degree,
   My parents doted on me having no child but me,
   I revelled in such pleasures as where my fancy lay,
   Till I was bound apprentice and all my joys fled away.
2. I did not like my master, he did not use me well,
   I took a resolution not long with him to dwell,
   Unknown to my poor mother dear from her I ran away,
   I steered my course to London, oh cursèd was that day!
3. A handsome fine young lady from Ireland was there,
   She offered me great riches to serve her a year,
   And after long persuading with her I did agree
   For to go and live in Ireland which proved my destiny.
4. I had not been in Ireland but a year, two, or three,
   Before my kind mistress she fell in love with me,
   She said her gold and silver, her houses and her land,
   If I'd consent for to marry her, would be at my command.

5. My mistress had a waiting-maid and 'twas her I did love well,
She courted me my heart away, all my thoughts on her did dwell,
I onlye loved that fair one more better than my life,
And if jealousy had not proved so severe I would have made her my wife.

6. I said, "My honorable mistress, how can I wed you both
When I have made a promise, likewise a solemn oath,
When I have made a promise to a young waiting-maid?
Oh excuse me my kind mistress, for she has my heart instead."

7. Oh then in angry passion she said I'd done her wrong,
She swore she'd be avenged before it was too long,
She had been so perplexèd she could not be my wife,
She then took up a project for to take away my life.

8. 'Twas early the next morning that this young couple were seen
As they were a-walking down in the garden green.
Taking a ring from her finger as I was passing by
She slipped it in my pocket and for it I must die.

9. My mistress swore I'd robbed her and quickly I was brought
Before a gray old justice to answer for my fault,
Long time I pleaded innocent but 'twas of no avail,
She swore so hard against me that I was put in jail.

10. From the place of my confinement they brought me to a tree
In sight of my cruel mistress all hangèd for to be.
Come all you judge and jury just as you're standing by,
Don't glory in my downfall, but pity me as I die.
I'm going to die quite innocent and bid this world adieu,
Fare you well sweet lovely Polly dear I'll die for the love of you.

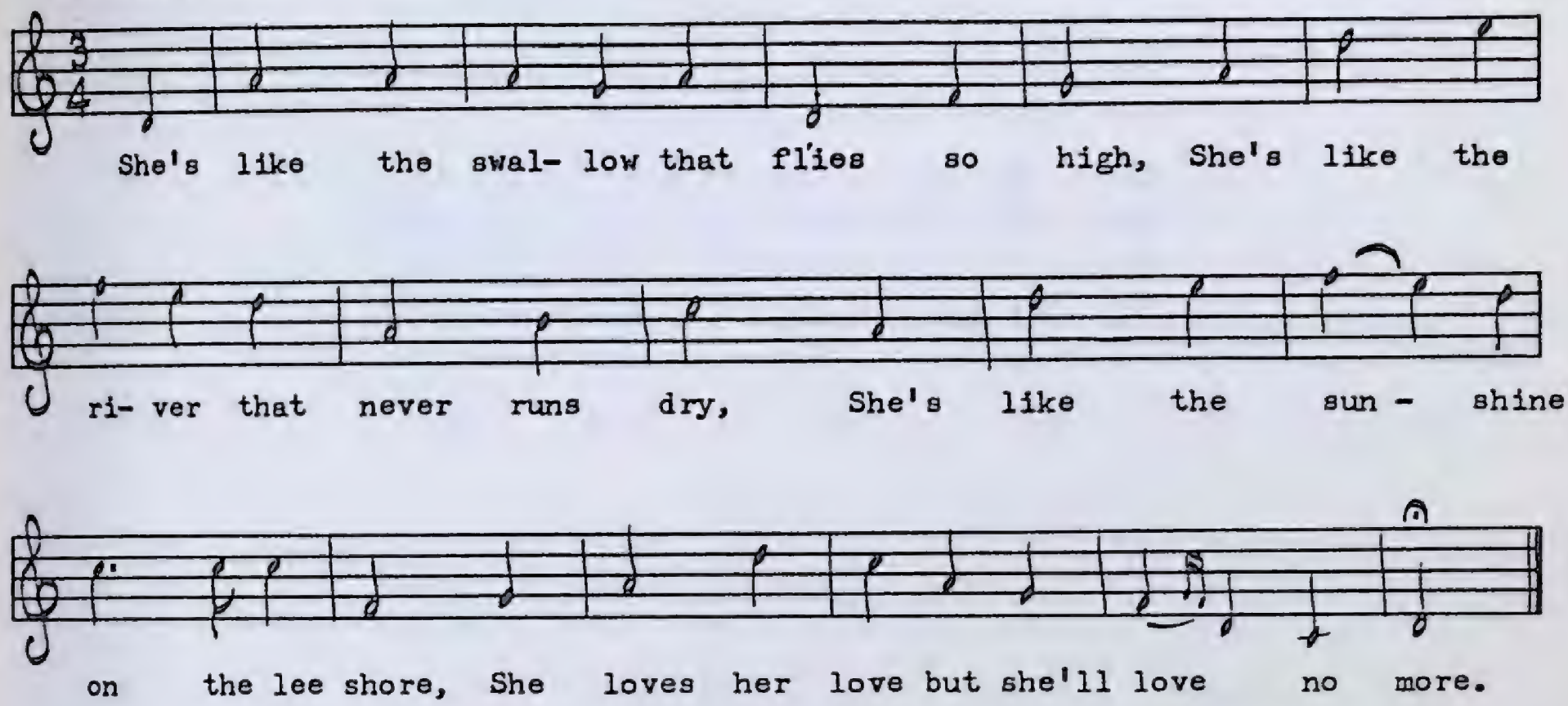
In another variant from Codroy, sung by Mrs. Mary Ann Galpin, the apprentice meets the rich lady in Belfast, not London; and she takes him to Holland, not Ireland. Verse 5 of the text is from this variant. This broadside ballad has been widely collected from oral tradition in North America and England. The Newfoundland tune is the best I have seen.

She's Like the Swallow

A

MS

Mrs. Charlotte Decker
Parson's Pond, August, 1959



1. She's like the swallow that flies so high,
   She's like the river that never runs dry,
   She's like the sunshine on the lee shore,
   She loves her love but she'll love no more.

2. 'Twas down in the meadow this fair maid bent
   A-picking the primrose just as she went,
   The more she picked and the more she pulled
   Until she gathered her apron full.

3. She climbed on yonder hill above
   To give a rose unto her love,
   She gave him one, she gave him three,
   She gave her heart in company.

4. And as they sat on yonder hill
   His heart grew hard, so harder still.
   He has two hearts instead of one.
   She says, "Young man, what have you done?

5. "When I carried my apron low
   My love followed me through frost and snow,
   But now my apron is to my chin,
   My love passes by and won't call in."

6. "How foolish, foolish you must be
To think I love no one but thee,
The world's not made for one alone,
I take delight in everyone."

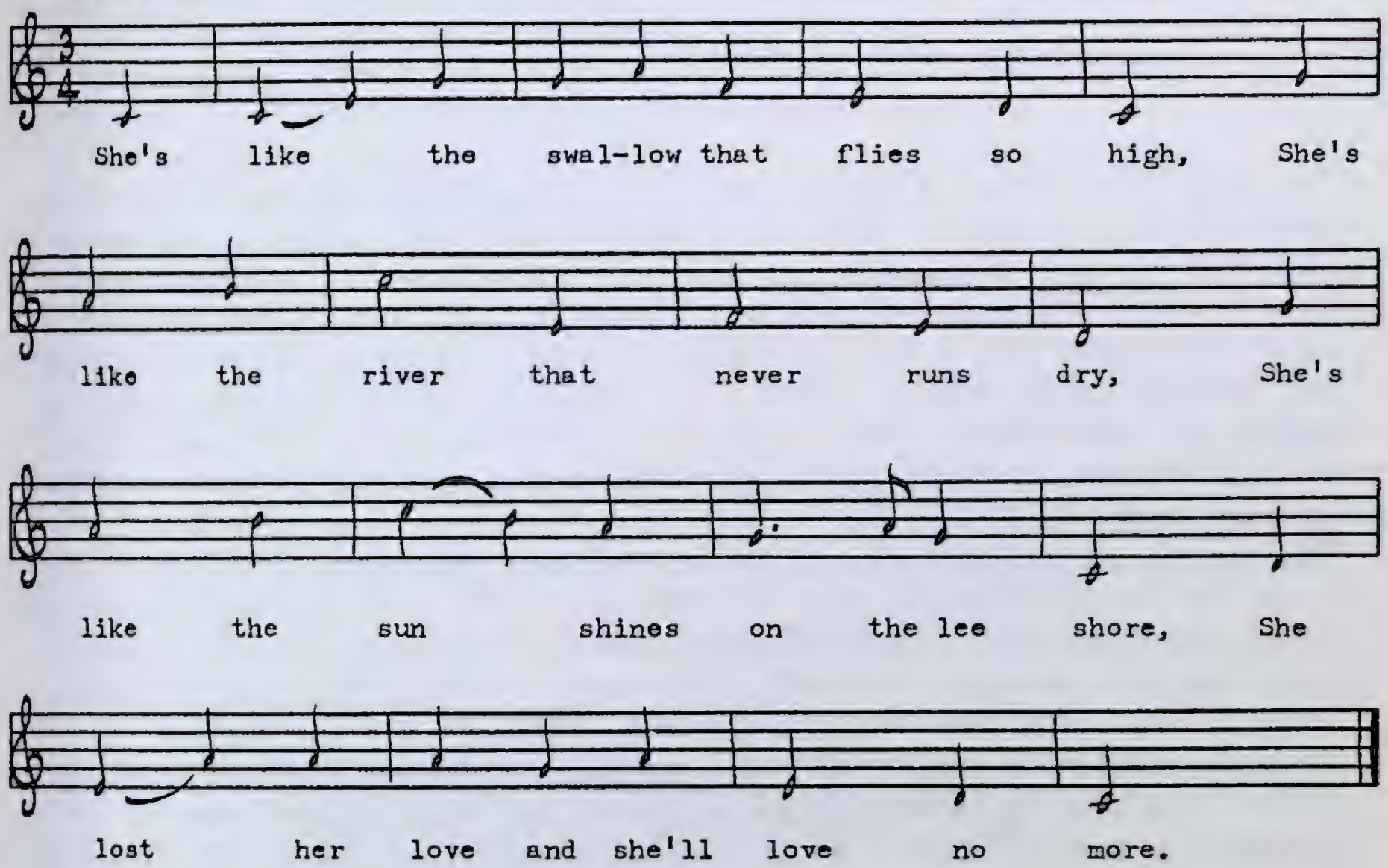
7. She took her roses and made a bed,
A stony pillow for her head,
She lay her down, no more did say,
Just let her roses fade away.

8. She's like the swallow that flies so high,
She's like the river that never runs dry,
She's like the sunshine on the lee shore,
She lost her love and she'll love no more.

B

PEA 122 No. 872 & 874
Mrs. Wallace Kinslow
Isle aux Morts, June, 1959

Moderate



1. She's like the swallow that flies so high,
   She's like the river that never runs dry,
   She's like the sun shines on the lee shore,
   She lost her love and she'll love no more.

2. Out in the meadow this fair girl went
   Picking those flowers just as she went,
   The more she picked and the more she pulled
   Until she gathered her apron full.

3. There is a man on yonder hill,
   He has a heart hard as steel,
   He has two hearts instead of one,
   She says, "Young man, what have you done?"

4. "How foolish, how foolish this girl must be
   To think I love no other but she,
   The world's not made for one alone,
   I take delight in everyone."

5. Out of those flowers she made a bed,
A stony pillow for her head,
And there she lay and never spoke
Until this poor girl's heart was broke.

6. She's like the swallow that flies so high,
She's like the river that never runs dry,
She's like the sun shines on the lee shore,
She lost her love and she'll love no more.

Ever since Maud Karpeles collected a tantalizing fragment of this lyric ballad in Newfoundland more than thirty years ago, scholars and singers alike have been fascinated by its elusiveness and beauty. Although it shares verses with similar songs (see note on *She Died in Love*), it has survived in its present form only in Newfoundland. I happened upon variant *B* early in the 1959 research season, and for the remainder of the trip kept pestering singers for more verses. The result was a fine version of *She Died in Love* by Mrs. Walters, and the most complete version of *She's Like the Swallow* yet collected. When I sang two or three verses to Aunt Charlotte (Mrs. Decker) to see if she knew it, she immediately recognized it as one of the songs her mother used to sing. Unfortunately, she could remember nothing except the title verse, but the "air is just like that man sings on the radio" (The Karpeles variant). Actually, the tune is a little different in two places. When I left Aunt Charlotte she promised that she and her husband would try to remember the rest of the song and send me the words; this they did the following winter. In variant *B* Mrs. Kinslow used the title verse once or twice during the song as a sort of chorus, but I have placed it just at the beginning and end. Verse 5 of *A* is taken from *She Died in Love* to further heighten the symbolism of the apron. The apron is often used as a symbol of pregnancy, though in this case just its position is sufficient to convey the before-and-after attitude of the young man. Meadows, gardens, and flowers in general are often used as fertility symbols. I can think of no other lyric where the rose symbolism has been used so exquisitely and with such persistent emotional logic, right to the bitter end. *She's Like the Swallow* again raises the old problem of whether traditional verse is a democratized form of art poetry once exclusive to a cultivated elite, or whether folk poetry is the inspiration for the cultivated poet. I think it works both ways. At any rate, an obscure poet named Robert Johnson, born in 1659, wrote a song called *As I Walked Forth One Summer Day* which appears in *Gems of Antiquity*, edited by Otto Neitzel and published by The John Church Company in 1911. Here is the latter half of the song:

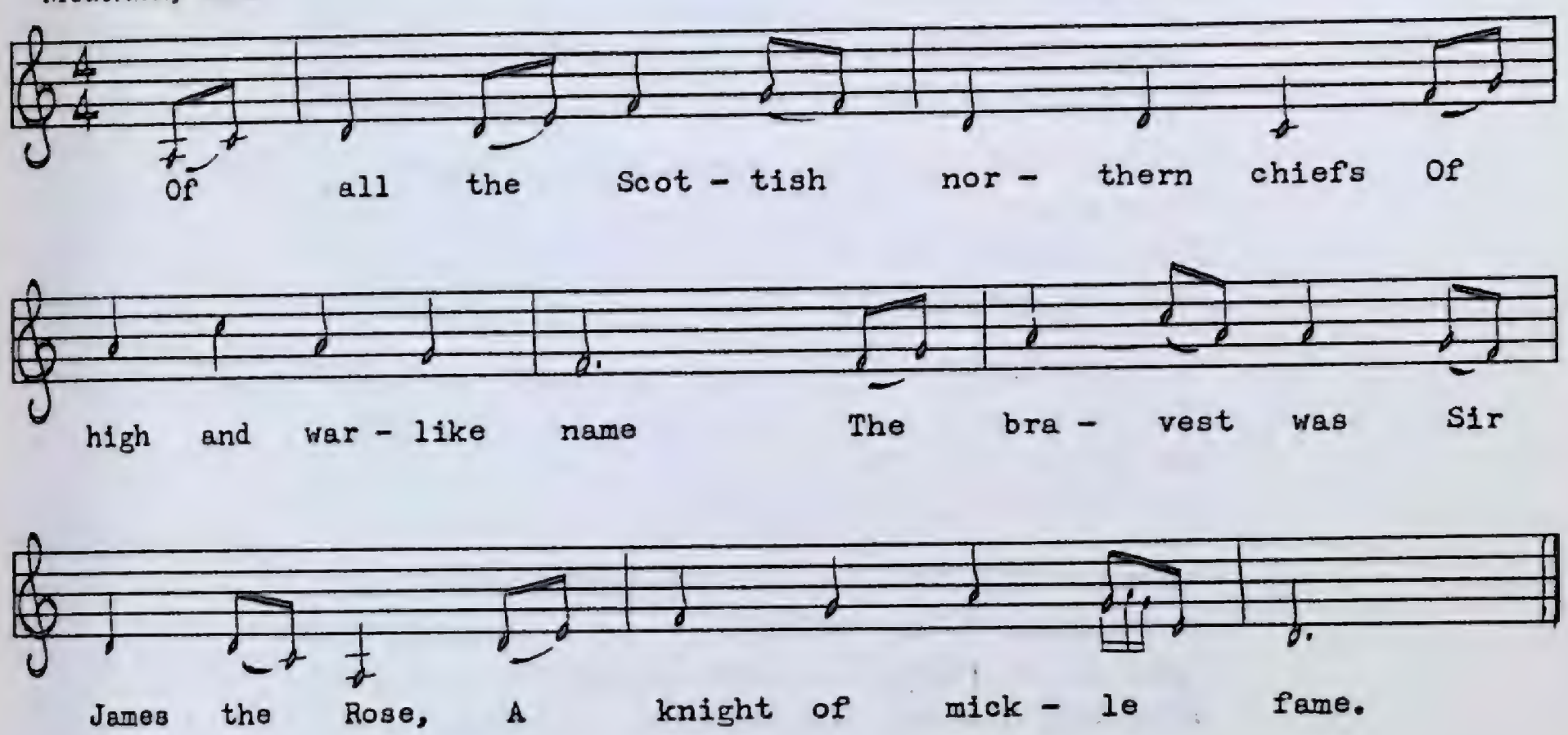
When she had filled her apron full
Of such green things as she could cull;
The green leaves serv'd her for a bed,
The flow'rs a pillow for her head.
Then down she lay, ne'er more did speak;
Alas! Alas! with love her heart did break.

It is impossible at this late date to ascertain just which song influenced which. The important thing for us is that the folk version is so much superior.

Sir James the Rose

(Child 213)

PEA 202 No. 1175
Peter Ryan
Aquaforte, October, 1961



1. Of all the Scottish northern chiefs
   Of high and war-like name
   The bravest was Sir James the Rose, [Ross]
   A knight of mickle fame.

2. Lord Boland's [Buchan's] daughter dear he loved,
   A maid of beauty rare,
   Then Margaret on the Scottish throne
   Was never half so fair.

3. Long had he wooed, still she refused
   With seeming scorn and pride,
   Yet often her eyes confessed the love
   Her fearful words denied.

4. Concealed among the underwood
   The crafty Donald lay,
   The brother of Sir John the Graeme,
   To hear what they would say.

5. When thus the maid began: "My sire,
   Your passion disapproves,
   And bids me wed Sir John the Graeme,
   So here must end our loves.

6. "My father's will must be obeyed,
   Nought boots me to withstand,
   Some fairer maid in beauty's bloom
   Must bless thee with her hand.

7. "Matilda soon shall be forgot,
And from thy mind effaced,
But may that happiness be thine
Which I can never touch."

8. "What do I hear, is this thy vow?"
Sir James the Rose replied,
"And will Matilda wed the Graeme
Though sworn to be my bride?

9. "This sword shall sooner pierce my heart
Than reave me of thy charms."
Then clasped her to his beating breast
Fast locked into his arms.

10. "I spoke to try thy love," she said,
"I'll ne'er wed man but thee,
My grave shall be my bridal bed
Ere Graeme my husband be.

11. "Take then, dear youth, this faithful kiss
In witness of my troth,
And every plague become my lot
That day I break my oath."

12. They parted thus, the sun was set,
Up hasty Donald flies.
"Oh turn thee, turn thee, beardless youth!"
He loud insulting cries.

13. Soon turned about the fearless chief,
And soon his sword he drew,
For Donald's blade before his breast
Had pierced his tartans through.

14. "This for my brother's slighted love,
His wrongs sit on my arm."
Three paces back the youth retired
And saved himself from harm.

15. Returning swift, his hand he raised
Frae Donald's head above,
And through the brain and crashing bones
His sharp-edged weapon drove.

16. He staggering reeled, then tumbled down,
A lump of breathless clay.
"So fall my foes!" quoth valiant Rose,
And stately strode away.

17. Through the greenwood he quickly hied
Unto Lord Buchan's hall,
And at Matilda's window stood,
And thus began to call:

18. "Art thou asleep Matilda dear?
Awake my love, awake,
Thy luckless lover on thee calls
A long farewell to take.

19. "For I have slain fierce Donald Graeme,
His blood is on my sword,
And distant are my faithful men
Nor can assist their lord.

20. "To Skye I will direct my way
When my two brothers bide,
I'll raise the valiant of the Isles
To combat on my side."

21. "Oh stay Sir James the Rose," she cried,
"With me till morning stay,
For dark and dreary is the night,
And dangerous is the way.

22. "All night I'll watch thee in the park,
My faithful page I'll send,
And he'll go rise brave Rose's men,
Their master to defend."

23. Beneath a bush he laid him down,
And wrapped him in his plaid,
While trembling for her lover's fate
At distance stood the maid.

24. Swift ran the page o'er hill and dale
Till in a lonely glen
He met the furious Sir John the Graeme
With twenty of his men.

25. "Where goest thou little page?" he said,
"So late, who did thee send?"
"I go to raise the Rose's clan
Their master to defend.

26. "For he hath slain Sir Donald Graeme,
His blood is on his sword,
And far, far distant are his men
That should assist their lord."

27. "And he has slain my brother dear,"
The furious Graeme replies,
"Dishonour blast my name, but he
By me ere morning dies.

28. "Tell me, where is Sir James the Rose?
I will thee well reward."
"He sleeps within Lord Boland's [Buchan's] park,
Matilda is his guard."

29. They spurred their steeds in furious speed
And scoured along the lea,
They reached Lord Boland's [Buchan's] lofty towers
By dawning of the day.

30. Matilda stood without the gate,
To whom the Graeme did say:
"Saw ye Sir James the Rose last night,
Or did he pass this way?"

31. "Last day at noon," Matilda said,
"Sir James the Rose passed by,
He furious pricked his sweaty steed,
And onward fast did hie.

32. "By this he is at Edinburgh
If horse and man hold good."
"Your page then lied who said he was
Now sleeping in the wood."

33. She wrung her hands and tore her hair:
"Brave Rose thou art betrayed,
And ruined by those means," she cried,
"From whence I hoped thine aid."

34. By this the valiant knight awoke,
The virgin's shrieks he heard,
And up he rose and drew his sword
When the fierce band appeared.

35. "Your sword last night my brother slew,
His blood yet dims its shine,
And ere the setting of the sun
Your blood shall reek on mine."

36. "You word it well," the chief replied,
"But deeds approve the man,
Set by your band and hand to hand
We'll try what valour can.

37. "If boasting hides a coward's heart
My weighty sword you fear
Which shone in front of Flodden Field
When you kept in the rear."

38. With dauntless step he forward strode
And dared him to the fight,
But Graeme gave back and feared his arm,
For well he knew its might.

39. Four of his men, the bravest four,
Sunk down beneath his sword,
But still he scorned the poor revenge
And sought their haughty lord.

40. Behind him basely came the Graeme
And pierced him in the side,
Out spurting came the purple tide,
And all his tartans dyed.

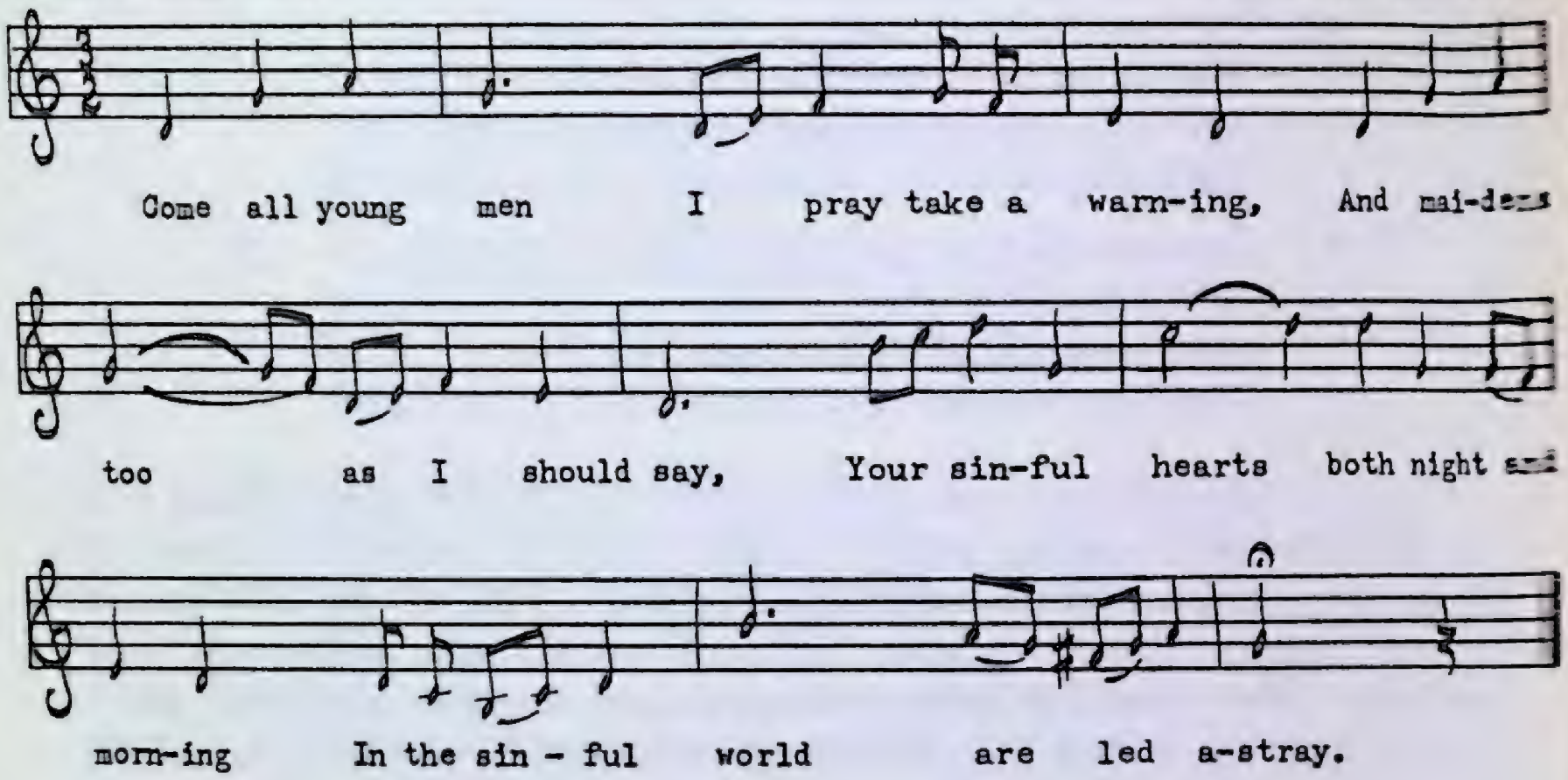
41. But yet his sword kept hot the grip,
Nor dropped he to the ground
Till through his enemy's heart his steel
Had forced a mortal wound.

42. Graeme like a tree with wind o'erthrown
Fell breathless on the clay,
And down beside him sank the Rose
The hero of the day.

The one twenty-two verse variant given by Child is quite different from this Newfoundland version, which comes from two sources. The tune and the first two verses were remembered by Peter Ryan, and the remainder of the song comes from a school notebook of the late William Jones of Aquaforte, who copied it from oral tradition in 1893 (from his grandmother's singing). It is a pity Mr. Ryan could recall just two verses because his version promised to be more in the folk tradition than the Jones variant with its rather literary turn of phrase. However, one should be thankful for the beautiful and noble tune remembered by Mr. Ryan, and for the fact that the text survived at all. The Jones notebook is kept by the surviving members of his family as an heirloom. In the Ryan variant the hero is Rose, and Matilda's father is Lord Boland. The Jones variant has either Rose or Ross, and Lord Buchan is the girl's father.

The Spanish Main

MS 109
John Mahoney
Stock Cove, July, 1951



1. Come all young men I pray take a warning,
   And maidens too as I should say;
   Your sinful hearts both night and morning
   In the sinful world are led astray.

2. I was just sixteen when I first went roving,
   Over the sinful world I strayed far and wide;
   My old agèd parents fell bitterly weeping,
   And bitterly mourned as I leaved their side.

3. But all their grieving and lamenting,
   Could not advise me to stay at home;
   So I lived contented while they lamented,
   But it never caused me to think of home.

4. I sailed away to some foreign country
   Till a pretty girl came in my view,
   When love takes place in young men's attention
   They don't care what hardship that they go through.

5. Her beauty and pride were so enticing,
   She was the flower and the pride of home,
   And yet I knew that if I could gain her,
   I would live contented and no more roam.

6. I courted her for three long years,
   But still her love I could never gain,
   Till one fine evening as the moon shone brightly,
   All my secrets to her I did explain.

7. I says: "My darling now I must leave you
Over the briny ocean to some foreign strand,
So good-bye darling and God be with you,
Leave no other sailor at your command."

8. She cried, "No sailor or no tailor
Will have the privilege my love to gain,
So good-bye darling and God be with you,
And write to me over the Spanish Main."

9. On January the second these two were standing,
The ship was ready and fit for the main,
They shook hands together and kissed each other,
And parted never to meet again.

10. The night they parted as she sat lonely
Thinking on the vows she made,
While she sat lonely and discontented,
But not one word to her mistress said.

11. But still they knew there was something grieving
This young girl as she went to bed,
The very next morning straight to her chamber,
They found this poor girl was lying dead.

12. Beneath her pillow they found a letter,
A missile of grief from a foreign shore,
It was wet with tears and all dark with kisses,
"Farewell my darling forever more."

13. Three weeks after this poor girl's funeral
A letter came addressed her name,
Saying, 'Your sailor fell from the yard-arm rigging
While sailing over the Spanish Main.'

14. This poor girl she died heart-broken,
And the sailor fell from his work at sea,
And for their sins they will have to answer
Before their Maker on the Judgment Day.

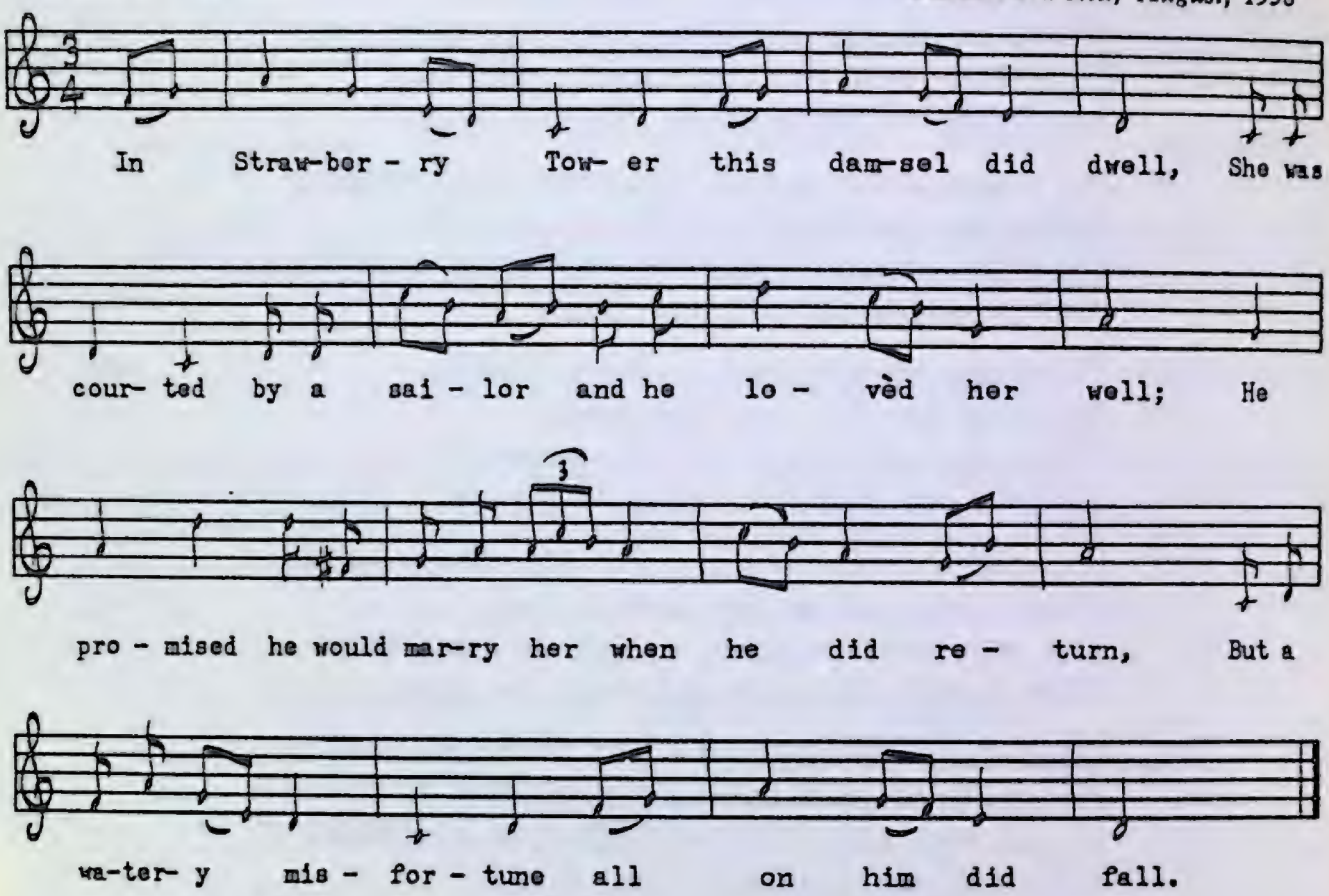
Three Newfoundland variants of this didactic ballad are very similar in text and tune. Greenleaf and Mansfield give a ten-verse variant without tune in *Ballads and Sea Songs of Newfoundland*. However, I was unable to find it in other collections. Perhaps it has survived only in Newfoundland. The preoccupation with sin would seem to suggest a zealous missionary influence, but in other respects the ballad is normal enough to pass the test of traditional authenticity.

Strawberry Tower

A

PEA 103 No. 790
Mrs. Charlotte Decker
Parson's Pond, August, 1958

Moderate, free time



1. In Strawberry Tower this damsel did dwell,
   She was courted by a sailor and he lovèd her well;
   He promised he would marry her when he did return,
   But a watery misfortune all on him did fall.

2. As he was a-sailing to his great surprise,
   When a most and a terrible storm did arise;
   Where the winds they did beat and the billows did roar,
   Which drove those poor seamen all on the lee shore.

3. As she was a-walking down by the seaside,
   She saw her own true love all on the beach lie;
   And when she come by and put her to a stand,
   For she knew 'twas her true love by the ring on his hand.

4. She kissed him, she hugged him, she called him her dear,
   She kissed him, and she hugged him ten thousand times o'er.
   She says, "I am contented to lay by your side."
   In a few moments after this damsel she died.

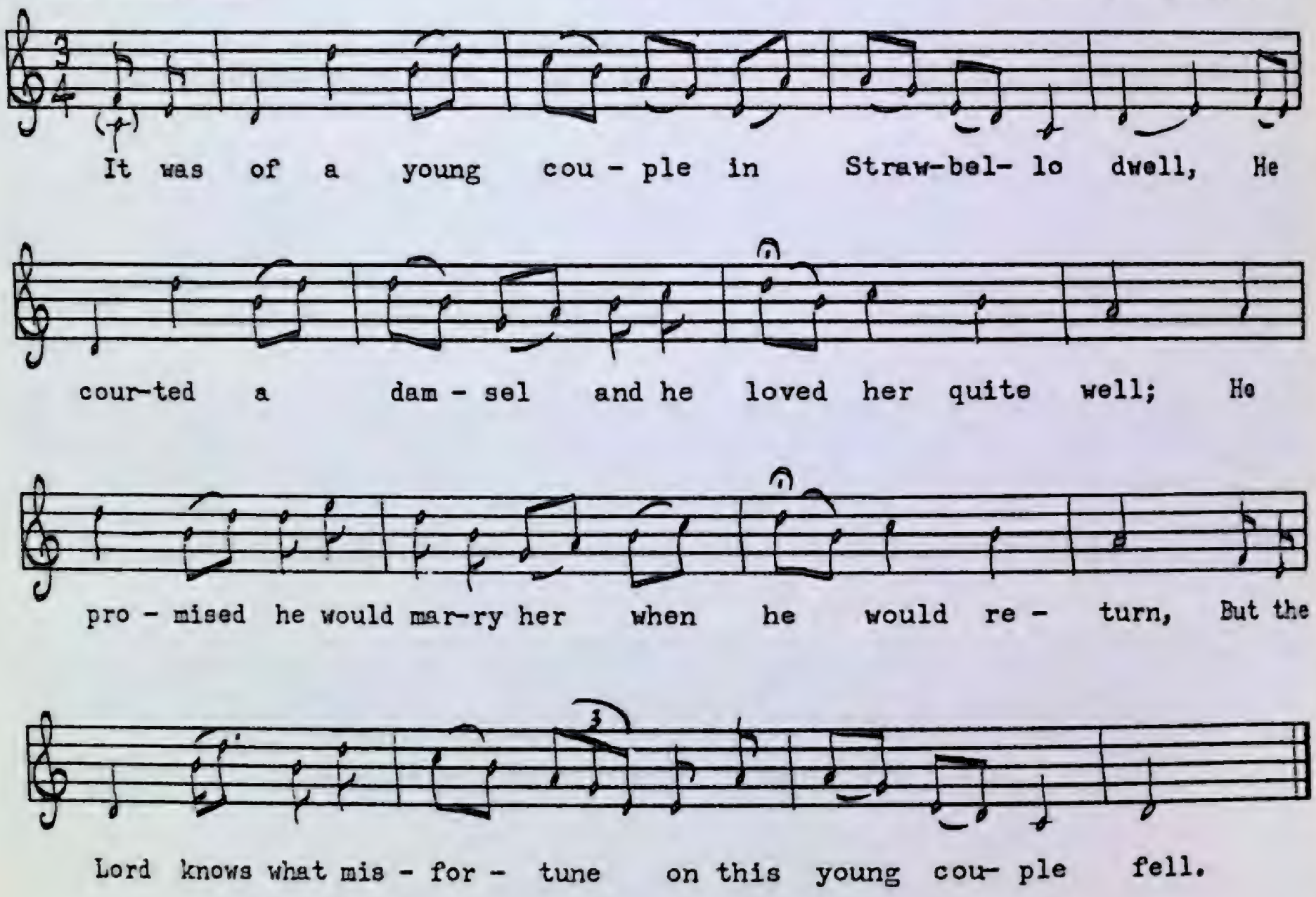
5. In Robin Hood churchyard this couple was carried,
In Robin Hood churchyard this couple was buried.
Come all you true lovers that do pass here by,
Go see how contented this couple do lie.
Come all you true lovers since my joys they're all fled,
My grave is instead of a new marriage bed.

B

(Strawbello Strand)

PEA 103 No. 791
Mrs. Freeman Bennett
St. Paul's, August, 1958

Slow, steady time



1. It was of a young couple in Strawbello dwell,
   He courted a damsel and he loved her quite well;
   He promised he would marry her when he would return,
   But the Lord knows what misfortune on this young couple fell.

2. He shipped on the ocean to sail over the main,
   Where the stormy winds blow and the breakers do roar,
   Where the stormy winds blow and the breakers do roar,
   Which caused every ship to lay in under the lee shore.

3. Some they have sweethearts, some more they have wives,
   Which caused every man for to swim for their lives.
   Out of the number by chance there was one
   Who has lost his sweet life in a watery tomb.

4. As she went a-walking down Strawbello Strand,
   She saw something dark floating in by the land;
   As it drew nearer put her to a stand,
   For she knew 'twas her true love by the ring on his hand.

5. When the sad news in Strawbello arrived
   She hung down her head and began for to cry,
   Saying, "I've lost him, I've lost him, I am sure he is dead,
   It's a funeral instead of a young marriage bed."

6. In Strawbello churchyard they buried them both,
   And the token of love on her tombstone was wrote:
   All you fond lovers that do pass here by,
   Think on this young couple in Strawbello died.

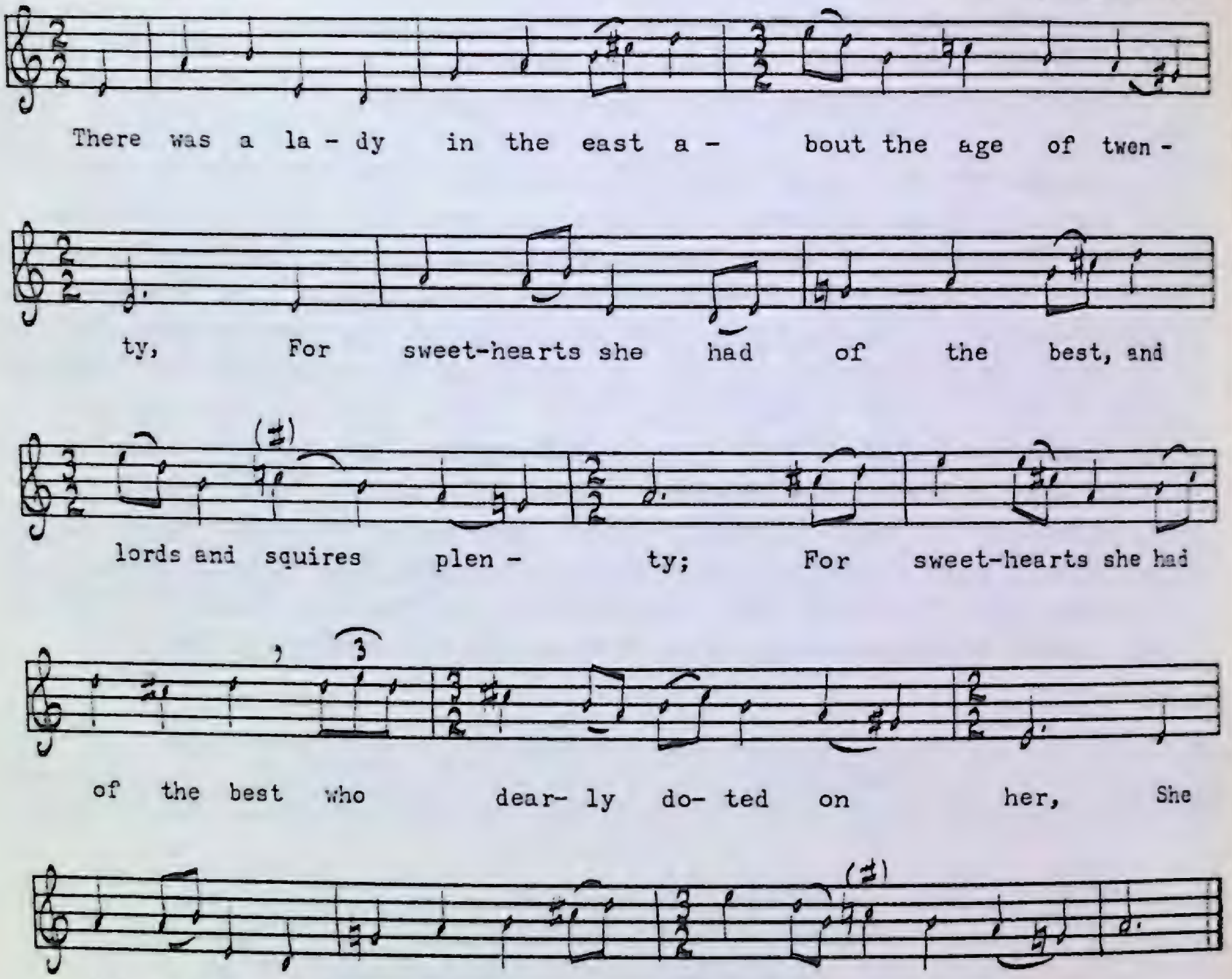
A variant of this song called *The Drowned Sailor* appears in *Traditional Tunes* by Frank Kidson, who says it comes from Yorkshire. 'Strawberry' and 'Strawbello' in these Newfoundland variants are 'Stowbrow' in the Kidson text. Robin Hood's Bay is six miles below Whitby, and Stowbrow, according to Kidson, is "a large and high tract of land on the south side of the bay." A Strawberry Castle is mentioned in several of the Child variants of the Scottish ballad *Tom Potts* (109). The fact that the only Newfoundland variants of this rare ballad appear next to each other on the same tape is purely coincidental. I had left Parson's Pond early to be sure not to miss the little car ferry which used to service traffic across St. Paul's Inlet. When I called on the Freeman Bennetts, Mrs. Bennett immediately began with the song Mrs. Decker had just sung in Parson's Pond! (There was no telephone connection between the two outports at that time).

There Was a Lady in the East

A

PEA 101 No. 782
Mrs. Charlotte Decker
Parson's Pond, August, 1958

Moderate, free time



1. There was a lady in the east about the age of twenty,
   For sweethearts she had of the best, and lords and squires plenty;
   For sweethearts she had of the best who dearly doted on her,
   She did adore her father's clerk more than those lords of honour.

2. As she was walking in the hall her father chanced to meet her.
   "Why do you throw yourself away, you silly fond young creature?
   Oh wilt thou marry a servant slave without either birth or breeding?
   Not one pound portion shalt thou have if this be your proceeding."

3. Down on her knees she fell, saying, "Father, use your pleasure,
   I do adore my Jimmy dear more than the lords and treasure;
   I do adore my Jimmy dear and for him I am intended,
   And if the world will favour me with him I'll live contented."

4. There was a table in the hall with a fowling-piece laid on it,
And through her snowy milk-white breast her father did present it;
It was through her snowy milk-white breast as she lay down
before him,
And the very last words that ever she spoke, "I must and I will
adore him."

5. Now when her father came to know the sin that he had committed
He wrung his hands and he tore his hair, and almost went distracted.
But when her mother came to see her daughter's corpse a-viewing,
The fainting fits came on so quick soon proved her mother's ruing.

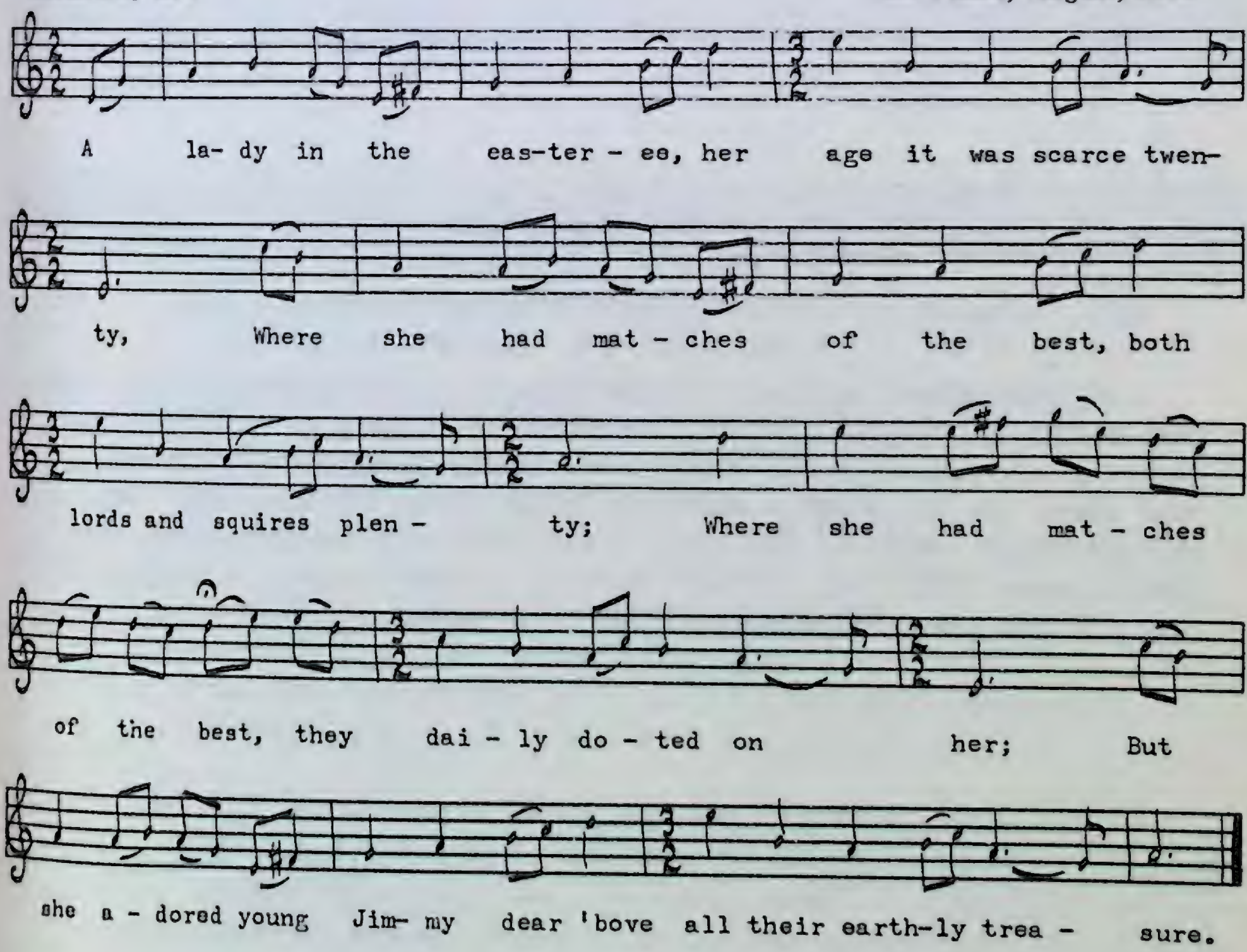
6. Oh in came Jimmy amongst the rest with his two hands a-wringing,
He kissed the blooming of her breast right where the blood was swelling.
"Why did you serve my darling so or why was you so cruel?
Why hadn't you laid the blame on me and spared to me my jewel?"

7. He took the pen-knife in his hand saying, "Here I'll stay no longer,
I'll cut the single thread of life and with my love I'll wander."
They both were buried in one grave like two true lovers loyal.
May the Lord above look down on us and send us no such trial!

B

PEA 99 No. 771
Everett Bennett
St. Paul's, August, 1958

Moderately slow



C

PEA 17 No. 101
Mike Kent
Cape Broyle, July, 1952

Moderately slow

There was a la-dy lived in the east, her age it was scarce twen-

ty, And she had sweet-hearts of the best, both

lords and squires a - plen - ty, And she had sweet-hearts

of the best who dear-ly do - ted on her, But

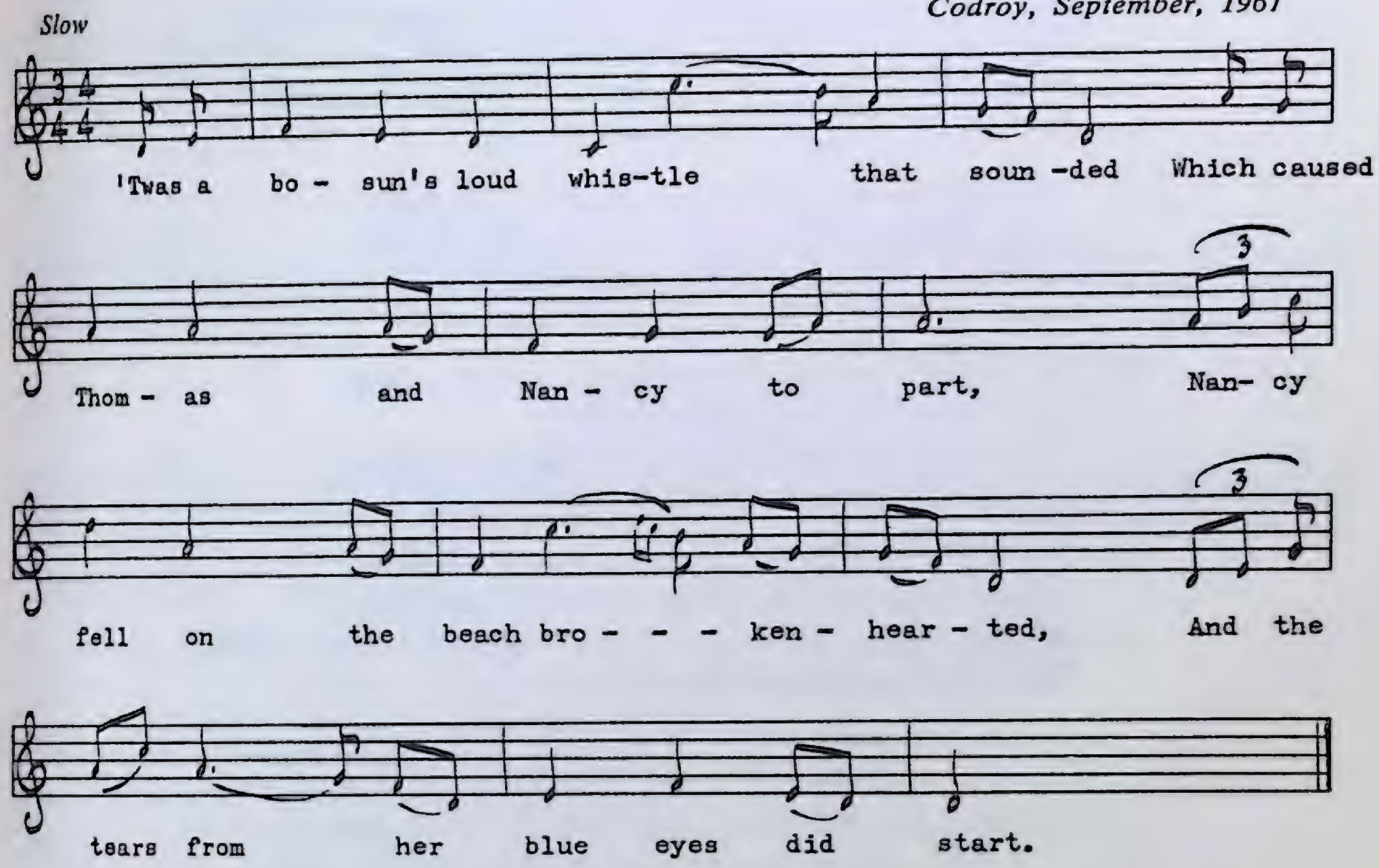
she ad-mired her fa-ther's clerk more than those men of hon - our.

Newfoundland and Nova Scotia seem to be the principal areas where this ballad has survived. Helen Creighton has noted it as *Willie* and *Young Sailor Bold.* Although the story is the same in both provinces, the texts and tunes are completely different. These three Newfoundland tunes are an interesting study in diversity. Though basically the same tune, each is treated quite differently. Variant *A* is an unstable mixture of Dorian, Mixolydian, and major. *B* is Dorian. And *C* is just plain major.

Thomas and Nancy

A

PEA 196 No. 1155
Mrs. Mary Ann Galpin
Codroy, September, 1961



1. 'Twas a bosun's loud whistle that sounded
   Which caused Thomas and Nancy to part,
   Nancy fell on the beach broken-hearted,
   And the tears from her blue eyes did start.

2. "Oh Thomas, dear Thomas," cried Nancy,
   "When you're sailing far over the main,
   Don't you never forget your own Nancy,
   Remember, true love, you are mine."

3. They kissed, shook hands, and they parted,
   And the signal for sailing was made.
   He said, "My parting, love, don't let that grieve you,
   For I'll never prove false, don't be afraid."

4. They kissed, shook hands, and they parted,
   Thomas stepped in a boat from the shore,
   Nancy fell on the beach broken-hearted,
   And she said she would never see him more.

5. Now the ship she flew swift over the ocean,
Like a sea-bird she pressed through the foam,
And as Thomas lay upon his soft pillow
He thought of Nancy, his parents, and home.

6. Now the ship reached her port and was returning,
She flew over the treacherous main,
Whilst their hearts in their bosoms lay a-bounding
For to see their native country again.

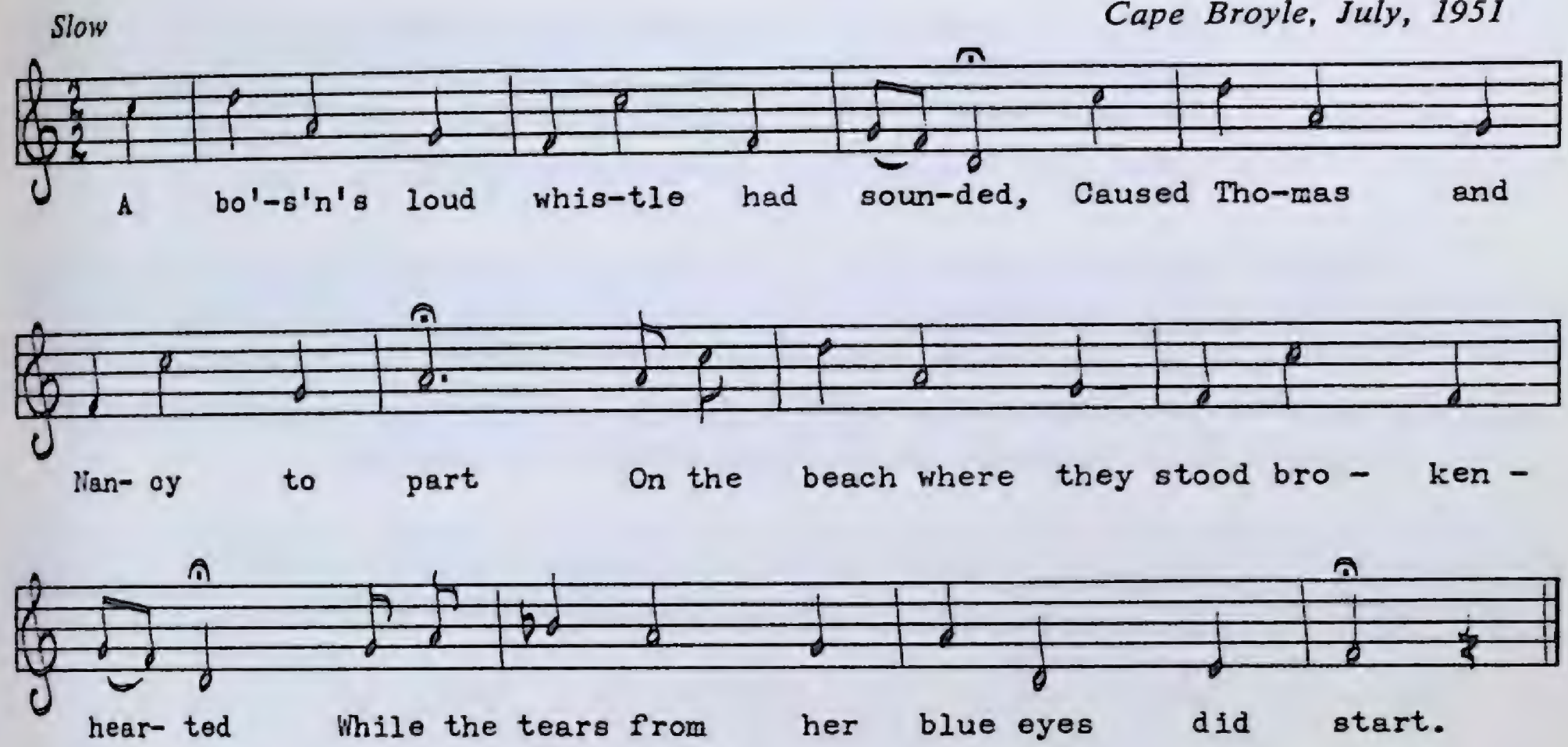
7. The sky roared with loud peals of thunder,
And the lightning flashed over the waves,
When a rock split their good ship asunder,
And her crew found a watery grave.

8. To [at] the beach Nancy constantlye visited
She beheld a most pitiful scene,
When the corpse of her Thomas was carried
To a place where they ofttimes had been.

9. Now Thomas and Nancy lays a-slumbering
In the churchyard close down by the sea,
Where young men and young maidens often wander,
Those two peaceful graves for to see.

B

PEA 3 No. 18
Mike Kent
Cape Broyle, July, 1951



1. A bo's'n's loud whistle had sounded,
   Caused Thomas and Nancy to part
   On the beach where they stood broken-hearted
   While the tears from her blue eyes did start.

2. Said Nancy to Thomas, "When you're sailing,
   When you're sailing far over the main,
   Think on the last words I have told you,
   And remember my dear, you are mine."

3. So they kissed and shook hands and they parted,
   Thomas leaped in his boat from the shore.
   As Thomas lay on his soft pillow
   Thought of Nancy and his parents at home.

4. The sky roared with loud claps of thunder,
   The lightning swept over the foam,
   The rocks tore our good ship asunder,
   And our crew met a watery tomb.

5. As Nancy was walking and abiding
   To the place where they had walked before
   She saw the cold corpse of her Thomas,
   A-floating along by the shore.

6. She kissed his cold lips to her sorrow,
   Saying, "Why are you taken from me?
   Before the sun sets on the morrow
   You with your Nancy shall be."

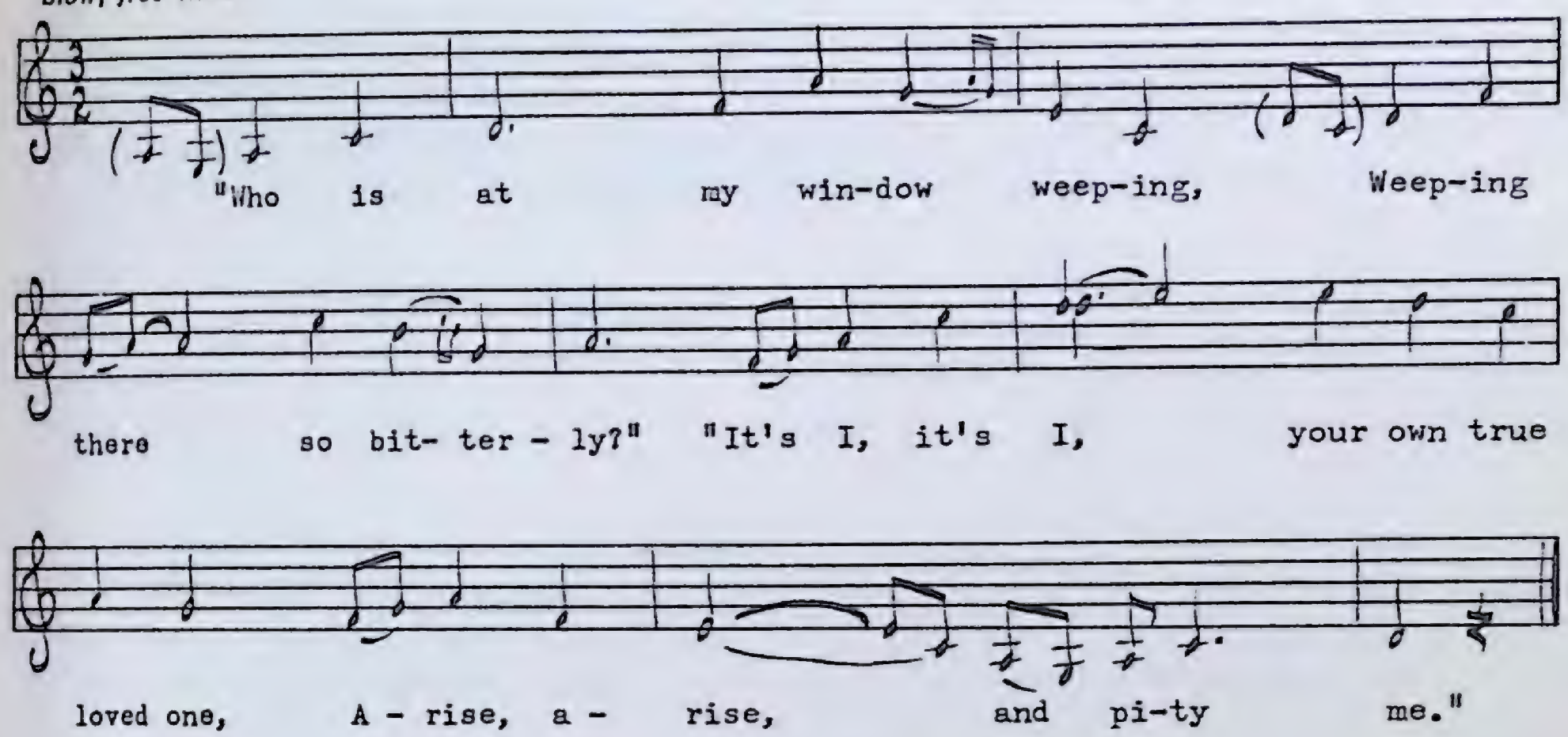
7. Come all you young maidens take a warning,
   Never admit the first call,
   Be like Nancy, true-hearted kind lover,
   Died for Thomas her brave sailor bold.

Despite the general superiority of variant *A*, variant *B* has two additional verses which may be collated with the longer text. Verse 6 would appear after verse 8 of *A*, and verse 7 after the last verse, though I personally would prefer to omit the latter. Tune *A* is a more highly developed form of tune *B*. The B flat in *B* changes the mode from Dorian to Aeolian.

Who Is at My Window Weeping?

MS 123

Mrs. Lucy Heaney
Stock Cove, July, 1952



1. "Who is at my window weeping,
   Weeping there so bitterly?"
   "It's I, it's I, your own true loved one,
   Arise, arise, and pity me.

2. "Darling go and ask your mother,
   If thou my wedding bride will be;
   If she says no, return and tell me,
   No longer will I trouble thee."

3. "How can I go and ask my mother?
   For I'm her only child and dear;
   Oh darling go and seek some other,"
   She softly whispered in his ear.

4. "Darling go and ask your father,
   If thou my wedding bride will be;
   If he says no, return and tell me,
   No longer will I trouble thee."

5. "My father's on his bed a-sleeping,
   With a shining sword placed on his breast
   All for to slay my own true loved one,
   To slay the lad that I love best."

6. Then William took the shining sword,
   And pierced it through his aching heart.
   "Adieu, adieu, to all false loved ones,
   Adieu, adieu, we both shall part."

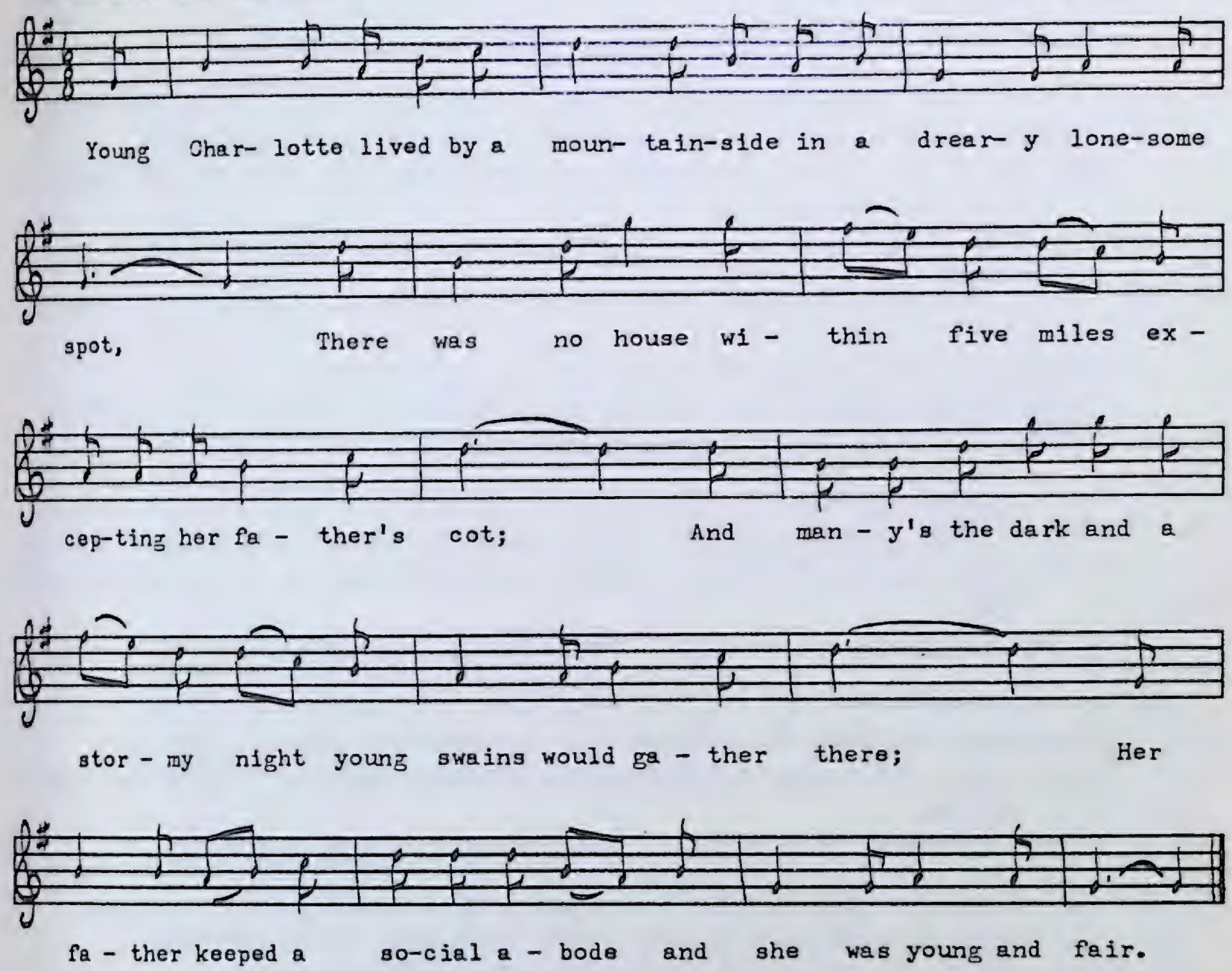
7. Then Mary took the blood-stained sword,
And pierced it through her lily-white breast.
"Adieu, adieu, to my cruel parents,
Adieu, adieu, we both shall rest."

Oral transmission has polished and perfected this ballad to the point where only the barest essentials of the story have been preserved. The tune is one of the best and most unusual found in Newfoundland, soaring at one place beyond the confines of its Dorian matrix.

Young Charlotte

PEA 102 No. 784
Mrs. Charlotte Decker
Parson's Pond, August, 1958

Moderately fast, free time



1. Young Charlotte lived by a mountain-side in a dreary lonesome spot,
   There was no house within five miles excepting her father's cot;
   And many's the dark and stormy night young swains would gather there.
   Her father keeped a social abode and she was young and fair.

2. He longed to see his daughter dressed as gay as a city belle,
   It was the only child he had and he loved his daughter well;
   Last New Year's Eve as the sun went down as she sat with a restless eye
   A-gazing out on those frozen plains as the merry sleighs went by.

3. In a village fifteen miles away.was a merry ball that night,
   Although the air was piercing cold her heart was warm and light;
   And gladly all those beaming eyes when a well-known voice she heard,
   Come driving up to her father's door young Charlie's sleigh appeared.

4. "Oh daughter dear," her mother did say, "those blankets around you hold,
For this is a dreadful night abroad, you will catch your death of cold."
"Oh no mama," young Charlotte cried, as she smiled like a gypsy queen,
"To ride in blankets all muffled up I never would be seen.

5. "I have my brand-new satin cloak, it is lined throughout you know;
Besides, I have a new silken shawl to wrap my neck from snow."
But the shawl 'round her neck and the cloak fell down as she jumped into the sleigh;
Away they drove o'er the mountains high and o'er the hills away.

6. "What creaking sounds those runners make as they cut the frozen snow,
There's music in those merry bells as over the hills we go,
Such another night I never did spend, my reins I can scarcely hold."
When Charlotte spoke with a feeble voice, "I am exceedingly cold."

7. He cracked his whip and he hurried his team more faster than before.
There's five more long and dreary miles in silence they drove o'er.
"Oh fast, oh fast," young Charlie cried as the ice gathered on her brow;
When Charlotte spoke with a feeble voice, "I'm growing warmer now."

8. Away they drove o'er the mountain-side and into a starry night,
Until they reached the village and the ballroom was in sight.
Hove down his reins, jumped out of his sleigh, and he reached his arms to her,
'Twas there she sat like a monument without any power to stir.

9. He called her once and he called her twice but still she never spoke,
He threw his arms around her neck, "My God, she is clay cold."
He took her to the nearest light, her lifeless form he bore,
And Charlotte was a frozen corpse that never spoke no more.

10. He then fell down by the side of her and bitter tears did flow.
He says, "My love and intended bride you never shall be I know."
He threw his arms around her neck and he kissed her marble brow.
His thoughts went back to her as she said, "I am growing warmer now."

11. He put her into the sleigh again and with her he drove home
Until they reached her father's cot; oh how those parents mourned!
They mourned for the loss of their only child, young Charlie wept over his doom,
And alas, he died with a broken heart and they slumbered in one tomb.

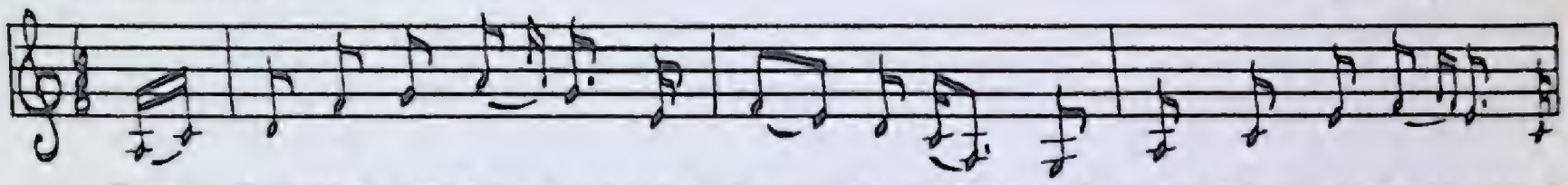
Several attempts have been made to relate this American ballad to an actual event, all without real success. If Charlotte existed, however, we can be reasonably certain she lived somewhere in New England. What we *do* know is that part of the ballad appeared in *The Rover* in 1843

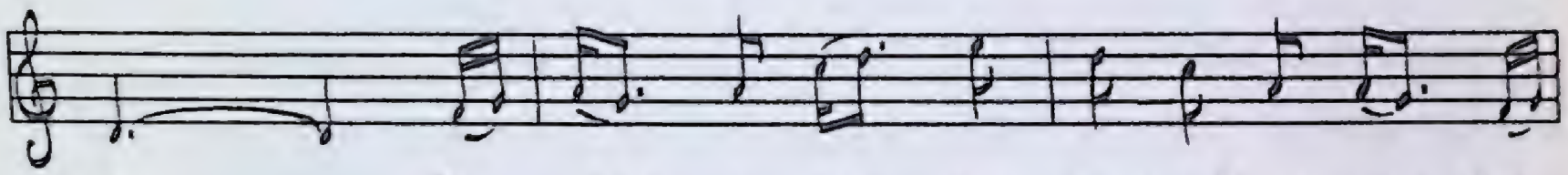
and was credited to Seba Smith a well-known journalist of the period. It is not known whether he composed it himself or learned it from oral tradition. In any event, it has spread all over the continent and is especially popular in Newfoundland where it is sometimes called *Frozen Charlotte.*

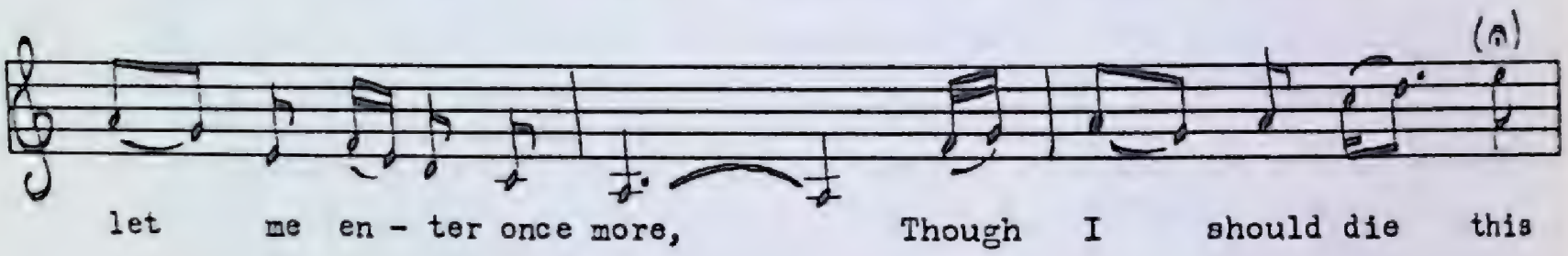
Young Collins Green

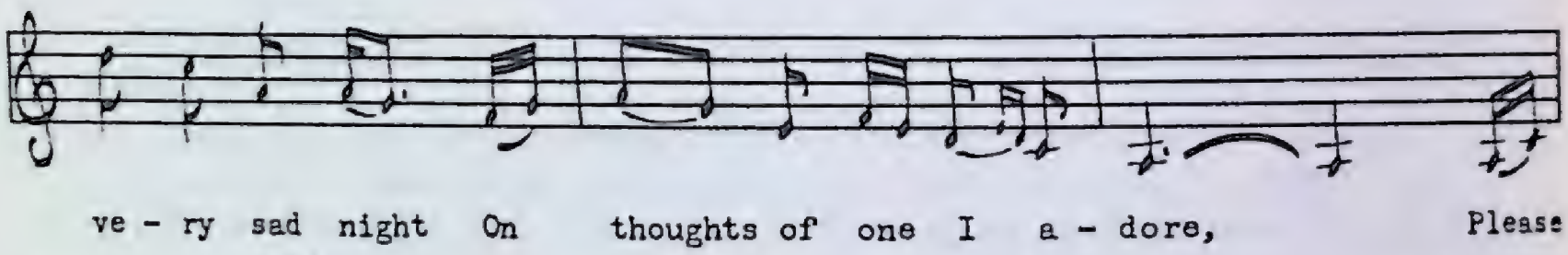
MS 124
Mrs. Garland Coles
Fogo, July, 1952

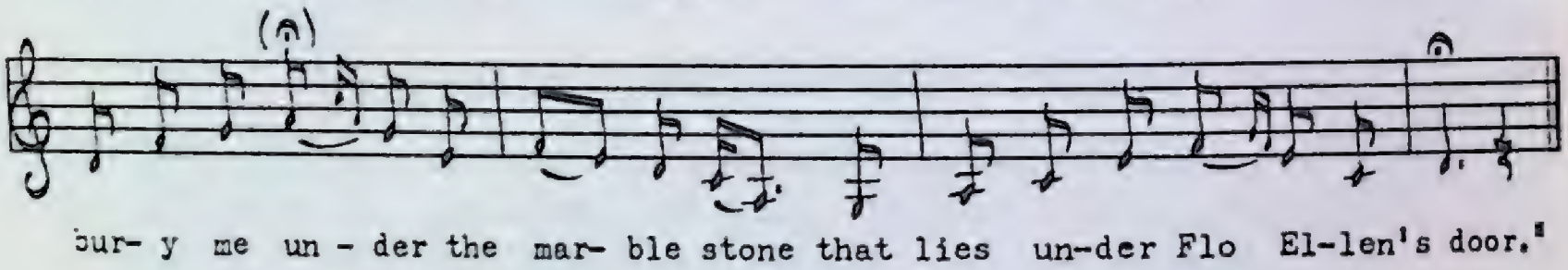
Moderately slow











1. Young Collins came home at the hour of twelve
   And knocked on the old kitchen door.
   "Arise, arise, dear father," he cried,
   "And let me enter once more,
   Though I should die this very sad night
   On thoughts of the one I adore,
   Please bury me under the marble stone
   That lies under Flo Ellen's door."

2. Flo Ellen was sitting in her father's house,
   All dressed in her silk so fine,
   She thought she saw a corpse pass by
   As fair as the sun did shine,
   She then drew nigh those six young men,
   "What corpse is that?" cried she.
   "The corpse of your true love young Collins Green,
   And a loyal true lover was he."

3. "Go bring him in and lay him down,
And open his coffin so fine,
Let me have a last kiss from Collins' cold lips,
For a thousand times he has kissed mine;
Take him out of his linen so gay
And dress him in silk so fine,
To-day you are looking on Collins' cold corpse
And tomorrow you will look upon mine."

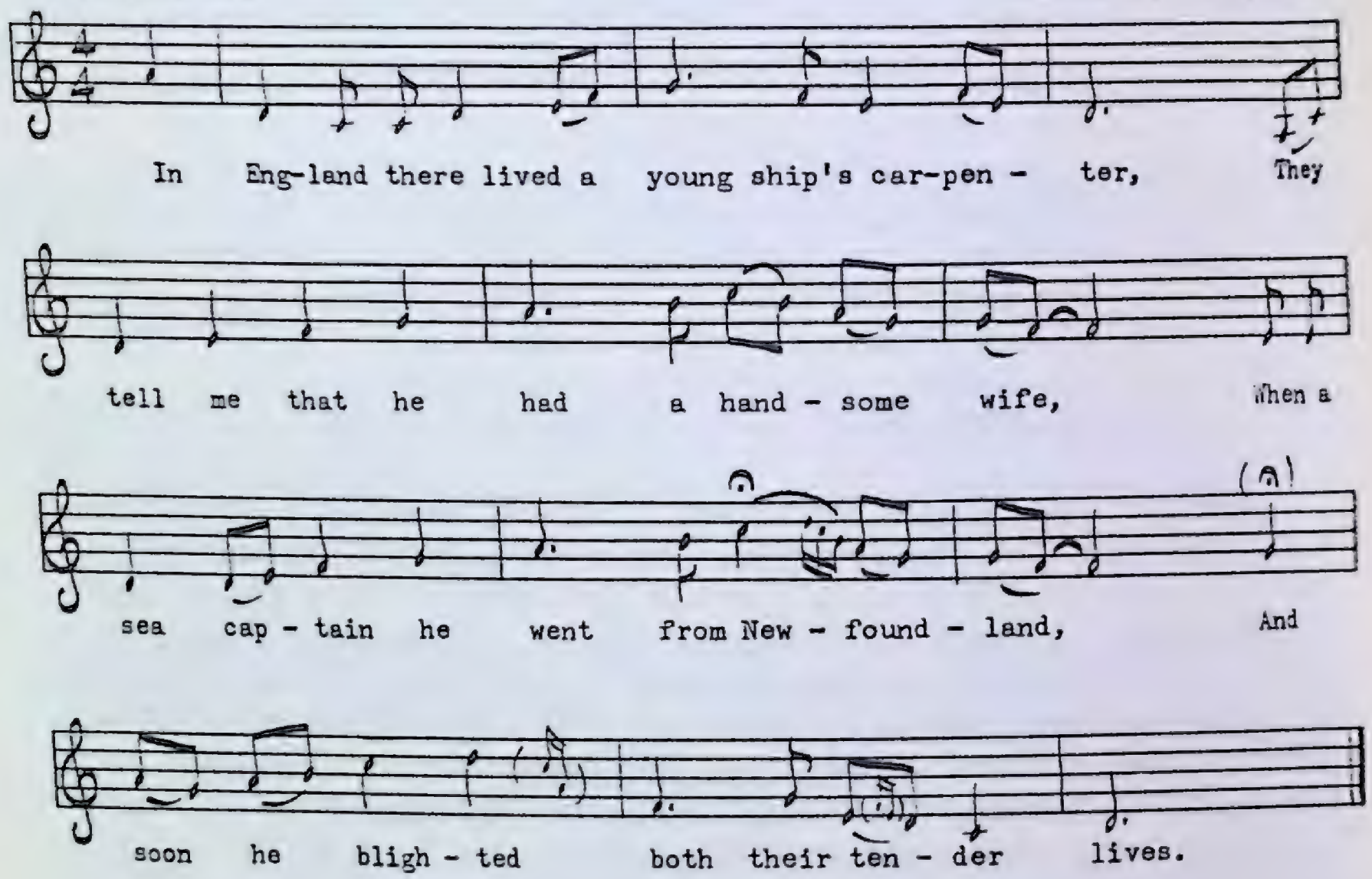
4. The news soon spread over the town,
And pinned for all to be seen,
Six pretty maidens were buried next day,
On the thoughts of young Collins Green.
Flo Ellen was buried in the grave-yard east,
Young Collins was buried in the west,
On Collins' grave grows a lily-white rose
That was pinned on Flo Ellen's breast.

The first part of this rare ballad is missing from this Newfoundland variant. It tells how young Collins Green meets his secret lover by the side of a river and receives a kiss with the warning: 'Your life shall not last you long.' Students of European folklore will recognize at once the water-nymph who gives her human lover a poisoned kiss when she finds out he is to marry another; in this case, Flo Ellen. The story is known in Scandinavia as well. Related are the French ballads of Renaud, but most versions have lost their magical qualities, the hero dying quite prosaically in battle. Notice the six pall-bearers in verse 2 and the six maidens in verse 4, which occur in so many later ballads, notably those of *The Unfortunate Rake* series: *St. James' Hospital, The Cowboy's Lament, The Young Girl Cut Down in Her Prime.* With six pretty maidens dying of sorrow, Collins Green would seem to be something of a demon lover himself. Those who are sceptical of his prowess, however, can always return to the poisoned-kiss theory to explain the death of Flo Ellen who received "a last kiss from Collins' cold lips" and was in turn poisoned. Perhaps Flo Ellen was the real target of the water-nymph's revenge. At any rate, the human lovers consummate their love in death as in *Barbara Allen,* even though they are buried at opposite ends of the grave-yard. This means, of course, that the wandering-vegetation symbolism is stretched to the point of incredulity.

The Young Ship's Carpenter

(The Daemon Lover, Child 243)

PEA 194 No. 1146
Mrs. Mary Ann Galpin
Codroy, September, 1961



1. In England there lived a young ship's carpenter,
   They tell me that he had a handsome wife,
   When a sea captain he went from Newfoundland,
   And soon he blighted both their tender lives.
2. He said, "Come and leave your husband now my dear,
   And see some pleasure all of your life,
   And we will both go back to Newfoundland,
   And there we will pass for man and wife."
3. "If I should leave my husband dear," said she,
   "Likewise my little family that's so small,
   What have you got to maintain me,
   To support my weary ones in withal?"
4. He said, "I have seven ships now all of my own,
   It was one of them that brought me here on shore,
   And one of them will be at your command
   For to carry you about from shore to shore."
5. They had not been sailing long upon the sea,
   Scarcely two days, or p'rhaps it was 'bout three,
   Before that young ship's carpenter's handsome wife
   She began to weep most bitterly.

6. "Do you weep for gold my dear?" said he,
"Or do you weep for silver that is free,
Or do you weep for any other man
That you do like more better than me?"

7. "I do not weep for gold," then said she,
"And neither do I weep for silver that is free,
But I do weep for my own little family
That I ought to have brought on board along with me."

8. 'Twas just a short time after that I know
This lady she was distracted and forlorn.
Then she soon ended her life into the sea
By jumping overboard at the height of the storm.

9. When that sad news to England it returned
The young ship's carpenter swore and tore his hair,
Saying, "My curse might lay on you, all mariners,
For you do live a sad and a wicked life;
My curse may lay on that sea captain too,
For 'twas he that stole away from me my handsome wife."

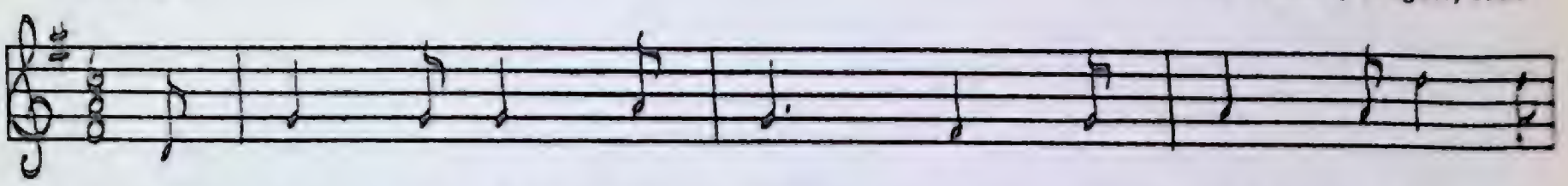
Usually known as *The House Carpenter,* especially in its North American variants, this ballad has lost most of its 'daemonic' character. If one reads the daemonism back into this Newfoundland variant, one finds that the woman was originally betrothed to the sea captain. However, when she jilts him for the young ship's carpenter he vows to have revenge and enlists the help of the devil. Appearing in the likeness of the captain, the devil woos her away from domestic bliss to her ultimate destruction. All these latter-day variants of the story are quite possibly descended from an archetypal legend of the remote past when sea daemons lured unsuspecting maidens into their submarine parlours.

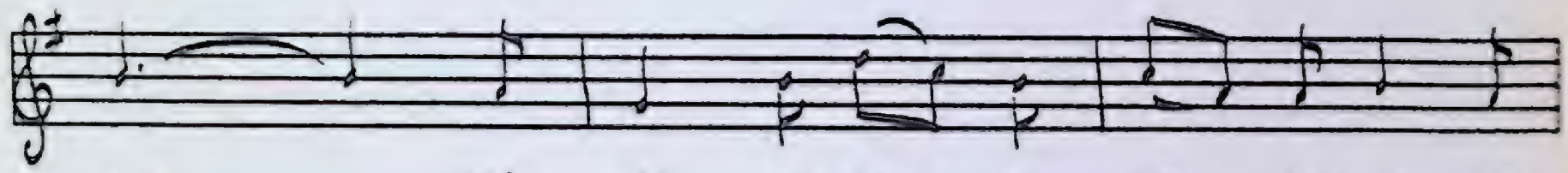
Lumbering Ballads

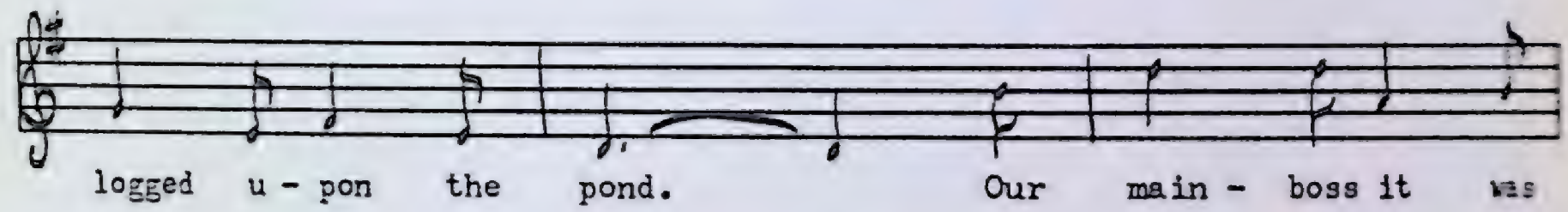
The Banks of the Gaspereau

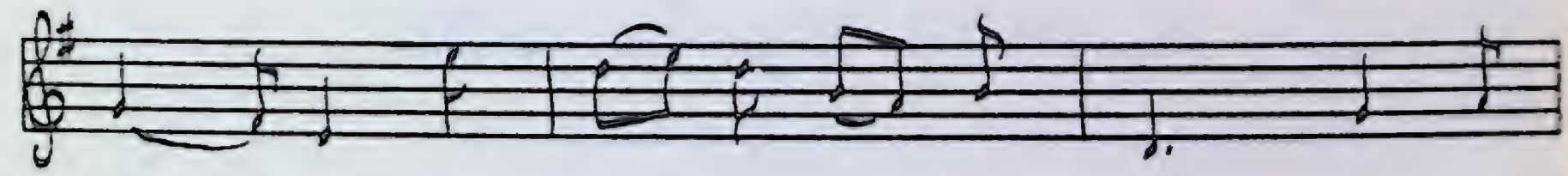
PEA 113 No. 837
Everett Bennett
St. Paul's, August, 1958

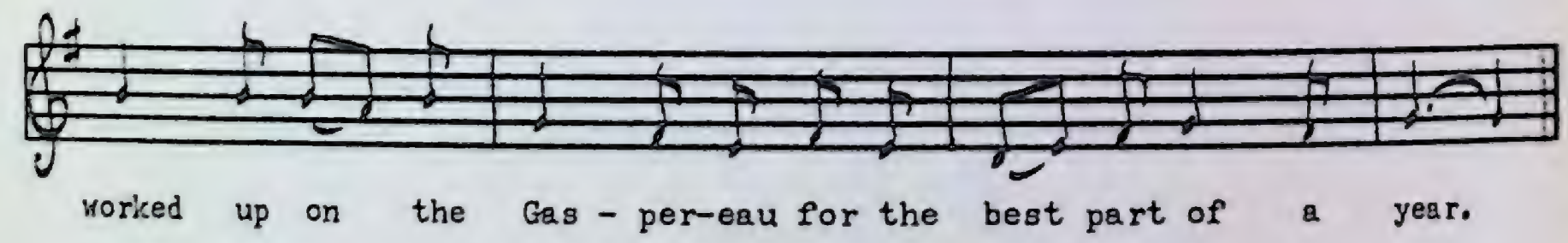
Moderate











1. Come all you summer servants, come listen to my song,
   It's all about a Yankee crew that logged upon the pond.
   Our main-boss it was Johnson, our foreman it was Flear,
   And we worked up on the Gaspereau for the best part of a year.

2. Till one of our merchant's daughters, and she was handsome too,
   She lately came a-courting one of our Yankee crew,
   She wore a red and a purple dress, her apron brown also,
   And they calls her Robin Red Breast on the banks of the Gaspereau.

3. I said, "My darling fair one, if you will but agree
   I'll show to you the straight road across the country."
   "Oh yes, oh yes, kind sir," she cried, "with you I'm willing to go,
   We'll bid adieu to all kind friends on the banks of the Gaspereau."

4. Oh straight unto the old man, to the old man straight away.
   "I want to wed your daughter, your answer quick, I pray."
   "Oh yes, oh yes, kind sir," he cried, "with you she's willing to go,
   If you'll live and be contented on the banks of the Gaspereau."

5. "Oh no, oh no," this young man cried, "this place I cannot bear,
I'll take her to the state of Maine and we'll live happy there."
"Oh no, oh no," the old man cried, "with you she will not go,
Can't you live and be contented on the banks of the Gaspereau?"

6. Oh now this couple is parted and never to meet again,
Where one belongs to Gaspereau the other the state of Maine,
I'll travel this wide world over, I'll travel it to and fro,
But I'll never forget the girl I love on the banks of the Gaspereau.

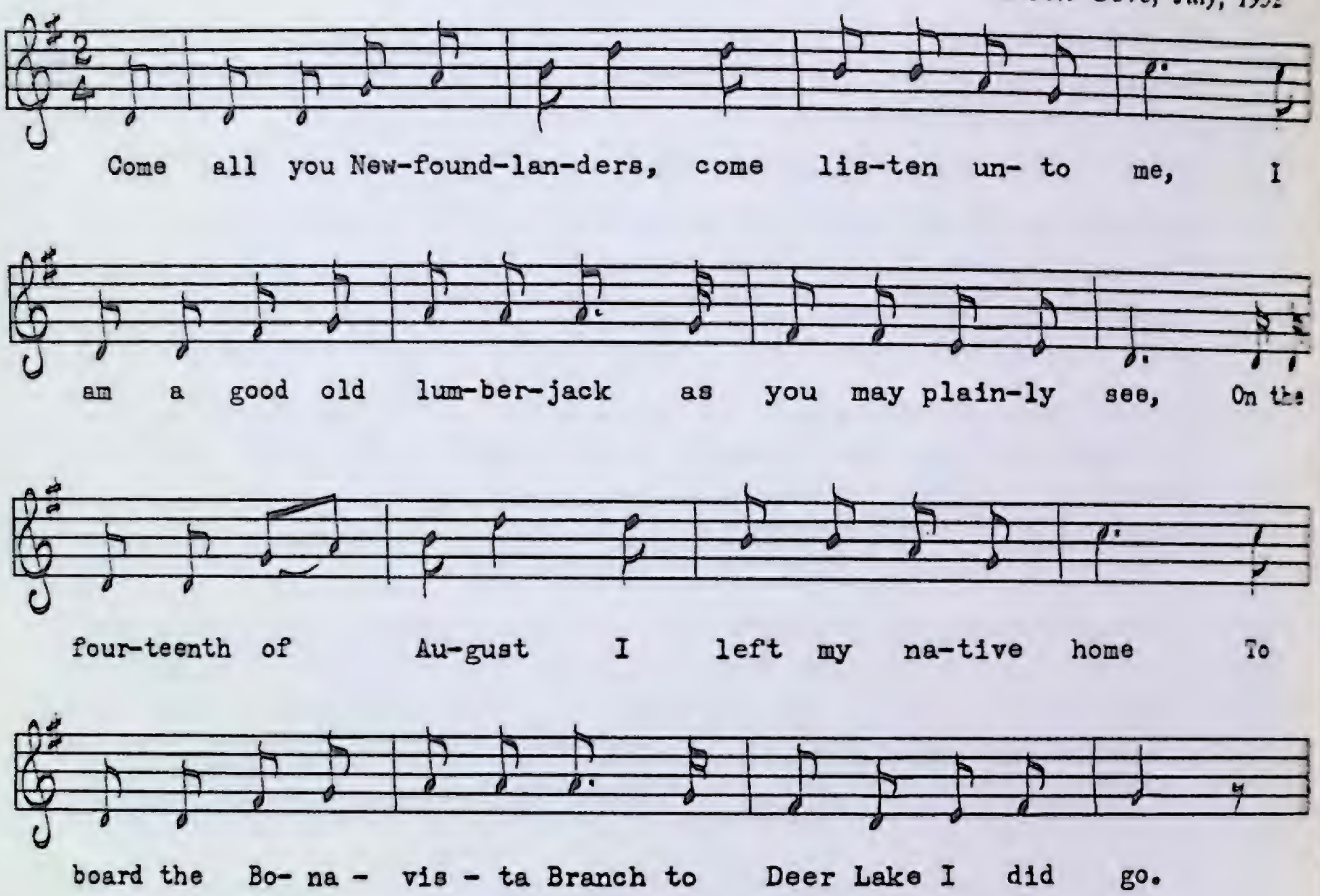
7. They told us all the lies they could to fill our hearts with tears,
They said we would not drive the logs within the next three years.
"My friends," he said unto his men, "we'll let those gallopers know."
And in seventy days those Yankee braves drove down through Gaspereau.

8. Oh now the logs they are all drove and boomed upon the pond,
And when we gets our money, b'ys, we're all off for St. John's.
We'll drink a health to Robinson, the Stars and Stripes also.
May the devil fly 'way his wild calloo on the banks of the Gaspereau!

There are at least three rivers or lakes named Gaspereau, but the one in this Canadian ballad is in New Brunswick. The town in the last verse should be St. John, not St. John's, an influence from Newfoundland. Another possible Newfoundland influence is the use of the word 'pond' for lake. The ballad has appeared in several American collections and is also known in Nova Scotia.

The Boys at "Ninety-Five"

MS 75
Leslie Mahoney
Stock Cove, July, 1952



1. Come all ye Newfoundlanders, come listen unto me,
   I am a good old lumberjack as you may plainly see;
   On the fourteenth of August I left my native home
   To board the Bonavista Branch to Deer Lake I did go.

2. I wasn't long in Deer Lake when a card was passed to me,
   They signed me up to 'Ninety-five' with not a decent tree,
   The wood was bad, the walk was long, 'twould almost break your heart;
   The scaler he would come and say the wood was much too sharp.

3. Herb Porter is our skipper, with him we did go way,
   He is a good old lumberjack raised up in Trinity Bay.
   Herb Baker is some foreman as you may understand,
   No bigger sport can be found on the shores of Newfoundland.

4. But Herbie drinks a lot, I think it does him good,
   He sure can put the saws in shape for tumbling down the wood,
   Three cord a day they say he cuts but what's the good of that,
   There's only one booze for him and he's got to return back.

5. The next is our good cook, boys, Ben Bennett is his name,
   His equals can't be found with the Company so they claim,
   He's pleasant all through the day he'll greet you with a smile,
   We'll stay and cut the bad wood just to get our grub in style.

6. Here's luck to good old Ben, boys, I'll wish him luck that's good,
   And when I eats from him again I'll be cutting better wood.
   The next is our good cook-aids, they're better than the best,
   One hails from the east coast and the other from the west.

7. 'Twould do you good to see them in the cook-house fly about,
   At five o'clock in the morning saying "All hands must heave out!"
   At six o'clock is breakfast time, we'll get an early start,
   To hear those bucksaws ringing from daylight unto dark.

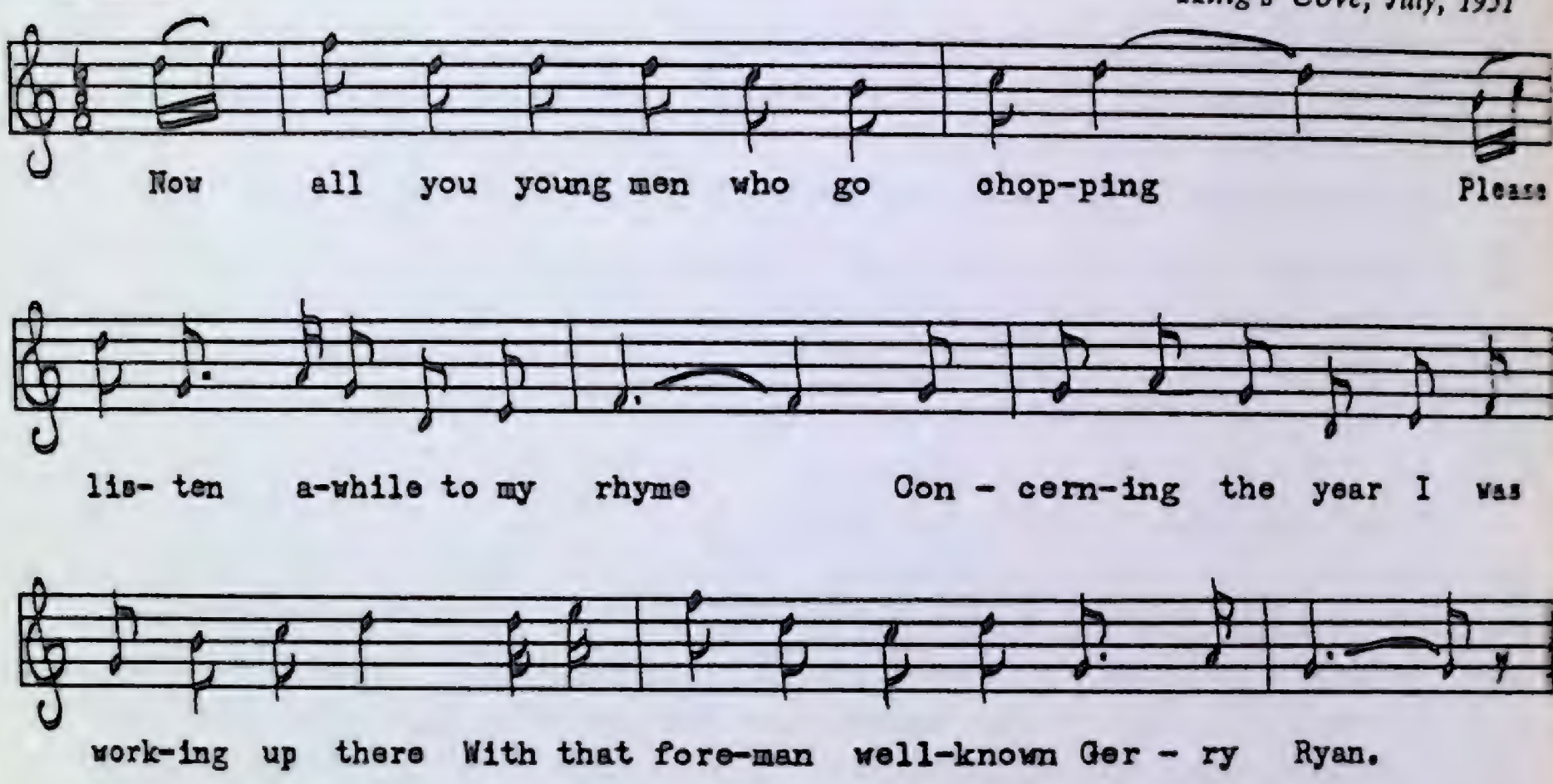
8. I think that some old men here, I think they're very good,
   But I guess it's in the bunk they cut most of their wood.
   Now to conclude and finish I hope you'll like our work,
   The composer is Mike Brennan and the writer Sebastian Burke.

As the last line of the song states, Mike Brennan of Stock Cove was the composer. The 'writer' Sebastian Burke is just that; as Mike composed the verses, Sebastian wrote them down. Writing was a skill highly-respected by many oldtimers who had no opportunity or inclination to go to school.

'Ninety-five' refers to the number of the lumbercamp in the Deer Lake area. Cowboy and country music are very popular among young people in Newfoundland, and the tune young Leslie Mahoney used for this lumber-camp song was obviously learned from the radio. Mike Brennan was away during my visit, so I had no opportunity to get the 'correct' tune. However, those who want to use a more authentic Newfoundland tune will find many suitable examples scattered throughout this book.

Gerry Ryan

MS 56
William Holloway
King's Cove, July, 1951



1. Now all you young men who go chopping
   Please listen awhile to my rhyme
   Concerning the year I was working up there
   With that foreman well-known Gerry Ryan.

2. We first met this man on the journey
   Who promised us timber in store.
   "Go up to the camps, b'ys, they're open,
   And stay till the job is all o'er."

3. We quickly agreed with his suggestion
   And joined him in old Bishop's Falls,
   Being eager for work, and employment so scarce,
   Not knowing the wages were small.

4. We boarded the truck at the depot,
   Our baggage went back in the rear,
   'Twas little we thought as we journeyed along
   The hardships you go through up there.

5. We passed by fine camps and still waters,
   We were laughing and joking the while,
   And then with a bound he brought 'er around
   Saying, "B'ys, we are up thirty miles."

6. Next morning we were armed with equipment,
   A buck-saw, an axe, and a rod,
   With forty-nine men to make wages
   With only scrub spruce on a bog.

7. It's hard for a man to make money
When there's only scrub spruce to be found,
And if you refuse a bad chance on scale,
The word is you got to go down.

8. Seventy cents they would charge for a buck-saw,
And seventy a day for your board,
And then there's a fee for the doctor
Out of one dollar twenty a cord.

9. We found no complaints with this foreman,
I think he is honest and square,
But it fell to our lot like cattle were bought,
And yoked to a buck-saw up there.

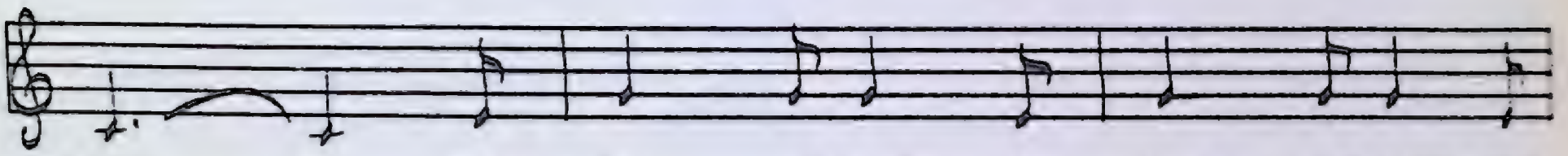
10. And when you lay down on your pillow,
No matter if you're asleep or awake,
You will think on the time you spent with Gerry Ryan
On the borders of old Rocky Lake.

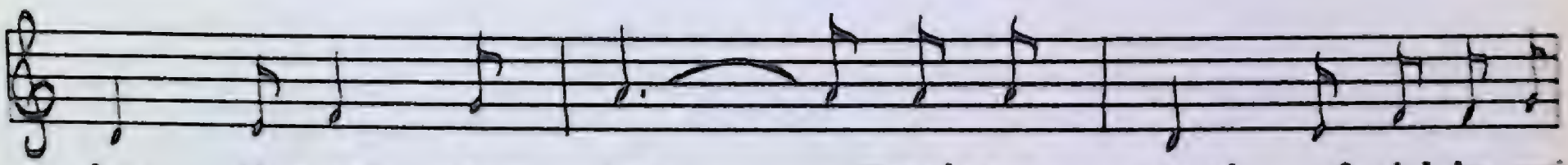
Bill Holloway told me this native ballad was composed in a lumbercamp near Bishop's Falls where he was working in 1940. The fine old Mixolydian tune is a welcome change from the dreary diatonic melodies which usually accompany such late ballads. Gerald S. Doyle of St. John's published *Gerry Ryan* along with several other native songs from the National Museum's collection in his 1955 booklet *Old-Time Songs of Newfoundland.*

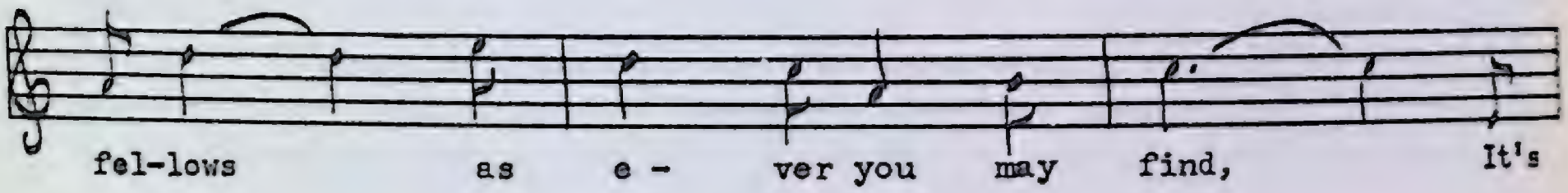
Hurling Down the Pine

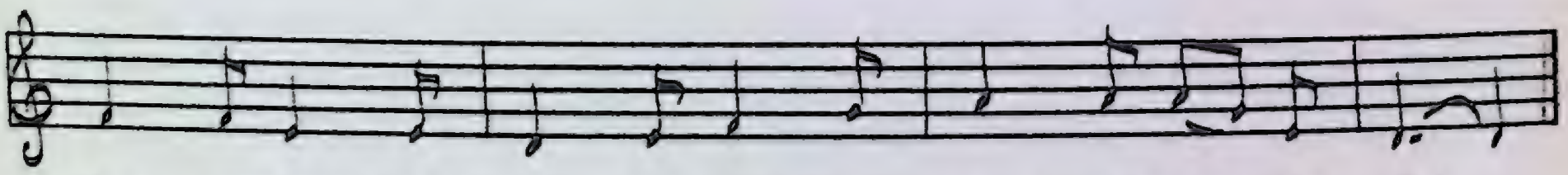
PEA 130 No. 96[illegible]
Martin Devea[illegible]
Upper Ferry, June, 195[illegible]

Fast









1. Come all you jolly fellows, come listen to my song,
   It's all about the lumberboys and how they get along,
   They're a crowd of jolly good fellows as ever you may find,
   It's how they spend their winter months in hurling down the pine.
2. At four o'clock in the morning our boss he will shout,
   "Arise oh ye teamsters, it's time that ye are out."
   Those teamsters they get up all in a frightened way,
   "Oh where are my shoes, pants, my socks are gone astray."
3. The next to get up are the choppers, their socks they cannot find,
   They blame it on the teamsters and swear it with all their mind,
   Some other man might have them on and him being very near,
   We'll pass it off all as a joke and have a hearty cheer.
4. Six o'clock is breakfast and every man is out,
   And every man if he's not sick is sure to be on the route,
   Oh you should hear those axes ring until the sun goes down,
   "Hurray, my boys, the day is o'er, a-shanty we are bound."

5. We all arrive at the shanty, cold hands and wet feet,
We then pull off our larrigans our supper for to eat,
We'll sing and dance till nine o'clock, into our bunks we'll climb,
I'm sure those months they don't seem long in hurling down the pine.

6. There's the sawyers and the choppers to lay the timber low,
The teamsters and the swampers to drag them to and fro,
The next to come in are the loaders all at the break of day.
"Load up your sleds five hundred feet, to the river-side away."

7. Snap, crack, goes my whip, I whistle and I sing,
I sit upon my double-sled as happy as a king,
My horse is always ready and I am never sad,
I'm sure there's no one so happy as the double-sledded lad.

8. Springtime will roll around, our boss he will say,
"Heave up your saws and axes, boys, and help to clear the way,
The floating ice it is all gone and business has arrived,
Two hundred able-bodied men are wanted on the drive."

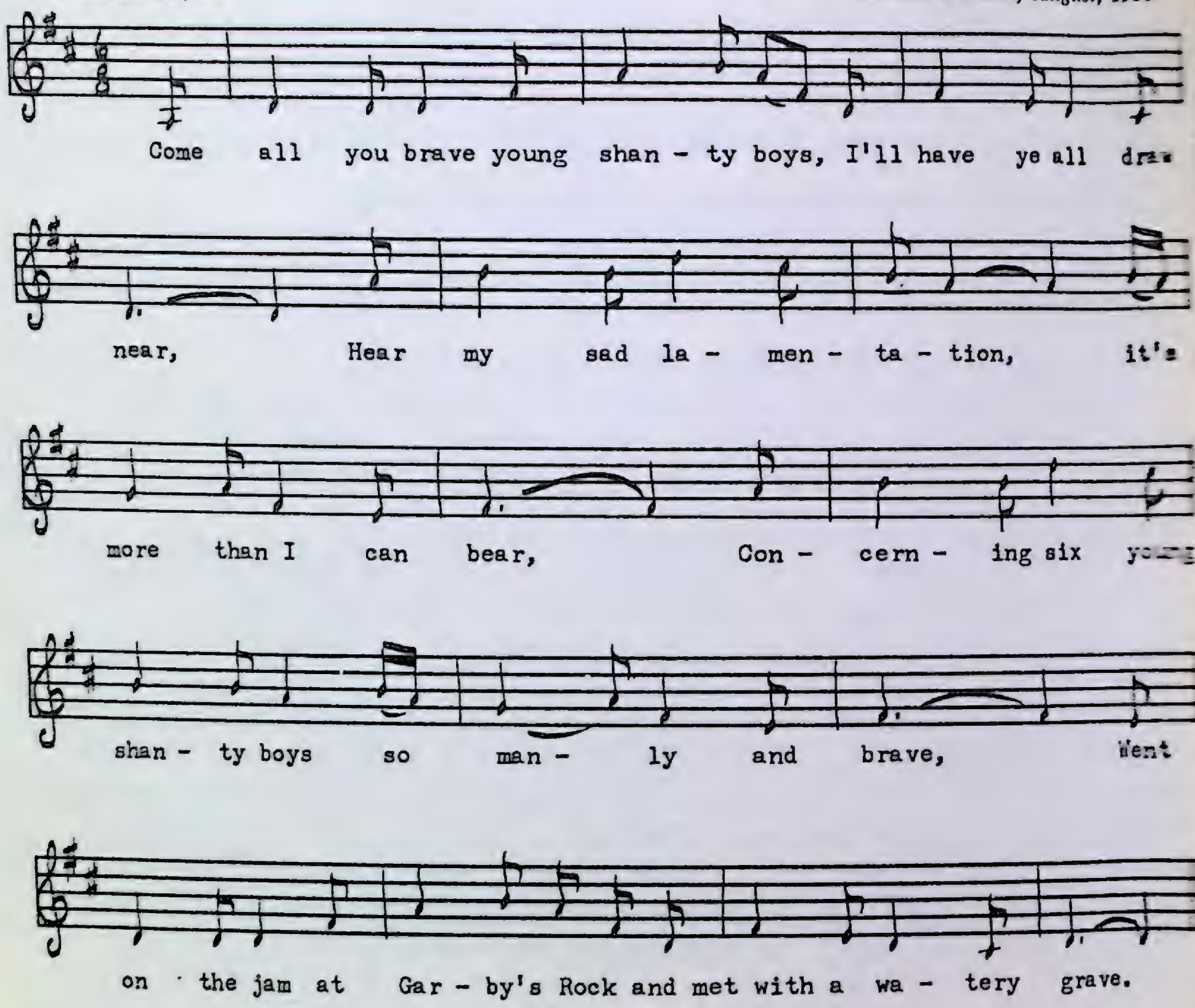
9. Springtime will roll around and glad will be the day
When fellows who've left their girls at home will wander back that way,
And now my song is ended and don't you think it's true?
And if you doubt one word of it just ask one of the crew.

This is a very good Newfoundland version of a lumbercamp song found all over northeastern North America. Evidence so far collected on its background suggests a New Brunswick, or perhaps Maine origin. For a marine variant with the same tune see variant *A* of *The Herring Gibbers*. There is, of course, the possibility that *The Herring Gibbers* is the original version. However, considering the fact that the lumbering version has been traced back at least a hundred years I am inclined to give it priority.

The Jam at Garby's Rock

PEA 158 No. 101[illegible]
Nicolas Keough
Parson's Pond, August, 195[illegible]

Moderately fast



1. Come all you brave young shanty boys, I'll have ye all draw near,
Hear my sad lamentation, it's more than I can bear,
Concerning six young shanty boys so manly and brave,
Went on the jam at Garby's Rock and met with a watery grave.

2. 'Twas on one Sunday morning as you may plainly hear,
The logs were piled up mountains high, we could not keep them clear.
The boss did say, 'Turn out, my boys, with hearts all free from fear,
We'll break the jam from Garby's Rock and for Eganstown
we'll steer.'

3. Some of the boys were willing whilst others hung back from fright,
To work upon a Sunday they did not think was right,
When six of our Canadian boys did volunteer to go
To break the jam from Garby's Rock with their foreman young
Munroe.

4. They had not rolled off many a log when the boss to them did say,
"I'll have ye all be on your guard for this jam will soon give way."
He scarce had time to say those words when the jam did break
and go,
And carried away those six bold youths and their foreman young
Munroe.

5. When the rest of our young shanty boys these tidings sad did hear,
To search for their dead comrades to the river they did steer,
To search for their dead comrades to the river they did go,
All mangled, bruised, and bleeding was the form of young Munroe.

6. They took him to the riverside, brushed back his curly hair,
There was one form among them whose cries did rend the air,
There was one form among them, a girl from Signal town,
Whose moans and groans would pierce your heart, for her true love
he was drowned.

7. They buried him quite decently all on the fifth of May,
And all his brave young comrades o'er his dead form did pray,
And engraved upon the hemlock tree that by his grave did grow
The name and date and drowning fate of their foreman young
Munroe.

8. Young Clara did not live very long in her lament and woe,
In less than three weeks after, death called for her to go,
In less than three weeks after, death dealt her his hard blow,
And the very last words that ever she spoke was to be buried by
young Munroe.

9. Young Clara was a nice young girl, likewise a hero's friend,
Her mother an agèd widow, lived down at the river's bend.
The wages of her daughter's love the boss to her did pay,
And a loving subscription she received from the shanty boys that day.

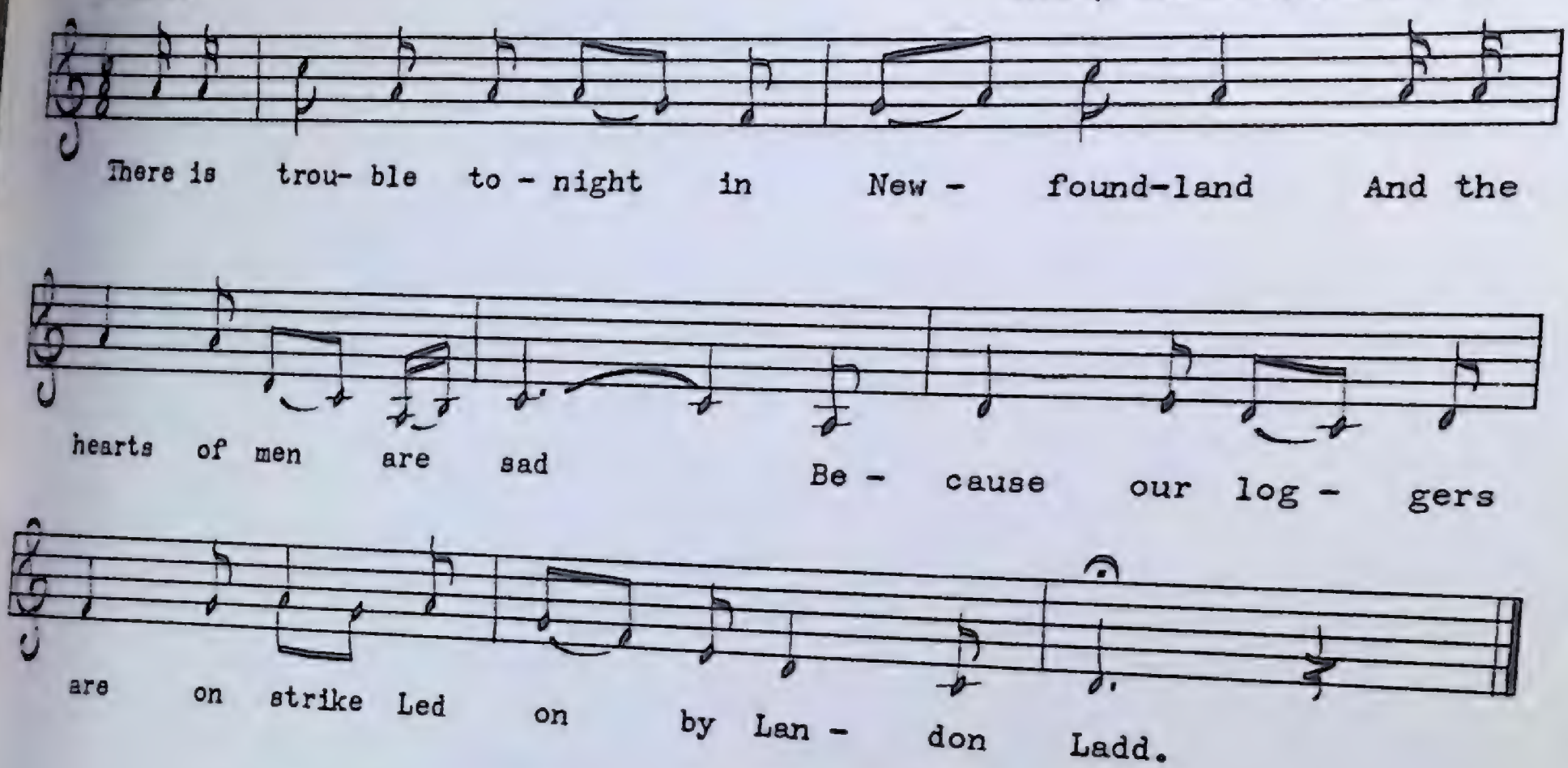
10. Come all you brave young shanty boys and come along with me,
I'll take you to the riverside to see that hemlock tree,
To read the fate of those two loves now in their grave lying low,
'Twas handsome Clara Vernon and her foreman young Munroe.

This is probably the most popular shanty-boy ballad in North America. The site of Garby's Rock (usually Gerry's Rock in other variants) has been searched and researched for decades by scholars of native North American ballads. Even the ballad's origin is in doubt. However, Fannie Hardy Eckstorm, who has researched the ballad most exhaustively, believes it to be the work of a Canadian. She bases her theory on an examination of the text itself. In her own words, "the phrasing, the story, and the sentiment are Provincial; so is its ballad form, the prominence given to the generosity of the men, and the vocabulary itself. Even the objection to breaking jams on Sunday is a Province man's objection . . ." (from *Minstrelsy in Maine*). I think it a delicious piece of irony that the traditions which have kept most of sin-conscious English Canada locked up on Sunday (even to this day) have been useful in solving the mystery of a ballad's origin.

Arthur Nicolle, Rocky Harbour

The Loggers' Plight

PEA 145 No. 969
Arthur Nicolle
Rocky Harbour, July, 1959



1. There is trouble tonight in Newfoundland
   And the hearts of men are sad
   Because our loggers are on strike,
   Led on by Landon Ladd.

2. Before he came to our island home,
   This dear old Newfoundland,
   We lived in peace and harmony,
   And followed the Lord's Command.

3. But now confusion takes its place,
   Hating, doubting, and greed,
   And Newfoundland would lose her rights
   Should Landon Ladd succeed.

4. When first he came to Newfoundland
   He captured the loggers' hearts,
   And formed a union which we thought
   Would never fall apart.

5. But now the union is gone on strike
   Because they did not agree
   With living conditions and rates of pay
   In the camps of A.N.D.

6. Some of their loggers disturbed the peace
   And are spending the night in jail,
   Hoping and praying that Landon Ladd
   Will come and provide their bail.

7. But Landon is safe in a heated room
Reposed on a spring-filled bed,
While his loggers patrol their picket-line
As the stars shine overhead.

8. It is bitter and cold on the picket line
With biting wind and frost,
But Landon says maintain your post
Whatever may be the cost.

9. But although the loggers kept their post
They feel that the die is cast,
And the promise made by Landon Ladd
Will never come to pass.

10. They asked the premier to intervene
And help the loggers' plight,
Then Premier Smallwood replied on air:
'I'll see you on Thursday night.'

11. So at half-past nine on Thursday night
He spoke on the radio
And said in no uncertain terms
That Landon Ladd must go.

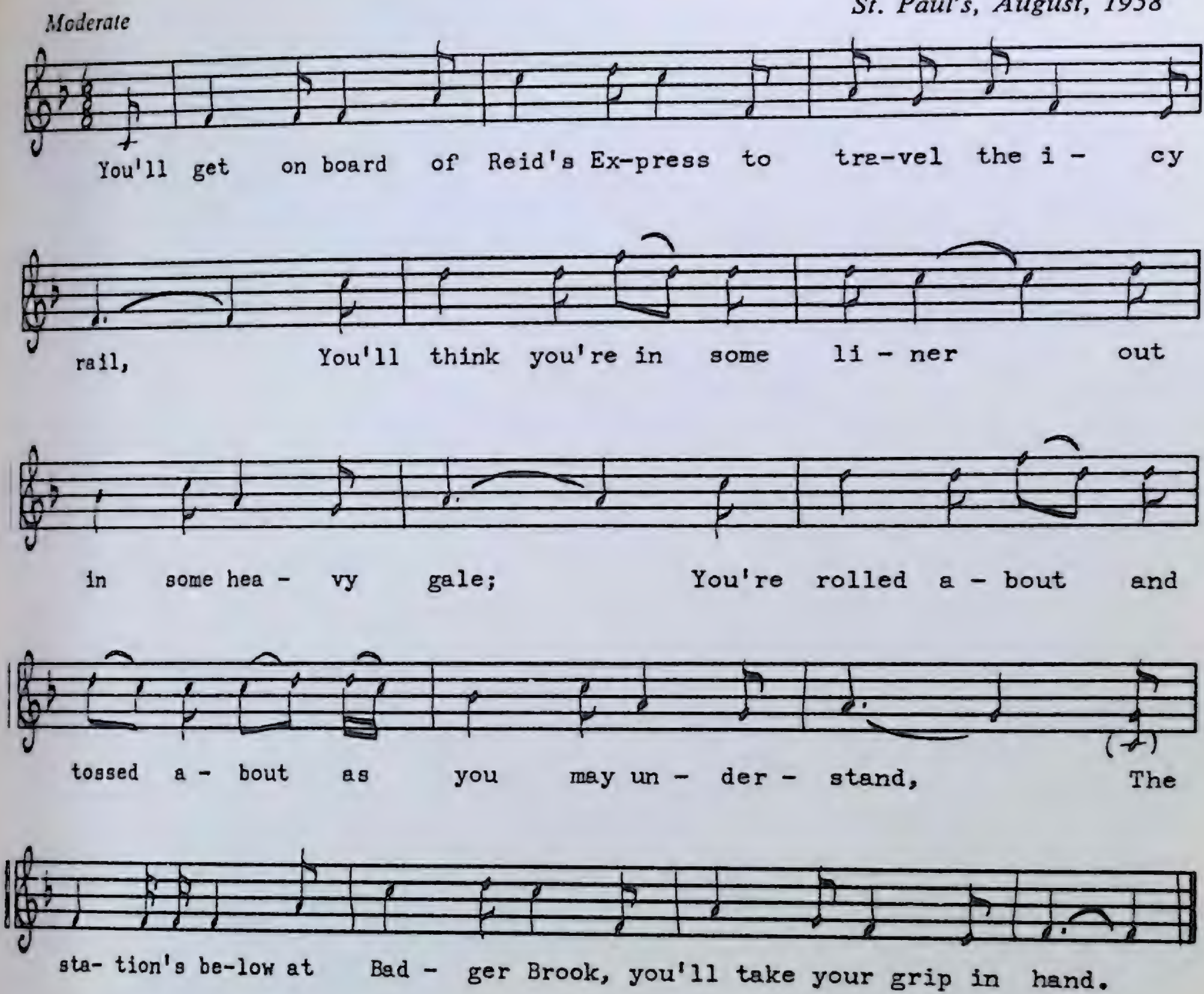
12. This union is a failure here,
It never will succeed,
So form a union of your own
With Maxwell Lane to lead.

13. With Maxwell Lane to lead the way
The victory will be won,
You'll come to terms with A.N.D.
Then Landon Ladd will run.

This ballad about the controversial loggers' strike at Badger in 1959 was composed just a few weeks before Arthur Nicolle sang it for me. The author is unknown. A long-hand copy had come into Mr. Nicolle's possession, and, knowing of my impending visit, he determined to learn it so that I could record it. He put a very good tune to it, one that he sings to *The Girls of Newfoundland*. The initials "A.N.D." stand for the Anglo-Newfoundland Development Company. Landon Ladd is the local union representative sent in by the International Woodworkers of America to organize the loggers. Maxwell Lane is the head of the local union set up by Premier Smallwood to rid Newfoundland of alleged 'union gangsterism' emanating from the United States. The ballad is reproduced to illustrate how contemporary events are still recorded in the traditional ballad form. A second song about the strike composed by a woman on the northwest coast is not reproduced. It tells the story from essentially the same viewpoint.

Reid's Express

PEA 83 No. 706
Everett Bennett
St. Paul's, August, 1958



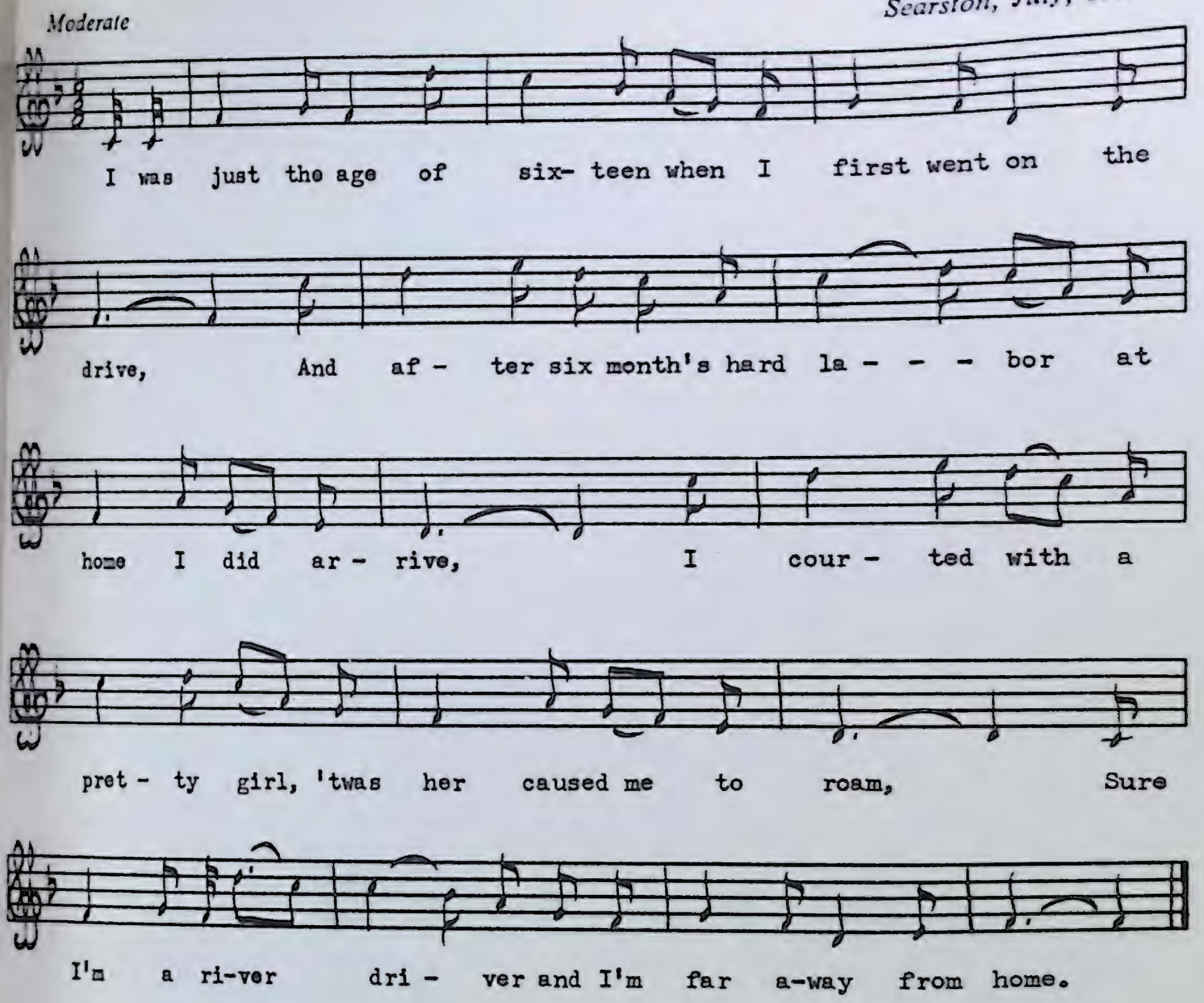
1. You'll get on board of Reid's Express to travel the icy rail,
   You'll think you're in some liner out in some heavy gale;
   You're rolled about and tossed about as you may understand,
   The station's below at Badger Brook, you'll take your grip in hand.
2. The station's below at Badger Brook, you'll take your grip in hand,
   The foreman's there so anxiously a-waiting on the stand,
   Saying, "I am short-handed, sir, will you come and camp with me,
   And if you ask the wages we'll promise twenty-three."
3. Twenty-three dollars is not enough for a bushman I am sure,
   Twenty-three dollars for three months and twenty-six for four;
   You'll sweat and toil from dawn till dark, you'll work just like a slave,
   Your system cannot stand it, b'ys, 'twill carry you to your grave.
4. And if you chance to ship for cook 'tis then you will begin,
   I want you to do your utmost, sir, to satisfy those men,
   The first man kicks about the grub, oh cook come into me,
   We'll give him dirty paper and rate him twenty-three.

5. Oh now my song is ended and all is put in rhyme,
I'll bid adieu to the lumbering woods, the pulpwood and the pine;
My parents reared me tenderly, I being their only son,
When I gets home no more I'll roam and the lumbering woods I'll shun.

Twenty-three dollars for three months' work amounts to about $1.77 per week, an incredible wage even in the early part of the twentieth century. Badger Brook is near the site of the controversial loggers' strike in 1959 when the right of an American-controlled union to organize Newfoundland loggers was questioned by the government in power. For a ballad about the strike see *The Loggers' Plight*. Since the first line of verse 2 was missing on the recording, I have used the last line of the previous verse to complete the rhyming scheme.

The River Driver's Lament

PEA 132 No. 913
John T. O'Quinn
Searston, July, 1959



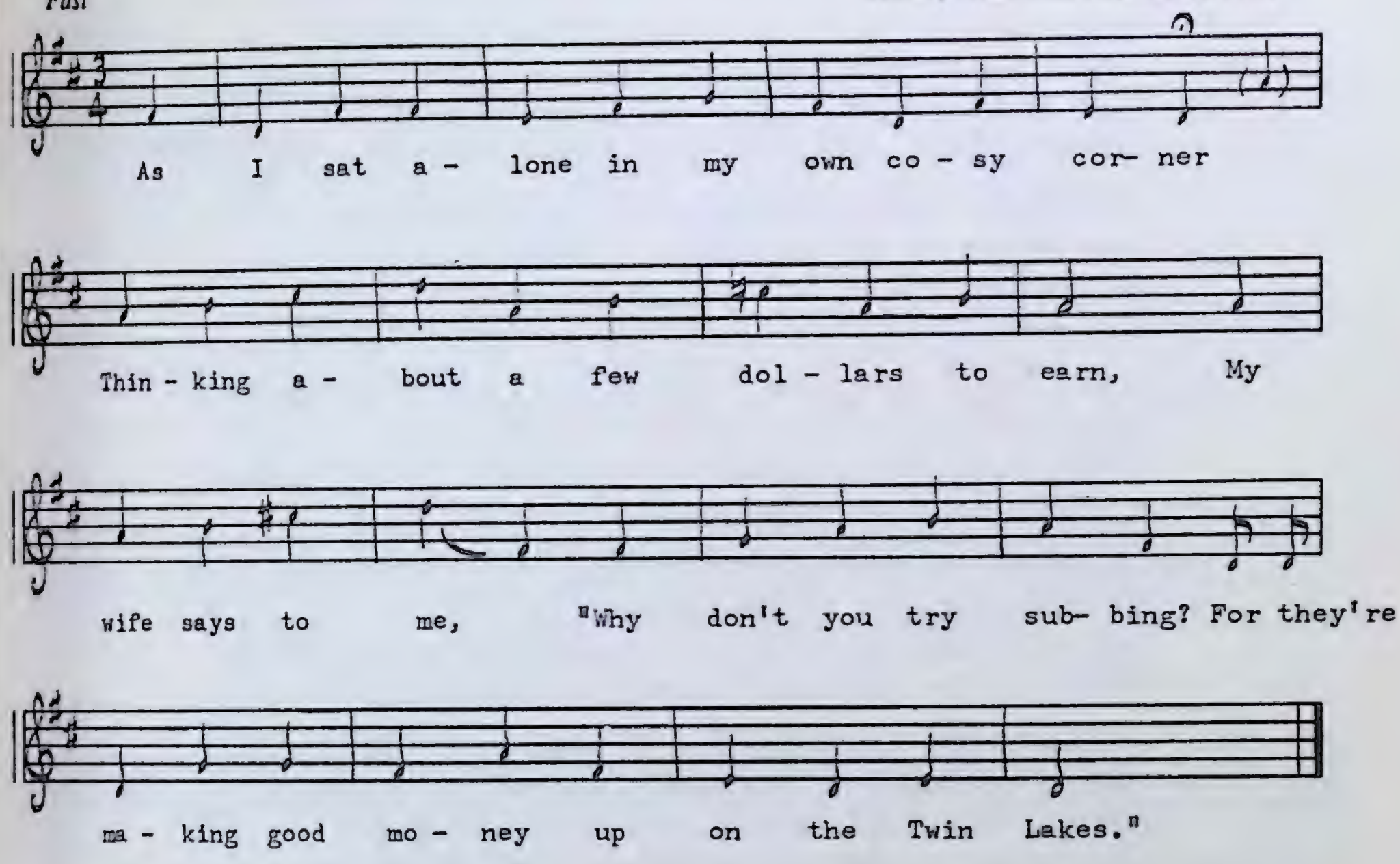
1. I was just the age of sixteen when I first went on the drive,
   And after six months' hard labor at home I did arrive,
   I courted with a pretty girl, 'twas her caused me to roam,
   Sure I'm a river driver and I'm far away from home.
2. I'll eat when I am hungry and I'll drink when I am dry,
   Get drunk when I am ready, get sober bye and bye,
   And if this river don't drown me it's down I mean to roam,
   Sure I'm a river driver and I'm far away from home.
3. I'll build my lonesome castle upon some mountain high
   Where she can sit and view me as I go passing by,
   Where she can sit and view me as I go marching on,
   Sure I'm a river driver and I'm far away from home.
4. Now I'm old and feeble and in my sickness lie,
   Just wrap me up in my shanty blankets and lie me down to die,
   Just get one little bluebird to sing for me alone,
   Sure I'm a river driver and I'm far away from home.

5. I'll eat when I am hungry and I'll drink when I am dry,
   Get drunk whenever I'm ready, get sober bye and bye,
   But if this river don't drown me it's down I mean to roam,
   Sure I'm a river driver and I'm far away from home.

Mr. O'Quinn who comes from the Codroy Valley learned this shanty-boy lament in the lumbercamps. The Codroy Valley was settled by the Scots and French of Cape Breton, and the original form of the name O'Quinn was Aucoin.

Twin Lakes

PEA 114 No. 843
Arthur Nicolle
Rocky Harbour, August, 1958



Text by Mrs. Freeman Bennett
St. Paul's, July, 1958

1. Last night as I sat in my own cozy corner,
   A-thinking of a few dollars to make,
   My wife she says to me, "Why don't you try subbing?
   They're making good money up on the Twin Lakes."

2. I said to my wife, "I don't know what about it,
   For I don't want the A. N. D. Company to break;
   I'm afraid they won't have enough money to pay me,
   If I have a month's subbing up on the Twin Lakes."

3. So right there and then I then made my decision,
   The very next day preparation to make;
   I got home some firewood and packed my old kitbag,
   And then started off for the shores of Twin Lakes.

4. I arrived at Twin Lakes being late in November,
   The thoughts of the subbing could make your heart ache;
   If I live to be a thousand I'll always remember
   The year I went subbing up on the Twin Lakes.

5. I arrived at Twin Lakes being one fine Sunday evening,
About four o'clock, if I make no mistake;
The bunks were all filled and I slept on the table,
The first night I spent on the shores of Twin Lakes.

6. Some in their bunks they were piling up timber
While others were shouting, "Pass down the short cake!"
Such silly old nonsense I cannot remember,
The lads they were using up on the Twin Lakes.

7. I awoke in the morning in very good humour,
Straightway to the forepeak my bucksaw to take;
A good chance of timber, I heard in the rumour,
'Twas not to be found on the shores of Twin Lakes.

8. You'll go in the woods with your bucksaw and measure,
You'll work like a slave your wages to make;
You'll think it's so grand but you'll find it's no pleasure
In using these bucksaws up on the Twin Lakes.

9. Come all you young peddlers that stand 'round the counter,
A-waiting a poor subber's money to take;
But when you sits down to your fresh pork and cabbage,
Think on the poor subber subs on the Twin Lakes.

10. Come all you young men who are seeking employment,
Take a poor subber's warning, don't make no mistake;
Get aboard of an express, go over the Topsails,
Keep clear of the subbing up on the Twin Lakes.

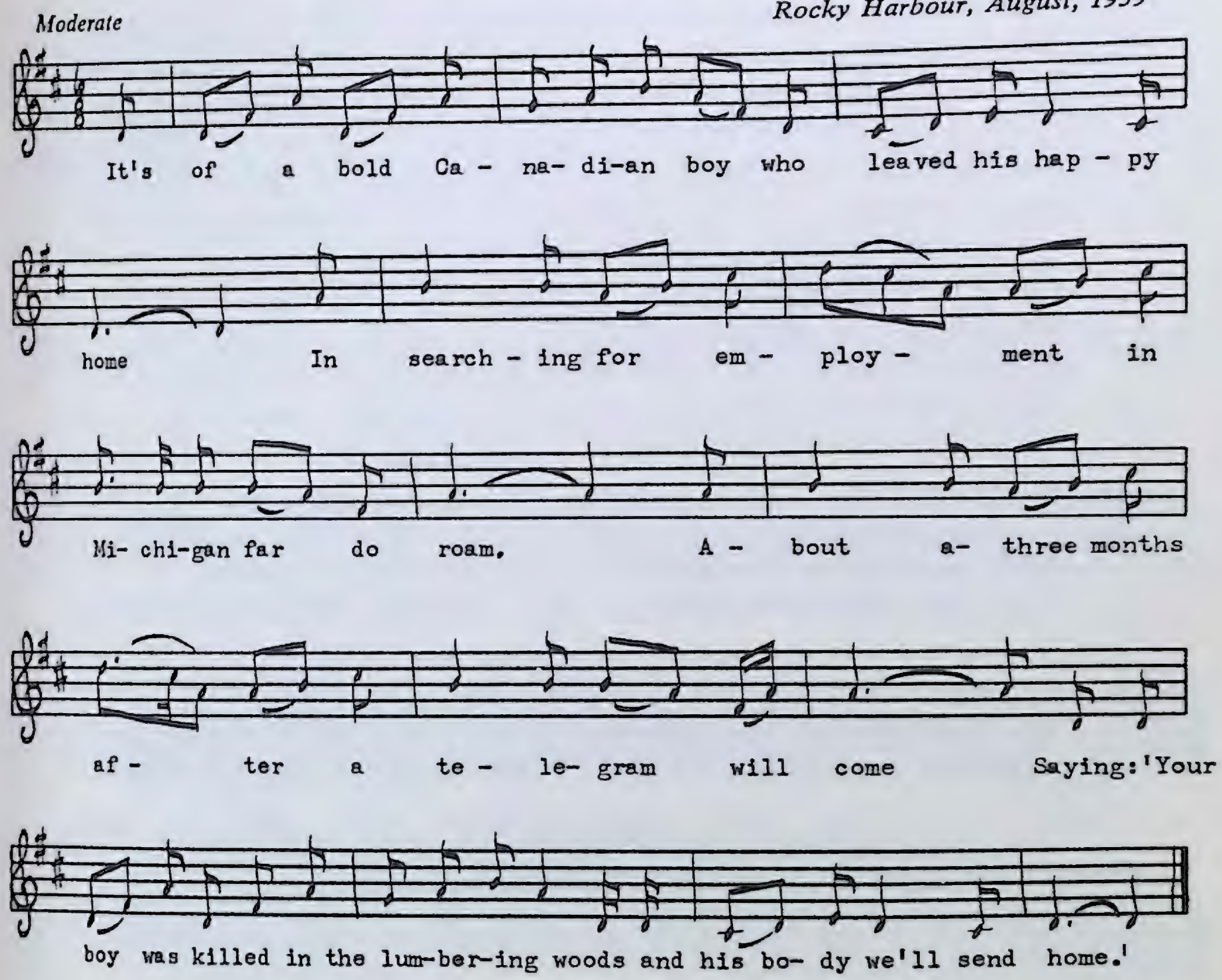
11. Come all you young ladies who are seeking an husband,
Take a poor subber's warning, don't make no mistake;
If you wants a good home and plenty of money,
Don't marry a subber subs on the Twin Lakes.

The A.N.D. Company in verse 2 is the Anglo-Newfoundland Development Company, also mentioned in connection with another lumbering ballad *The Loggers' Plight*.

The Woods of Michigan

A

PEA 147 No. 974
George Decker
Rocky Harbour, August, 1959



1. It's of a bold Canadian boy who leaved his happy home
   In searching for employment in Michigan far do roam.
   About a-three months after a telegram will come
   Saying: 'Your boy was killed in the lumbering woods and his body
   we'll send home.'

2. I once did know of a nice young man and his name was Harry Dunn,
   His father being a farmer and Harry his only son,
   He had everything that he did want, a house and a farm of land,
   But still he wanted to take a trial in the woods of Michigan.

3. The morning that Harry was going away his mother to him did say:
   "Don't go away dear Harry, it's home you'd better stay,
   Don't leave your dear old father, your mother for to mourn,
   For something seems to tell me that you'll never more return."

4. When Harry had started on his way for Buffalo the next day
He hired with those lumbering kings in Michigan far away,
He worked along for three long months and often would write home,
Saying: 'The winter will soon be over and then I will come home.'

5. One morning as Harry rose from his berth no smile was on his brow,
He called his chum all from the door whose name was Charlie Dow,
Saying, "Charlie dear, I had a dream that filled my heart with woe,
I fear there's something wrong at home and it's there I'd better go."

6. His comrades only laughed at him which pleased him for a time,
Saying, "Harry boy, it's no time to rest, it's time to fall the pine."
They worked along till one o'clock all on that very day
When a hanging limb fell down on him and crushed him to the clay.

7. His friends all gathered around him where broken he was cast,
Saying, "Charlie dear, I am dying, my time has come at last,
You take me up and carry me down and send my body home
Unto my dear old mother—why did I from her roam?"

8. 'Twas early the next morning as brilliant rose the sun,
A man brought home the body of poor young Harry Dunn,
And when his mother saw him she fell down on the ground,
For it was the boy she loved so dear, her soul was heavenward bound.

9. As for his dear old father, he lingered for a while,
But ever since hereafter was never known to smile,
In less than six weeks after they buried the poor old man,
And now you can see the deathly curse of the woods of Michigan.

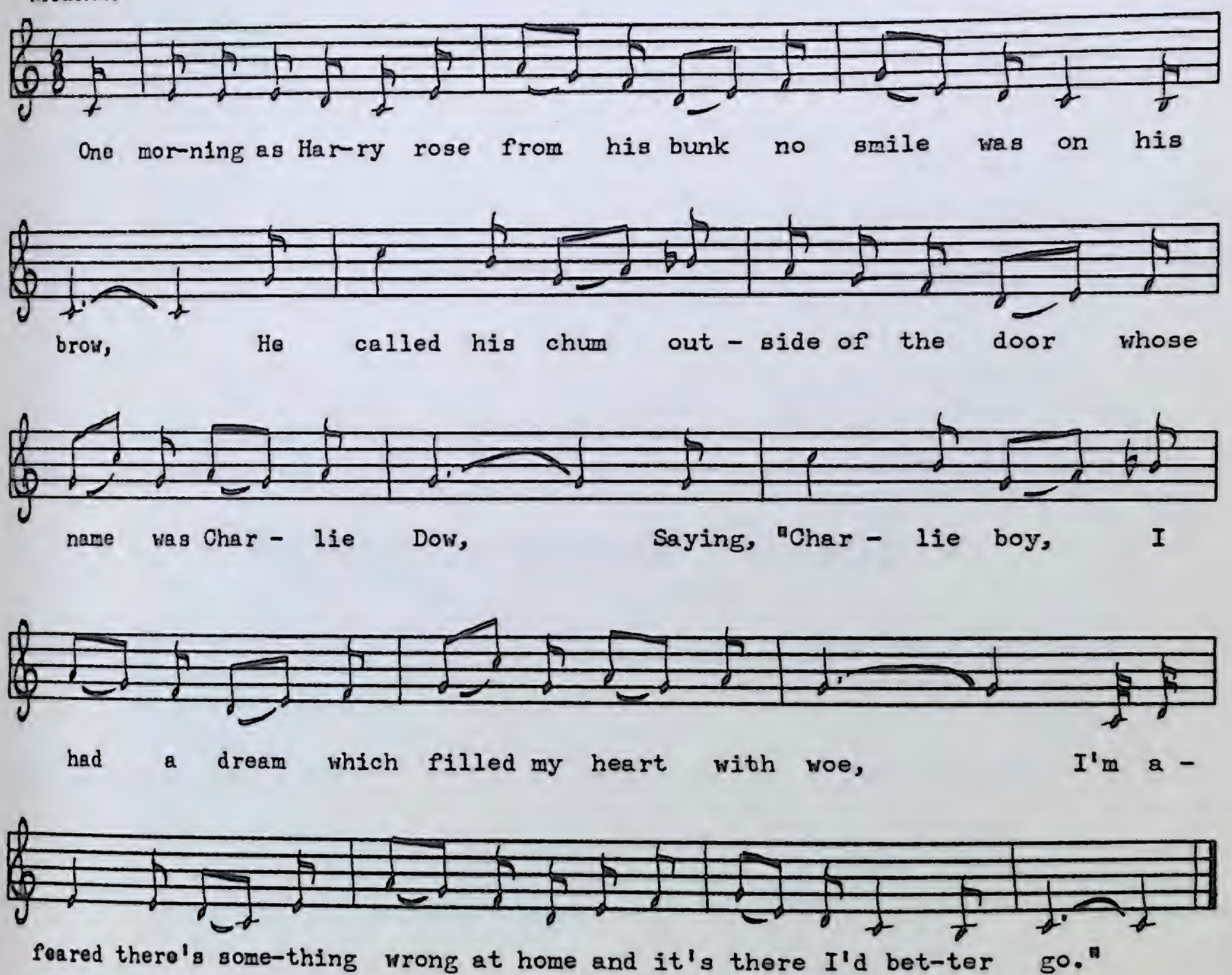
This tragic lumbering ballad of probable Canadian composition is sometimes called *The Hanging Limb* in American collections.

B

(Harry Dunn)

PEA 97 No. 762
Everett Bennett
St. Paul's, August, 1958

Moderate

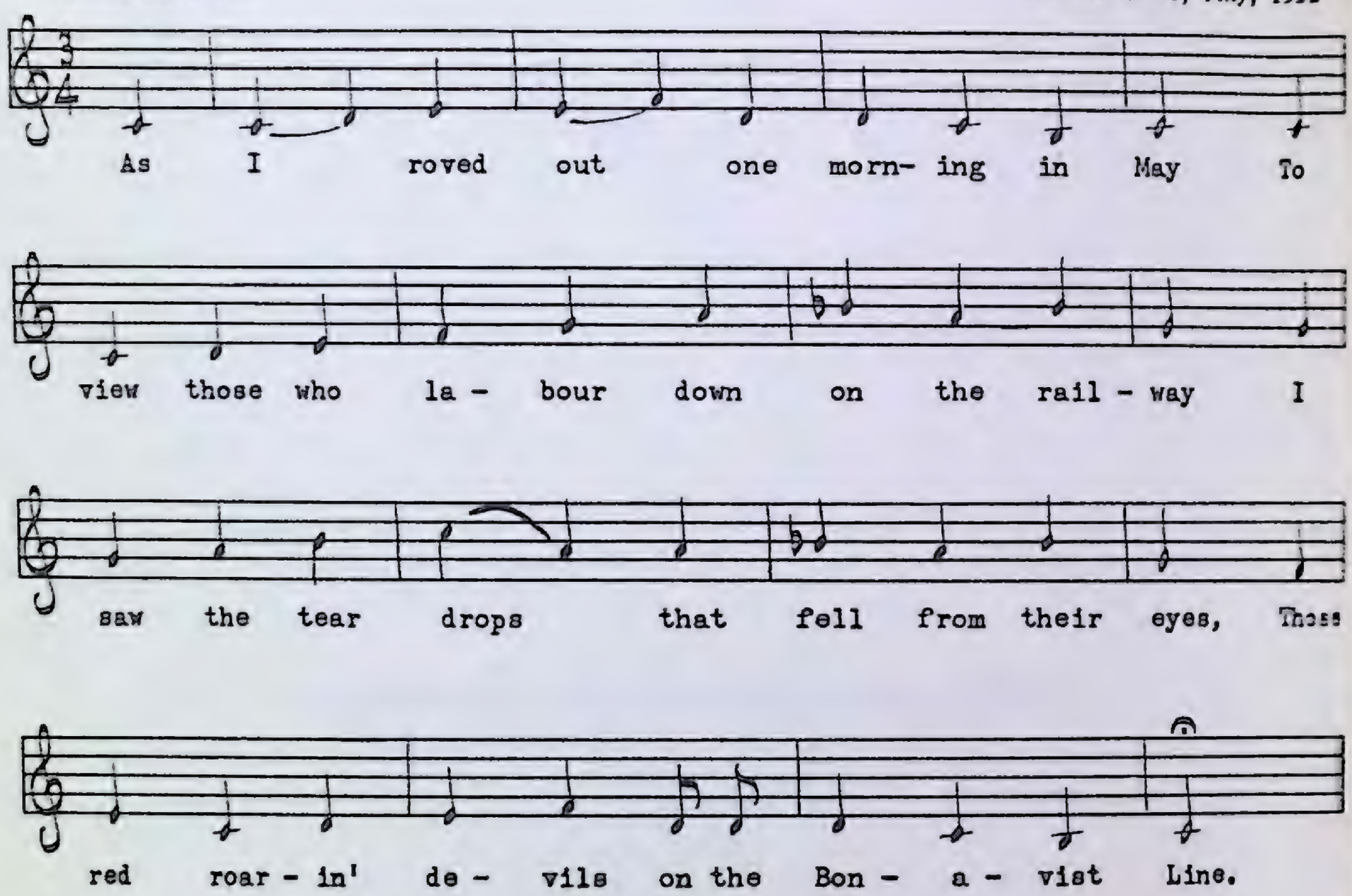


Miscellaneous Songs

The Bonavist Line

A

MS 13
John Mahoney
Stock Cove, July, 1952



1. As I roved out one morning in May
   To view those who labour down on the railway
   I saw the tear drops that fell from their eyes,
   Those red roarin' devils on the Bonavist Line.

2. To sew in a button they'll charge you five cents,
   Fifty to stick up their shack by the fence,
   To boil your kettle they'll charge you a dime,
   And these is the rules on the Bonavist Line.

3. Down to the store your milk for to buy,
   They will tell you it's the best ever come from a cow;
   It's only flour water, they mix it so fine,
   They sell it for milk on the Bonavist Line.

4. It's for the pork it is so bad,
   And for the molasses it would set you mad,
   And for the flour it's just like slake lime,
   'Twould give you consumption on the Bonavist Line.

5. Down to the store your groceries to buy,
The old woman she'll nod and wink her eye,
She will tell you about it and isn't it fine,
And she'll give you a tip on the Bonavist Line.

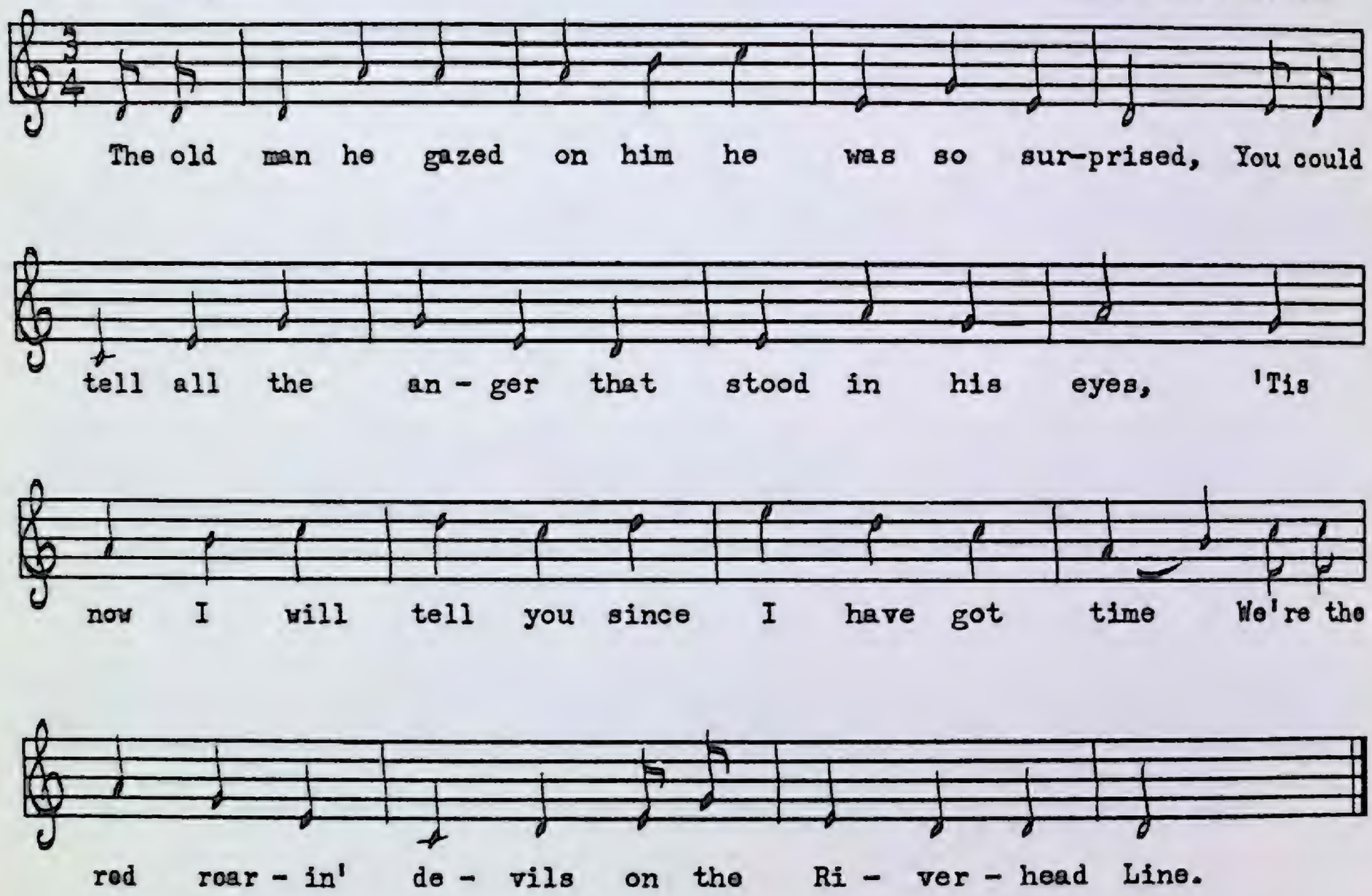
6. On a fine Sunday morning turn out, turn out,
Those poor labourers will turn out their snout,
And it's all for Bertha she dresses so fine,
She's the devil for men on the Bonavist Line.

B

(The Riverhead Line)

PEA 150 No. 987
Everett Bennett
St. Paul's, July, 1959

Moderately fast



1. The old man he gazed on him he was so surprised,
   You could tell all the anger that stood in his eyes,
   'Tis now I will tell you since I have got time,
   We're the red roarin' devils on the Riverhead Line.

2. For boiling your kettle they'll charge you five cents,
   Fifty more for to stick up your camp by a fence,
   For sewing on a button they'll charge you one dime,
   Sure this is the rule on the Riverhead Line.

3. You'll go down to the store your groceries to buy,
   The old woman she'll nod and then wink her eye,
   Saying, "We haven't got it and isn't that fine?"
   We'll give her a tip on the Riverhead Line.

4. You'll go down to the store your milk for to buy,
   They'll tell you it's the best ever come from a cow,
   'Tis flour and water, 'tis mixed up so fine,
   They'll sell it for milk on the Riverhead Line.

5. As for the molasses, good God ain't it bad,
   And as for the pork, it would set you mad,
   And as for the flour, 'tis like this black lime,
   'Twould give you consumption on the Riverhead Line.

6. Now I will go down to the head of the bay,
   No more down from Cartwright, no more will I stray,
   I'll sit myself down like Mr. Devine
   And talk of the people on the Riverhead Line.

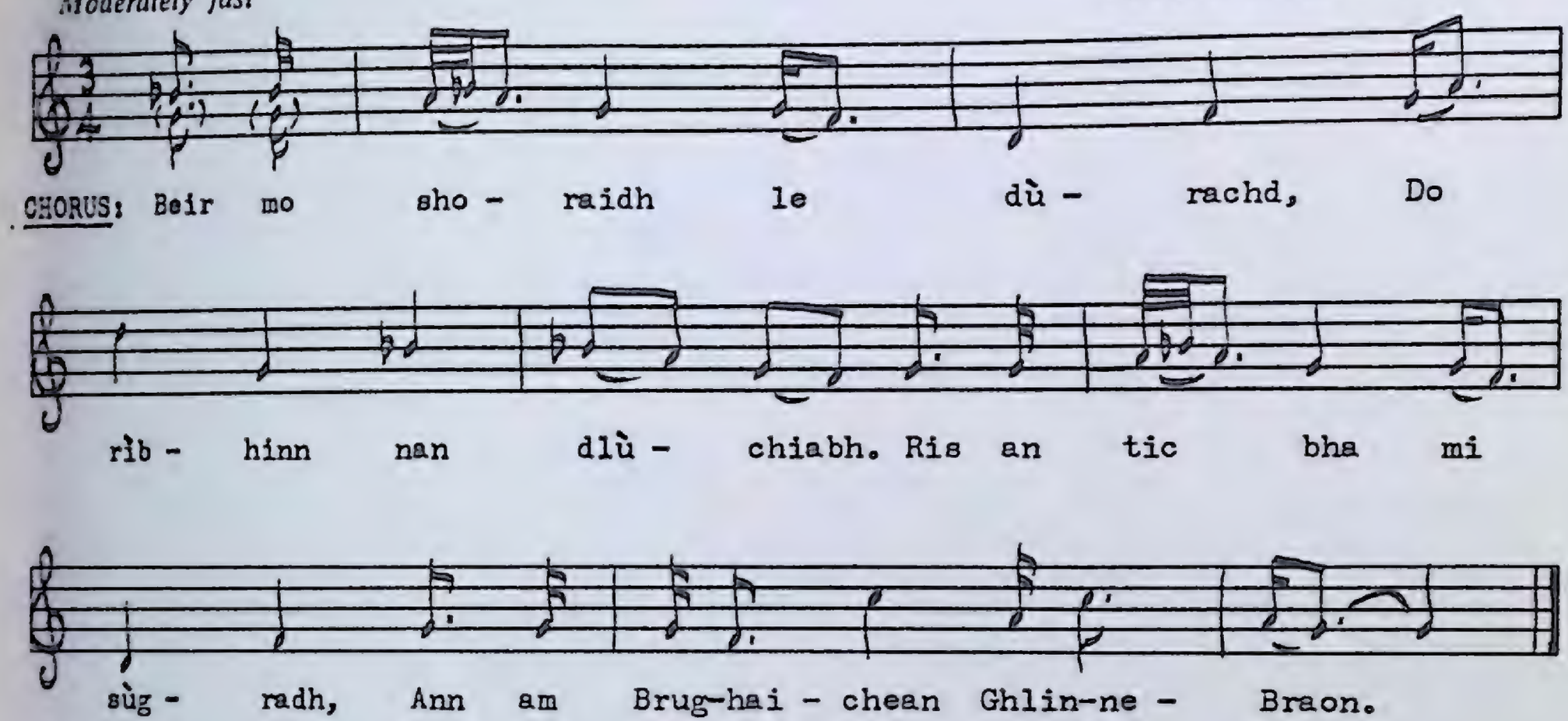
The railways referred to in these two variants are spur lines of Newfoundland's trans-insular railway. Both are in eastern Newfoundland; Bonavista at the tip of the Bonavista peninsula, and Riverhead in Conception Bay. They were built several decades ago. Both texts are reproduced for those who may want to make a collation. The tunes are completely different; variant *A* has a Mixolydian bias, and *B* is Dorian.

Alan MacArthur, Upper Ferry, Codroy Valley

Brughaichean Ghlinn'-Braon

Composed by William Ross, 1762-1790
Isle of Skye
Moderately fast

PEA 128 No. 895
Alan MacArthur
Upper Ferry, June, 1959



Beir mo shoraidh le dùrachd,
Do rìbhinn nan dlù-chiabh.
Ris an tic bha mi sùgradh,
Ann am Brughaichean Ghlinne-Braon.

1. Gur e mis' tha gu cianail,
   'S mi cho fad bhuat am bliadhna,
   Tha liunn-dubh air mo shiarradh,
   'S mi ri iargain do ghaoil.

2. Cha'n fheud mi bhi subhach,
   Gur he's béus domh bhi dubhach,
   Cha dirich mi brughach,
   Chaidh mo shiubdal an laoid.

3. Chaidh m' astar a maillead,
   O nach faic mo leannan,
   'S ann a chleachd mi bhi mar riut,
   Ann an gleannan a chaoil.

4. Anns a choill' am bi smùdan
   'S e gu binn a seinn chùil duinn,
   Cuach a's smeòrach 'g ar dùsgadh,
   A cuir no smùid diù le faoilt'.

5. 'S tric a bha mi 's tu mireadh,
   Agus càch ga n-ar sireadh,
   Gu's bu deònach linn pilleadh,
   Gu Innis nan laogh.

6. Sinn air fàireadh na tulaich,
'S mo lamh thar do mhuineal,
Sin ag eisdeachd nan luinneag,
Bhiodh a' mullach nan craobh

7. Tha mise 'ga ràite,
'S cha'n urra mi aicheadh,—
Gur iomadach sàr
Thig air airidh nach saol,

8. Gur mis' thu sa' champar,
'S mi fo chìs anns an am so,
Ann am prìosan na FRAINGE,
Fo ain-neart gach aon.

9. Ann an seò-mraichean glaiste,
Gun cheòl, no gun mhacnas,
Gun ordugh a Sasuinn,
Mo thoirt dhathaigh gu saor,

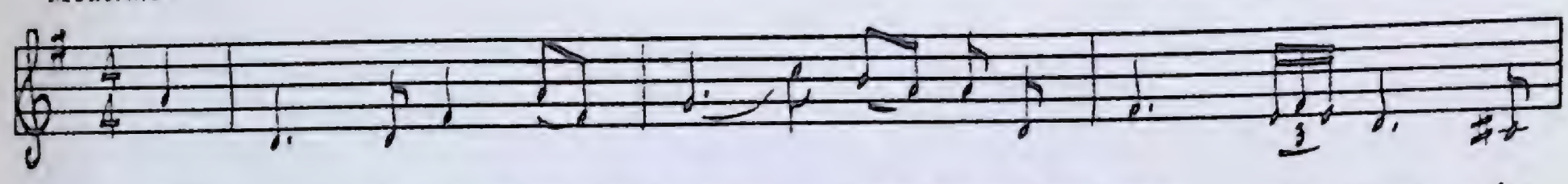
10. Cha b'ionnan sud agus m'àibhaist.
A siubhal nam fàsach,
'S a dìreadh nan àrd-bheann,
Gabhail fàth air na laoich.

11. A siubhal nan stùc-bheann,
Le mo ghunna nach diultadh;
'S le mo phlasgaichean fùdair,
Air mo ghlùn anns an fraoch

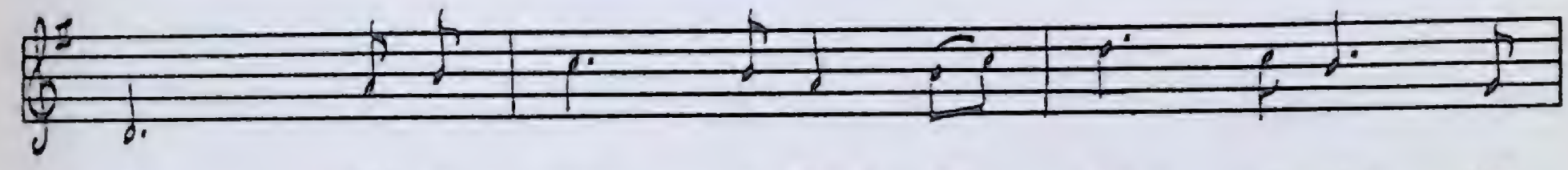
The Captain's Lady

PEA 110 No. 823
Everett Bennett
St. Paul's, August, 1958

Moderate



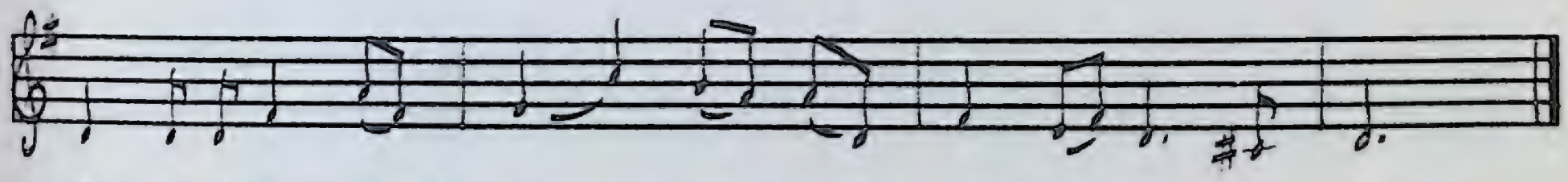
'Twas in a place called Wild Bay where we was dis-tres- sèd



so, All a - mong a land of sa - va-ges we

knew not where to go. Where they had been stripped

na - ked and they stripped us like - wise, Not



spa -ring the cap-tain's la - dy, was deaf un - to her cries.

1. 'Twas in a place called Wild Bay where we was distressèd so,
All among a land of savages we knew not where to go.
Where they had been stripped naked and they stripped us likewise,
Not sparing the captain's lady, was deaf unto her cries.

2. Our small boats they took from us, we could not well relieve,
The heads and entrails of the fish they gave us for to eat.
They drove us without mercy, before them we must fly,
Not sparing the captain's lady, was deaf unto her cries.

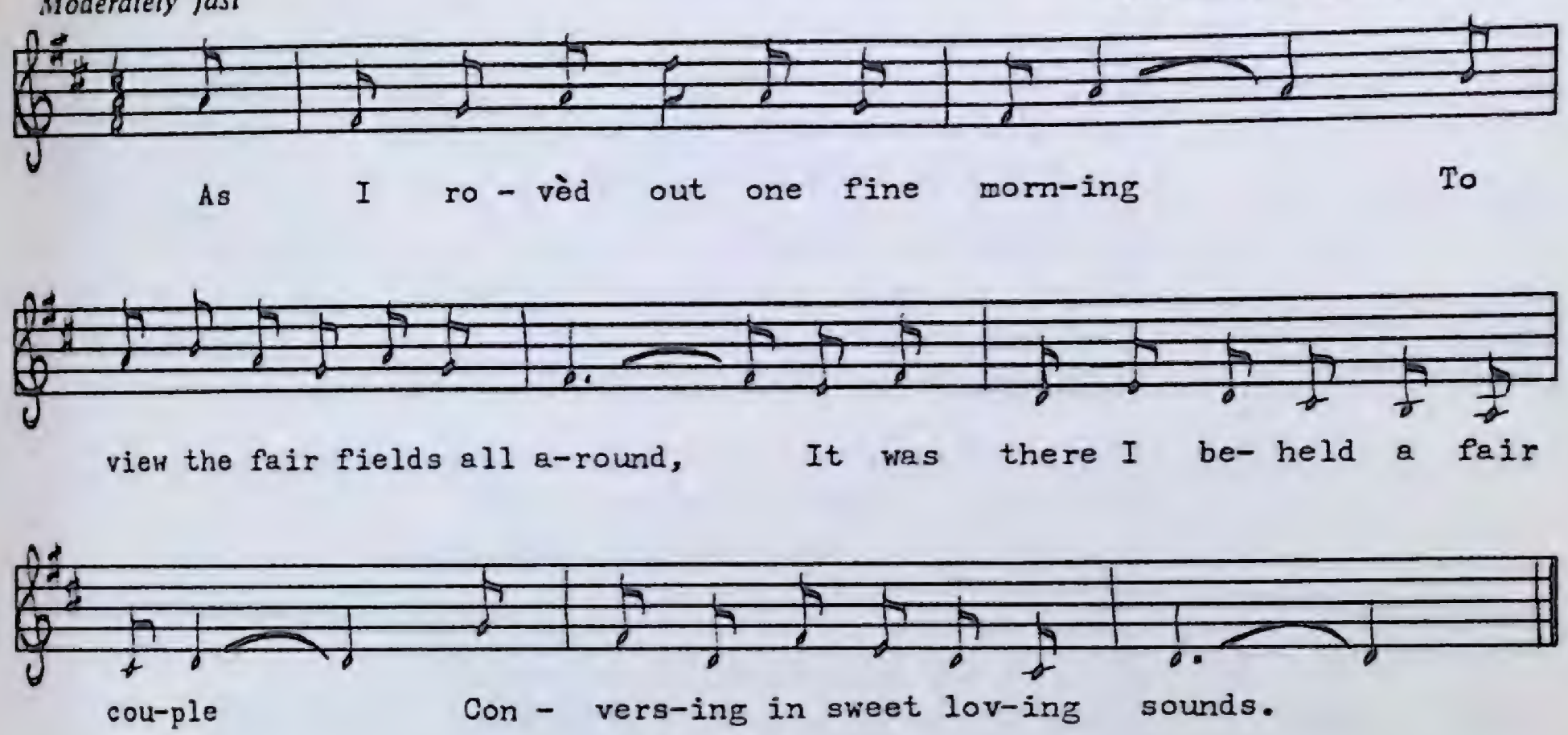
3. We had one black man among us and Joseph was his name,
He being of their own color would not touch him for the same;
Although he being a colored man, both gallant, stout, and brave,
He told the captain's lady that her life he would try and save.

4. About a-two days later our small boats stole away,
Two nights and two days we were land' in Morphan's Bay,
Where the black man got his freedom for the deed that he had done,
And the captain's lady arrived safe home unto fair London town.

I was unable to find any reference to this ballad in the better-known collections. It possibly dates from the days of the African slave-trade; or, since the natives were naked and dark like Joseph, the hero in the song, the incident might have taken place on the coast of Australia. The place-names are spelled as they were pronounced.

The Cashmere Shawl

PEA 163 No. 1040
Mrs. Clara Stevens
Bellburns, August, 1959



1. As I rovèd out one fine morning
   To view the fair fields all around,
   It was there I beheld a fair couple
   Conversing in sweet loving sounds.

2. As I entered their long conversation
   Their thoughts I did soon overhaul,
   When the young man he seemed to despise me
   For wearing the cashmere shawl.

3. Oh since it is by my hard earnings
   I'll wear it for no man I fear,
   And since it is by my hard earnings
   My bonny I never will spare.

4. But since it is up to the fashion,
   And likewise by Adam's downfall,
   Why that's the same reason induced me
   To wear the cashmere shawl.

5. The beasts of prey have no clothing
   For they are all covered with hair,
   And the birds of the forest have feathers
   To shelter them from the cold air.

6. But those who don't have such fine feathers,
   Are never admired at all
   And that's the same reason induced me
   To wear the cashmere shawl.

7. When Adam first entered the garden
The devil walked out for a cruise,
And then he did tempt the woman
To eat the forbidden fruit.

8. Oh Eve threw an apple to Adam,
And that's what brought sin on us all,
And that's the same reason induced me
To wear the cashmere shawl.

9. Oh since the creation of Adam
There's no man is born without sin,
And since the creation of Adam
Women's been the ruination of men.

10. They will cause you to rob and to plunder,
Do things I won't mention at all,
Why that's the same reason induced me
To wear the cashmere shawl.

11. Oh you are the elegant young man,
Your cap is made out of seal-skin,
Your jolly fine pumps and fine stockings
To cover your fire-burning chin.

12. Likewise you've a cashmere waist-coat,
Oh gosh it's an elegant coat!
With a jolly fine chain from your watch
It will make you as proud as a goat.

13. Oh you are the elegant young girl
With a ribbon tied under your chin,
Your jolly fine plumes and fine feathers,
In order to coax the young men.

14. Likewise you've a belt of white leather
In order to make your waist small,
With pride you are gone to the devil
For wearing the cashmere shawl.

Downey's Our Member

PEA 170 No. 1074
Leonard Hulan (composer)
Jeffrey's, June, 1960

Moderate

For now we have no go-vern-ment at all, 'Twas

Reid and his law- yer con - demned last fall, The

du - ty's gone up and like - wise the freight, Our

coun - try to - day's in an aw - ful state. CHORUS: Now

Dow - ney's our mem - ber you all un - der - stand, So be-

ware of the boar, the bull, and the ram.

1. For now we have no government at all,
'Twas Reid and his lawyer condemned last fall,
The duty's gone up and likewise the freight,
Our country today's in an awful state.

Now Downey's our member you all understand,
So beware of the boar, the bull, and the ram.

2. For one month last winter we got no mail,
The news was reported: 'A very bad rail.'
But Reid showed the truth, just what he intend,
Was to starve the west coast, every darn one of them.

3. 'Twas the middle of March when the rotary came through,
There were men from every section to make up her crew,
But when she got to Bankhead as I understand
She was fired off the track by the powers of Jim Hann.

4. Now it's into the fall, take your ax on your back,
Cut ties all the winter and lug to the track,
And then in the spring, oh what a darn sin,
When they'll cull out those ties and they'll steal them again.

5. The next thing we heard of out here on the coast
Some kind of a bull with a ring through its nose,
And then a boar pig and a certified ram,
And a spring fitted harrow to tear up your land.

6. Now they held a meeting in Jeffrey's down there,
To dispose of the bull that had landed that year,
Now the lot fell to Philip Hulan you know,
And he took this bull and he fed it on snow.

7. All winter he tended the bull with great care,
Led it out to the pasture when the weather was fair,
And then in the spring the bull he got sick,
So they lugged him to the station lashed onto a stick.

8. Now as to these chairmen, they're no good at all
When they don't get a cent from the spring to the fall,
So what are they for or why are they there?
This is one of the things that we find so queer.

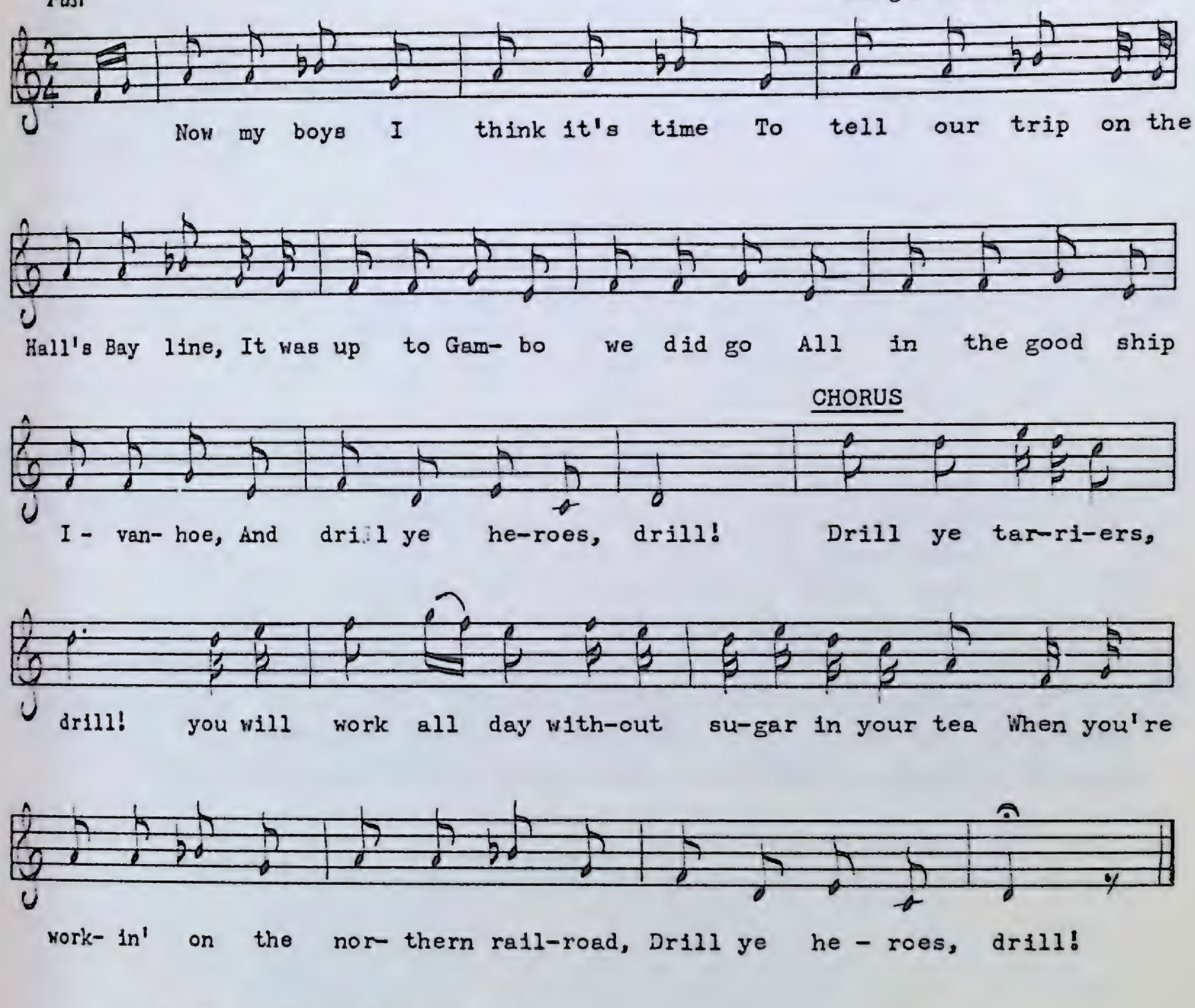
9. Now Thomas is chairman at Robinson's you know,
Dick Legge is at Cartyville, it's all for a show,
Jimmy Pike at Maidstone, he's somewheres the best,
He got a few cents more than the rest.

10. A half gallon of potatoes, every man for his share,
And the time to go get them is the spring of the year,
For some gets an ounce and more they gets none,
Travel back on a cow path to find your way home.

Composers like Leonard Hulan and Chris Cobb are often motivated by the social injustices around them. However, the events described in this political ballad have long since ceased to be controversial, though students of Newfoundland's political history may find a few choice items not in the books. The value of these informal documents composed by outport Newfoundlanders is only now being realized.

Drill Ye Heroes, Drill!

MS 29
William Holloway
King's Cove, July, 1952



1. Now my boys I think it's time
   To tell our trip on the Hall's Bay Line,
   It was up to Gambo we did go
   All in the good ship *Ivanhoe,*
   And drill ye heroes, drill!

   Drill ye tarriers, drill!
   You will work all day without sugar in your tea
   When you're workin' on the northern railroad,
   Drill ye heroes, drill!

2. Sammy Grand was our boss man,
   And Jim McCann was our second hand,
   And Joseph Kean was our cook man.
   And now my boys, the truth to you,
   They're just the lads could put us through,
   And drill ye heroes, drill!

3. It was at Codroy we pitched our tent,
We got employment as we went;
There were four of us lived in one camp,
Three King's Cove boys and a Stock Cove tramp,
And drill ye heroes, drill!

4. Our boss was a fine man all along
Till he married a great big fat fall down,
She baked good bread, she baked it well,
She baked it hard as the hubs of hell,
And drill ye heroes, drill!

5. When poor John's pay day come around
Two dollars short poor John was found.
"What for?" says Jack, but he can't reply.
"You're docked for the time you were in the sky."
And drill ye heroes, drill!

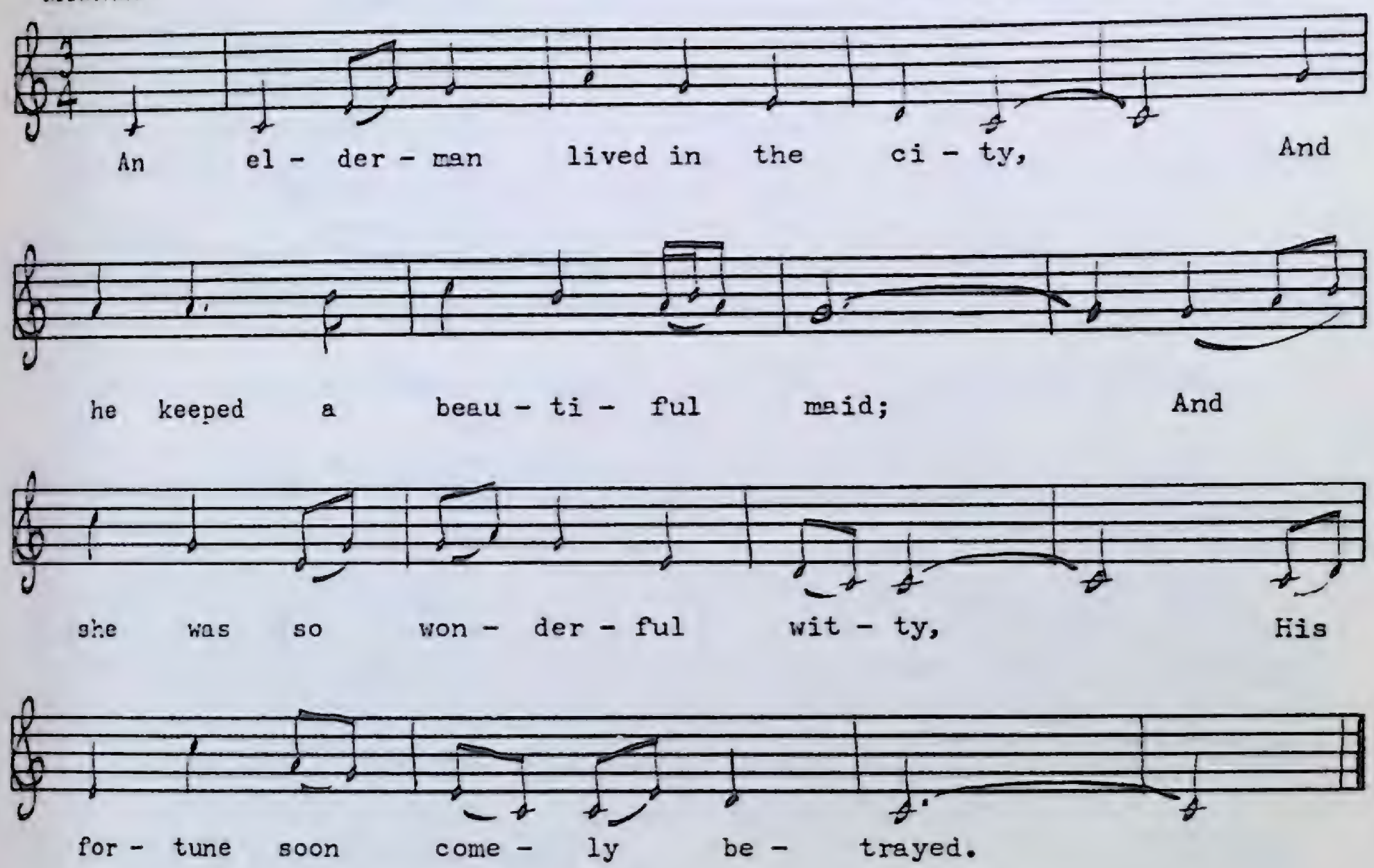
6. In the morning at four the whistle will blow,
You'll snatch your duds and away you'll go.
We had to gravel in the Grand Tar pit,
And we had to ditch in the slope as well,
And I wish to God you were all in hell,
And drill ye heroes, drill!

This native Newfoundland song is patterned after an American railroad song. It is one of the best examples of musical onomatopoeia I have come upon in a folksong, superior in this respect to its American cousin.

The Elderman's Lady

A

PEA 108 No. 812
Mrs. Charlotte Decker
Parson's Pond, August, 1958



1. An elderman lived in the city,
   And he keeped a beautiful maid,
   And she being wonderful witty,
   His fortune soon comely betrayed.

2. Her master came to her one evening
   And enticed her to sit on his knee,
   Saying, "Many fine presents I'll give you
   If Nancy, my dear, you'll love me."

3. "I will neither trust you nor try you,
   Neither you or no one in this place,
   Neither you or no rogue in this nation
   Shan't bring me to shame or disgrace.

4. "If I should prove child all by my master,
   And he the same thing would deny,
   My poor innocent baby must suffer,
   And I in some prison must lie."

5. "Oh Nancy I'll take you to your mother
That lives in fair Dorsetshire,
Your poor innocent baby I'll smother,
And no one won't know it my dear."

6. "Oh you won't take me to my mother
That lives in fair Dorsetshire,
My poor innocent baby you won't smother,
That no one won't know it my dear."

7. When he found he no way could delude her
To the church he took her straightway;
He made her an elderman's lady
Of a man who was aged and gray.

8. Oh now she's an elderman's lady,
And she in her carriage do ride,
And he do keep servants to wait all on her,
And a footman to run by her side.

The word 'elderman' could be either an alternative for alderman, or simply an older person of high social rank. In former times aldermen had much higher rank than they do nowadays and were often governors of whole districts or members of the nobility. The texts of both variants are quite similar. Gloucestershire is where Nancy's mamma lives in the other text.

B

PEA 86 No. 718b
Freeman Bennett
St. Paul's, July, 1955

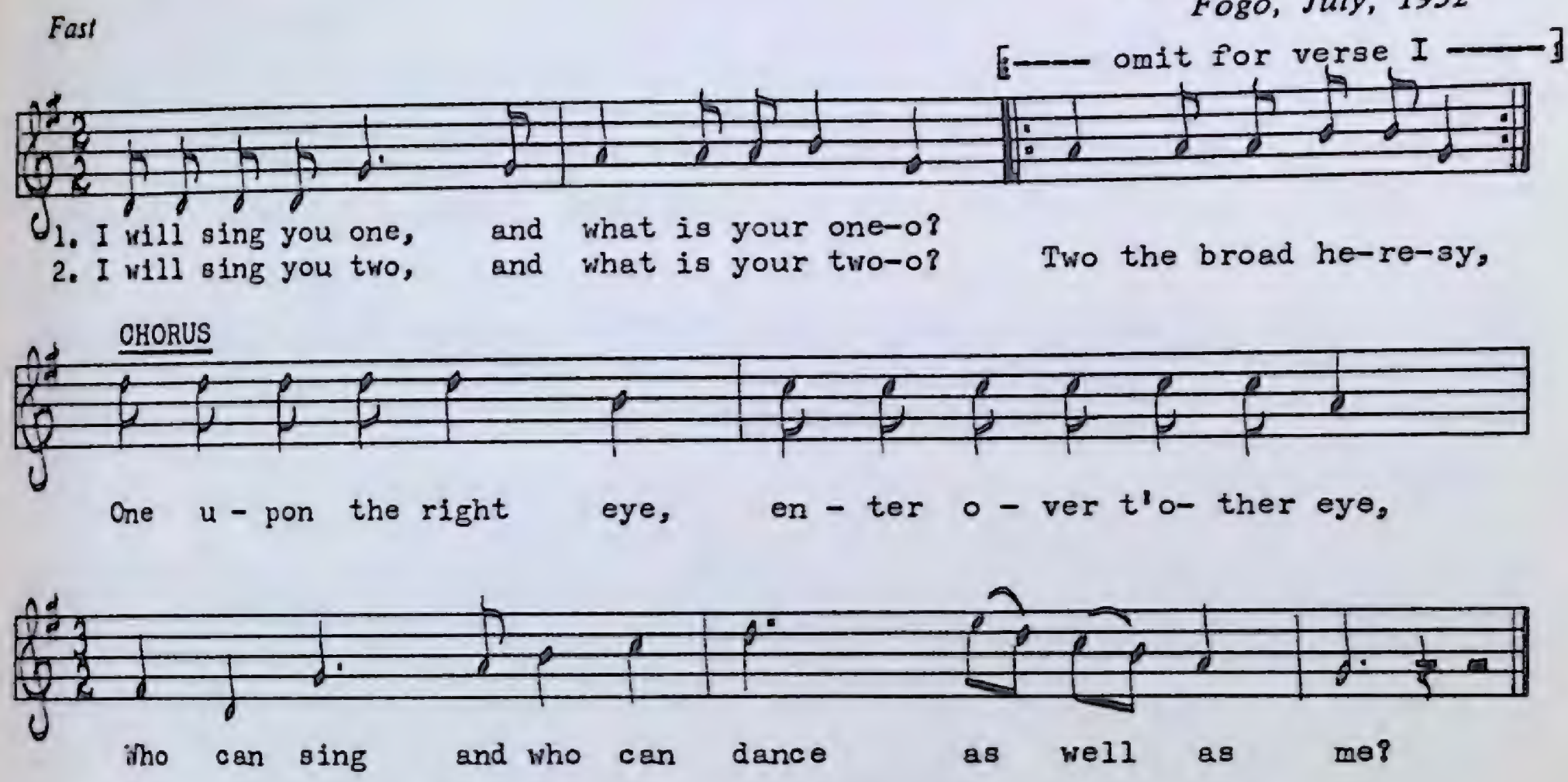
Moderately slow

An el - der man lived in the ci - ty, And he keeped a beau - ti - ful maid, And she be - ing won - der- ful wit - ty Her part she did co - me - ly made.

Eleven to Heaven

MS 30

Alfred Israel Mahaney
Fogo, July, 1952



1. I will sing you one, and what is your one-o?
   One upon the right eye, enter over t'other eye,
   Who can sing and who can dance as well as me?

2. I will sing you two, and what is your two-o?
   Two the broad heresy,
   One upon the right eye, enter over t'other eye,
   Who can sing and who can dance as well as me?

3. I will sing you three, and what is your three-o?
   Three to eternity,
   Two the broad heresy,
   One upon the right eye, enter over t'other eye,
   Who can sing and who can dance as well as me?

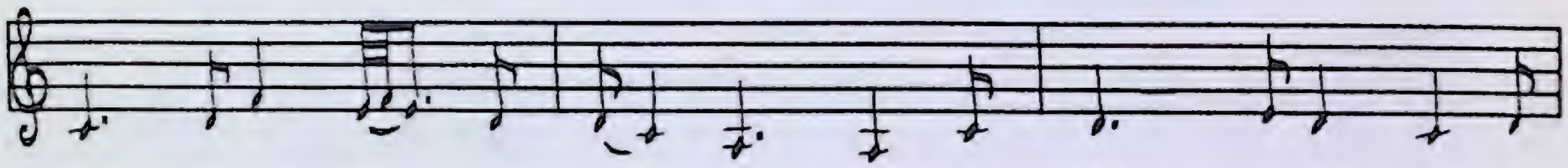
   (Continue up to Eleven)

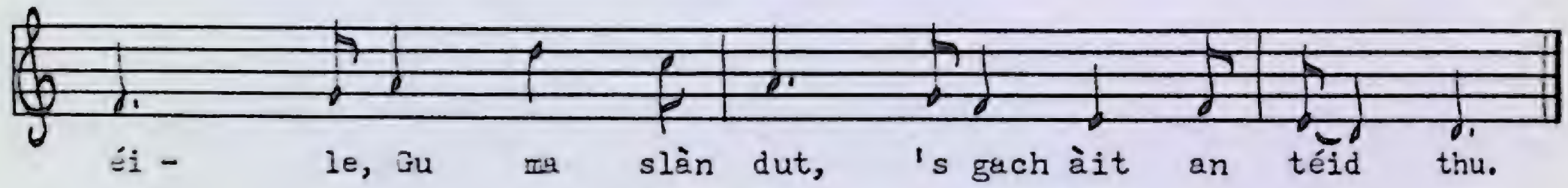
11. I will sing you eleven, and what is your eleven-o?
    Eleven is the gate of heaven,
    Ten is the Big Ben,
    Nine is the sunshine,
    Eight is the day-break,
    Seven is the key of heaven,
    Six is the crucifix,
    Five is the narrow eye,
    Four is the narrow door,
    Three to eternity,
    Two the broad heresy,
    One upon the right eye, enter over t'other eye,
    Who can sing and who can dance as well as me?

Fhir a Bhàta

PEA 129 No. 898
Alan MacArthur
Upper Ferry, June, 1959

Moderately fast





Fhir a bhàta, na horo-éile,
Fhir a bhàta, na horo-éile,
Fhir a bhàta, na horo-éile,
Gu ma slàn dut, 's gach àit' an téid thu.

1. 'S tric mi sealtuinn o'n chnoc a's àirde,
Dh-fheuch am faic mi fear a bhàta:
An tig th'un diugh, Na'n tig thu maireach?
'S mar tig thu idir, gur truagh a tà mi.

2. Tha mo chridhe-sa brist, brùite;
'S tric na deoiribh a ruith o'm shuilean;
An tig thu nochd, na'm bi mo dhùil riut?
Na'n dùin mi 'n dorus, le osna thùrsaich?

3. 'S tric mi foidhneachd de luchd nam bàta,
Am fac iad thu, na 'm beil thu sàbhailt;
S ann a tha gach aon aca rium a 'g ràite,
Gur gòrach mise ma thug mi gràdh dhut.

4. Gheall mo leannan domh gùn dhe 'n t-sìoda,
Gheall e sud agus breacan riomhach;
Fain' òir anns am faicinn ìomhaigh;
Ach 's eagal leam gun dean e dìochuimhn'.

5. Cha 'n eil baile beag 's am bì thu,
Nach tàmh thu greis ann, a chur do sgios diot;
Bheir thu làmh air leabhar rìomhach,
A-chabhail dhuinn 's a bhuaireadh sìos.

6. Ged a thuirt iad gu'n robh thu aotrom,
Cha do laghadaich sud mo ghaol ort;
'Bi'dh tu m' aisling anns an òidhche,
A's anns a mhadainn bi'dh mi 'ga t-fhoineachd.

7. Thug mi gaol dut' 's cha'n fhaod mi àicheadb?
Cha ghaol bliadhna, 's cha ghaol ràidhe;
Ach gaol a thòisich 'nuair bha mi m' phàisde,
'S nach searg a chaoidh, gus an claoidh am bàs mi.

8. Tha mo chàirdean gù tric ag innseadh,
Gu'm feum mi t-aogas a chuir air diochuimhn';
Ach tha 'n comhairle dhomh cho diahain,
'S bhi pilleadh mara 's i tabhairt lionaidh.

9. Tha mo chriosan air dol an airde,
Cha'n ann bho fhìdhleir, na bho chlàrsair;
Ach bho stiùireadair a bhata—
'S mur tig thu dhachaigh, gur truagh mar tha mi.

10. Bi'dh mi tuille gu tùrsach, deurach,
Mar eala bhàn 's i an déis a reubadh;
Guileag bàis aic' air lochan feurach,
A's càch uileadh an deighidh tréigsinn.

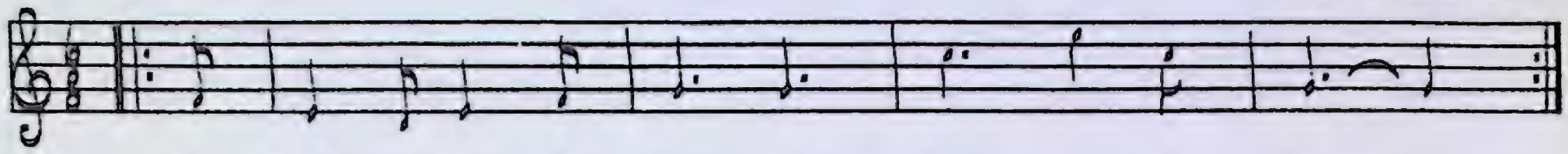
The Scots who settled the Codroy Valley in the southwest corner of Newfoundland came from Cape Breton; it is not surprising, therefore, to find music common to the two areas. This milling song, for example, has achieved virtually the status of a national anthem in Cape Breton. Unlike Cape Breton, however, the Gaelic traditions are nearly extinct in Newfoundland. The MacArthurs and one or two other families are the only ones left who have the Gaelic. The last milling frolic was about fifteen or twenty years ago, though Mrs. MacArthur continues to card and spin her own wool. As a matter of fact, these latter crafts are practised by many women throughout the whole island.

Je me mettrai gibier dans un étang

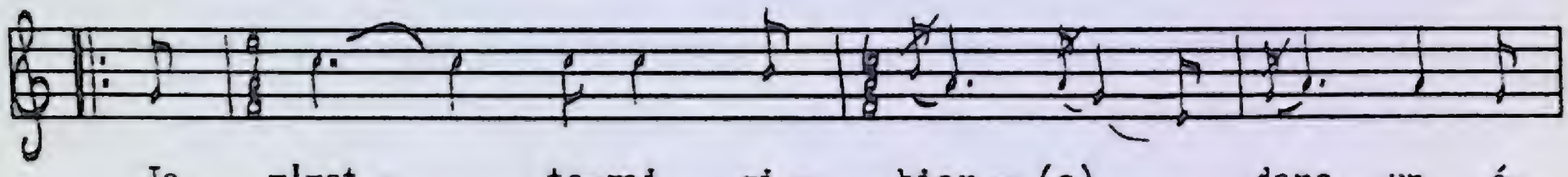
(Les métamorphoses)

PEA 142 No. 956
Mme Joséphine Costard
Loretto, juillet 1959

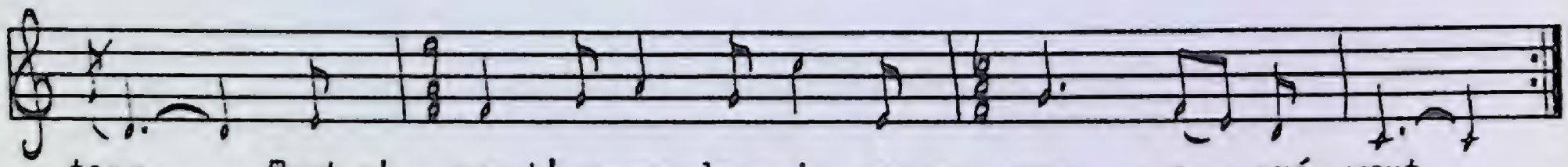
Assez vif



[Je m'met- te-rai gi - bier -(e) dans un é - tang,]



Je m'met - te-rai gi - bier - (e) dans un é-



tang, Tout c' que t'au-ras de moi, au - cun a - gré- ment.

Je m' metterai gibier-e dans un étang (*bis*)
Je m' metterai gibier-e dans un étang,
Tout c' que t'auras de moi, aucun agrément. } (*bis*)

Si tu te mets gibier-e dans un étang, (*bis*)
Je m' metterai chasseur-e, je chasserai,
Je chasserai l' gibier-e par amitié. } (*bis*)

Si tu te mets chasseur-e pour me chasser, (*bis*)
Je m' metterai rosette dans un rosier,
Tout c' que t'auras de moi, aucun agrément. } (*bis*)

Si tu te mets rosette dans un rosier, (*bis*)
Je m' metterai chauffeur-e, je chaufferai,
Je chaufferai la rose par amitié. } (*bis*)

Si tu te mets chauffeur-e pour me chauffer, (*bis*)
Je me metterai lune au firmament,
Tout c' que t'auras de moi, aucun agrément. } (*bis*)

Si tu te mets lune pour m'effacer, (*bis*)
Je me metterai nuage, j'effacerai,
J'effacerai la lune, par amitié. } (*bis*)

Si tu te mets nuage pour m'effacer, (*bis*)
Je m' metterai malade sur un lit blanc,
Tout c' que t'auras de moi, aucun agrément. } (*bis*)

Si tu te mets malade sur un lit blanc, (*bis*)
Je m' metterai docteur-e, je médicin'rai, } (*bis*)
Je médicin'rai la maladie par amitié.

Si tu te mets docteur pour me guérir, (*bis*)
Je me metterai morte au paradis, } (*bis*)
Tout c' que t'auras de moi, aucun agrément.

Si tu te mets morte au paradis, (*bis*)
Je m' metterai saint Pierre, je t'ouvrirai,
Je t'ouvrirai la porte par amitié.

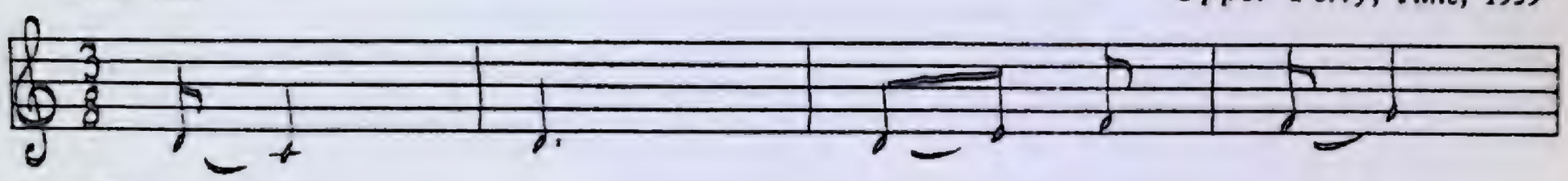
The singer started the song on the second line of the melody. The same words were used for the first line to make the first verse complete.

Milling Song

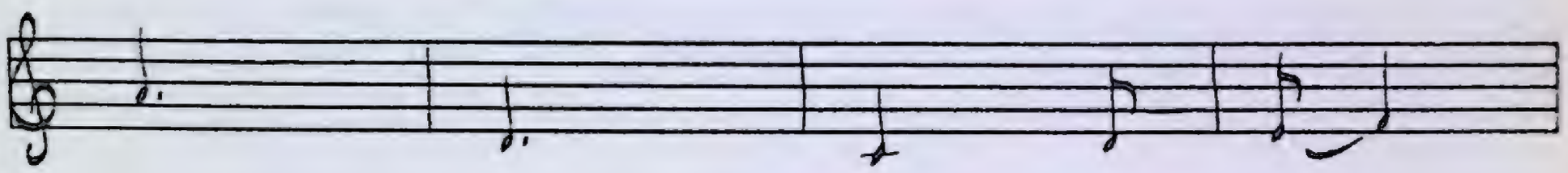
(*Gaelic*)

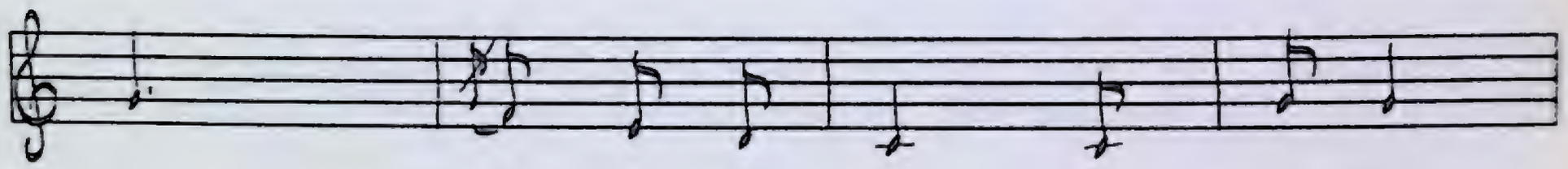
PEA 128 No. 897
Alan MacArthur
Upper Ferry, June, 1959

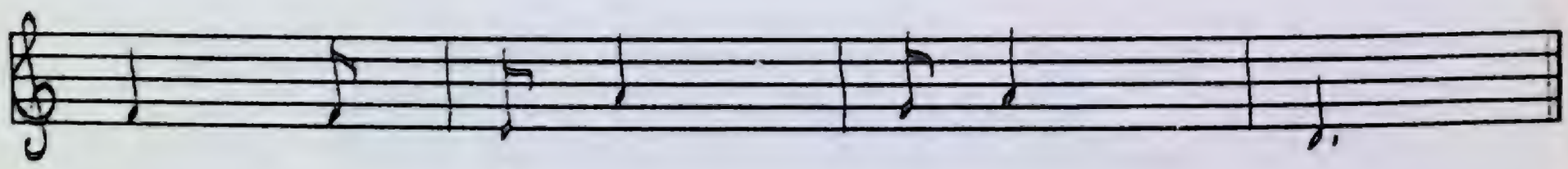
Very fast



CHORUS:







This is a rather rare example of a song used to accompany the rolling or folding of the cloth after the actual milling process is finished. It is sung much faster than the regular milling song. Unfortunately, I was unable to get the text for this song.

Le nid de fauvettes

FLA 118 No. 944
Cornelius Nobin
Cape St. George, juillet 1959

Assez vif

Je tiens ce nid de fau- vet-tes De deux ou trois, qua-tre pe-
tits, De - puis si long-temps que je vous guet - te, Te-
nez, pe- tits oi-seaux, vous voi-là pris. Ori - en, sif-flez, pe-tits re-
pre - nez-vous à ses bar-
bel - les, Dé - bat-tez-vous les ai-les, c'est en vain, Vous
ba - res Pour vous ar- ra-cher ses en - fants, Non,
n'a - vez pas en - co- re d'ai-les Pour vous ar- ra-cher de nos
non, non, non, car rien vous sé-pa -re, Ie - nez vos p'tits en-fants, j'vous les
mains. Oui, je vois, oui, c'est leur pè - re, qui
rends. Ap - pre - nez-les vers ce be - ce - ge ils
lar - gue des cris dou-lou -reux, Oui, je vois, oui, c'est leur
vol - ti-ger au - près de vous, L'en-fée pro-chaine, dis-moi nous les
mè - re, Qui vient vol- ti-ger au-près d'eux. Non,
chê- ne, Ils com - pe- ser-ont leu-ne sien.

Je tiens ce nid de fauvettes
De deux ou trois, quatre petits,
Depuis si longtemps que je vous guette,
Tenez, p'tits oiseaux, vous voilà pris.

Criez, sifflez, petits rebelles,
Débattez-vous les ailes, c'est en vain,
Vous n'avez pas encore d'ailes
Pour vous arracher de mes mains.

Oui, je vois, oui, c'est leur père
Qui largue des cris douloureux,
Oui, je vois, oui, c'est leur mère
Qui vient voltiger auprès d'eux.

Mais prenez-vous à ces barbares
Pour vous arracher vos enfants.
Non, non, non, non, car rien vous sépare,
Tenez, vos p'tits enfants, j' vous les rends,

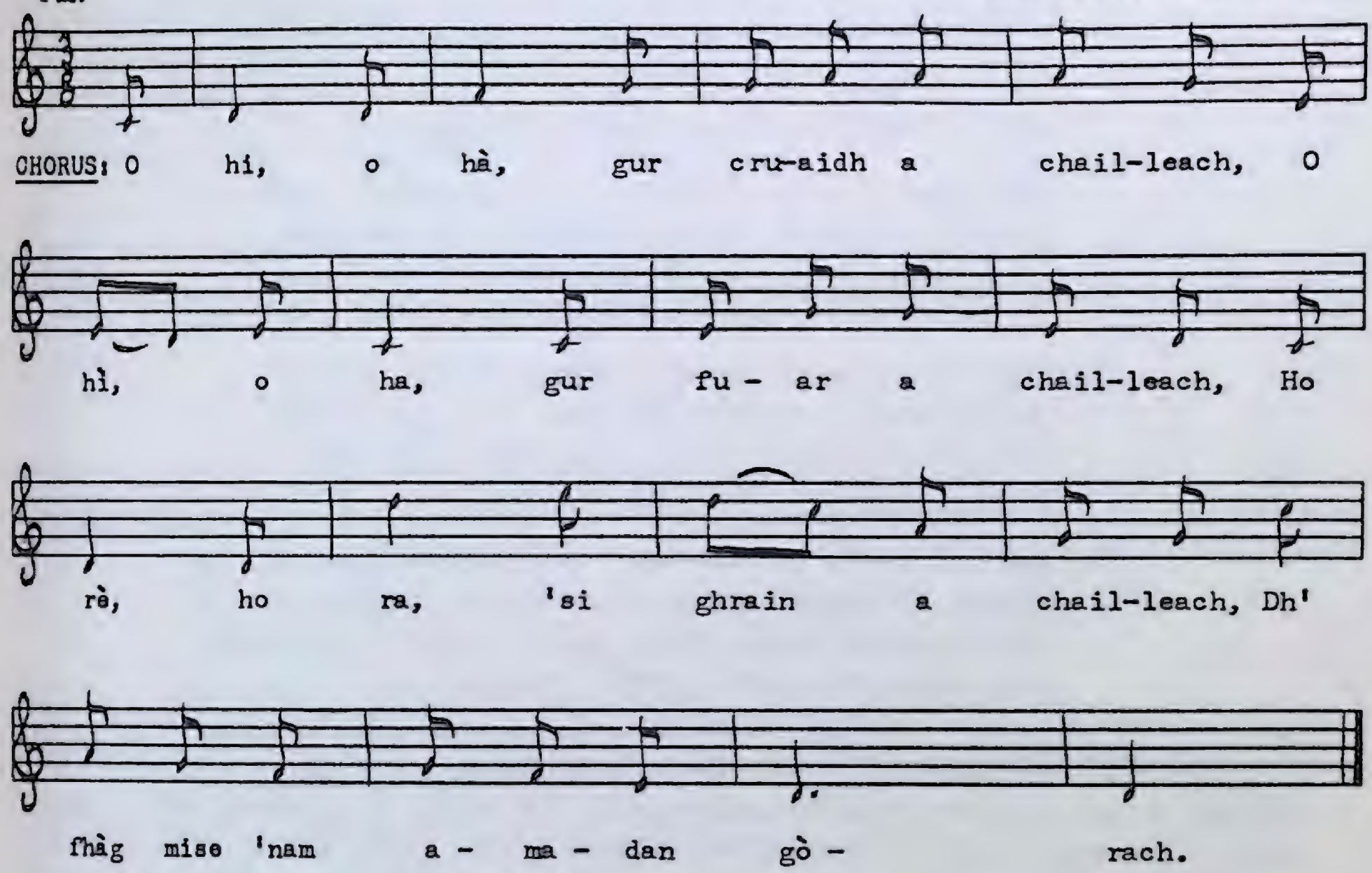
Apprenez-les, vers ce bocage,
De voltiger auprès de vous,
L'année prochaine, dormir sous un chêne,
I' composeront jeune chanson.

Oran Na Caillich

Composed by Allan McDougall (Ailean Dall) 1750-1829,
Glencoe, County of Argyle

PEA 128 No. 896
Alan MacArthur
Upper Ferry, June, 1959

Fast



1. Ma theid mi gu feill, gu feisd, no banais,
   Bi'dh ise làn eud, 's i fein aig baìle
   'S ma bheir mi le sùgradh suil air caileig,
   Gur diumb a's fàlachd sid dhomhsa.

   O hi, o hà, gur cruaidh a chailleach,
   O hì, o ha, gur fuar a chailleach,
   Ho rè, ho ra, 's i ghrain a chailleach,
   Dh'fhàg mise 'nam amadan gòrach.

2. Ma ni mi'n taigh-òsda stòp a cheannach,
   No suidhe air bòrd 's gun òl mi drama,
   Theid faileadh 'na sròin 's a dorn an tarruinn,
   'S bi'dh muinntir a bhaile ri mòd oirnn.

3. Mar ceannaich mi ti cha'n fhiach mi m' fharaid
   A leigheas a cinn, 's tinn a gearan;
   Cha dean i rium sith, ach stri a's carraid,
   'S ri càran teallaich an comhnuidh.

4. Bhithinn gu-h-éibhinn, eatrom, aighearach,
   Aigionnach, gleusda, a' leum 's an Earrachd,
   Na 'n deanadh an t-eug bho cheil' ar sgaradh,
   'S gu 'n càrainn am falach fo 'n fhòd i.

5. Cha'n airgead, cha'n òr, cha stòr, cha thrusgan,
'Chuir mise air a tòir ri moran cùirteis—
Ach dalladh fosgleò le seòrsa buidsiachd—
'S ann agamsa tha 'n t-uirsgeul air Seònaid.

6. Nuair thig mi bho 'n chrann an àm an earraich,
Le fuachd air mo chall, 's mi 'n geall mo gharadh,
Cha 'n fhaod mi na taing dol teann air an teallach,
Mu'm buail i gu h-ealamh le bròig mi.

7. Cha dian i dhom feum, 's cha ghreidh i aran,
Cha 'n àraich i feudail, spreidh, no leanamh,
A' laidhe 'sa g eirdh 'g eigheach 's a' gearan,
'S gu 'n reicinn gu deimhinn air ghròt i.

8. Tha cnaimhean cho cruaidh ri cuaille daraich,
A craiceann, 'sa tuar cho fuar ris a ghaillionn;
Cha dean baraile guail aon uair a garadh,
Gun dusan sac gearrain de mhoine.

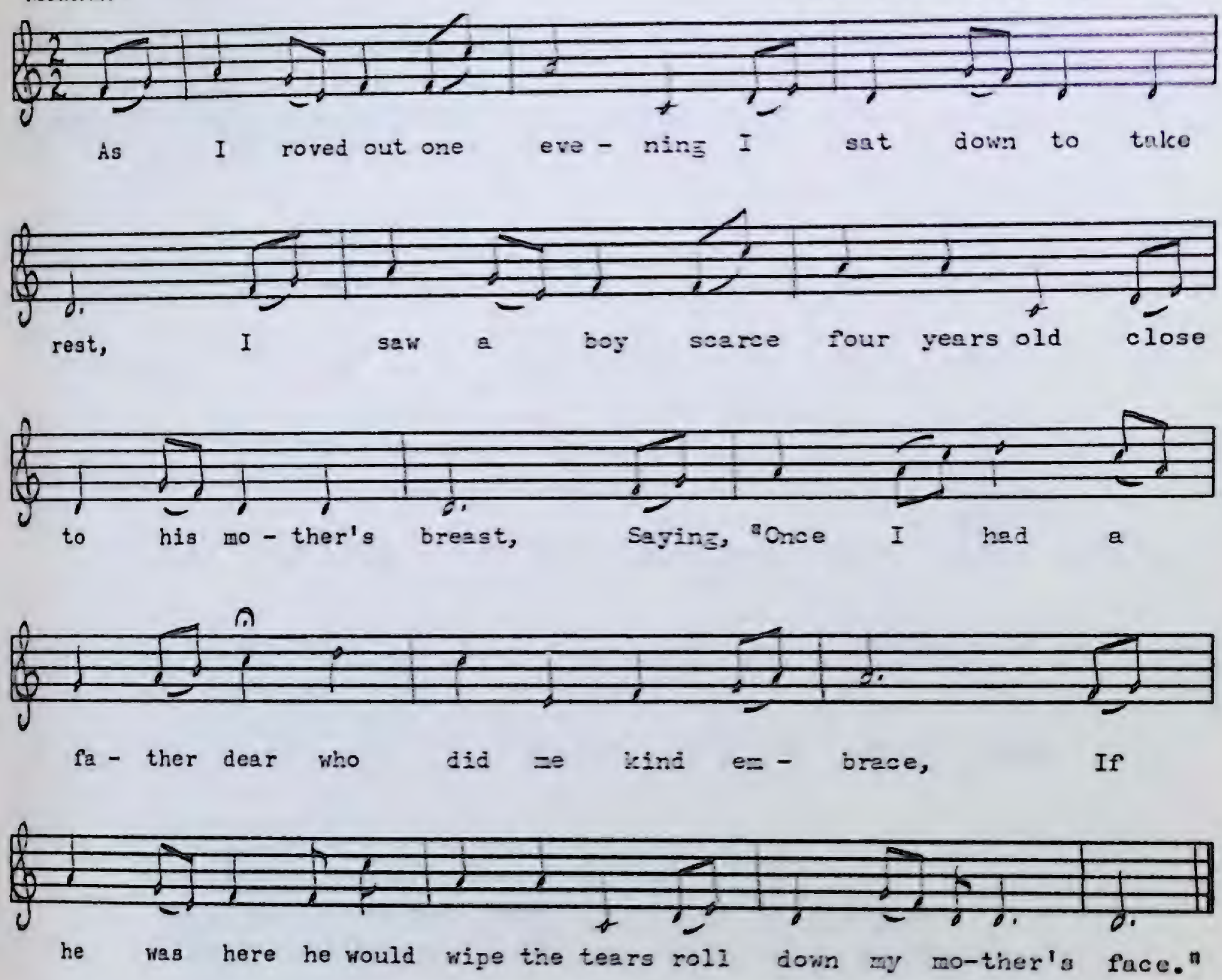
9. Gun fhiacaill 'na ceann, 's car cam'na peirceal,
Nuair thogadh i greann an àm an fheasgair
Gu'n teiche' gach clann, gach crann, 's seisreach,
Aig miad an eagail romh 'gròigeis!

All the examples of Gaelic music included in this collection are called milling songs and are used to accompany the work of shrinking wool homespun. The wet cloth is alternately kneaded and pounded on a large table by several people either seated or standing. A leader sings the verses, and everyone comes in on the chorus. The rhythmic pulse is very pronounced and steady.

The Ship That Never Came

PEA 109 No. 816
Mrs. Charlotte Decker
Parson's Pond, August, 1958

Moderate



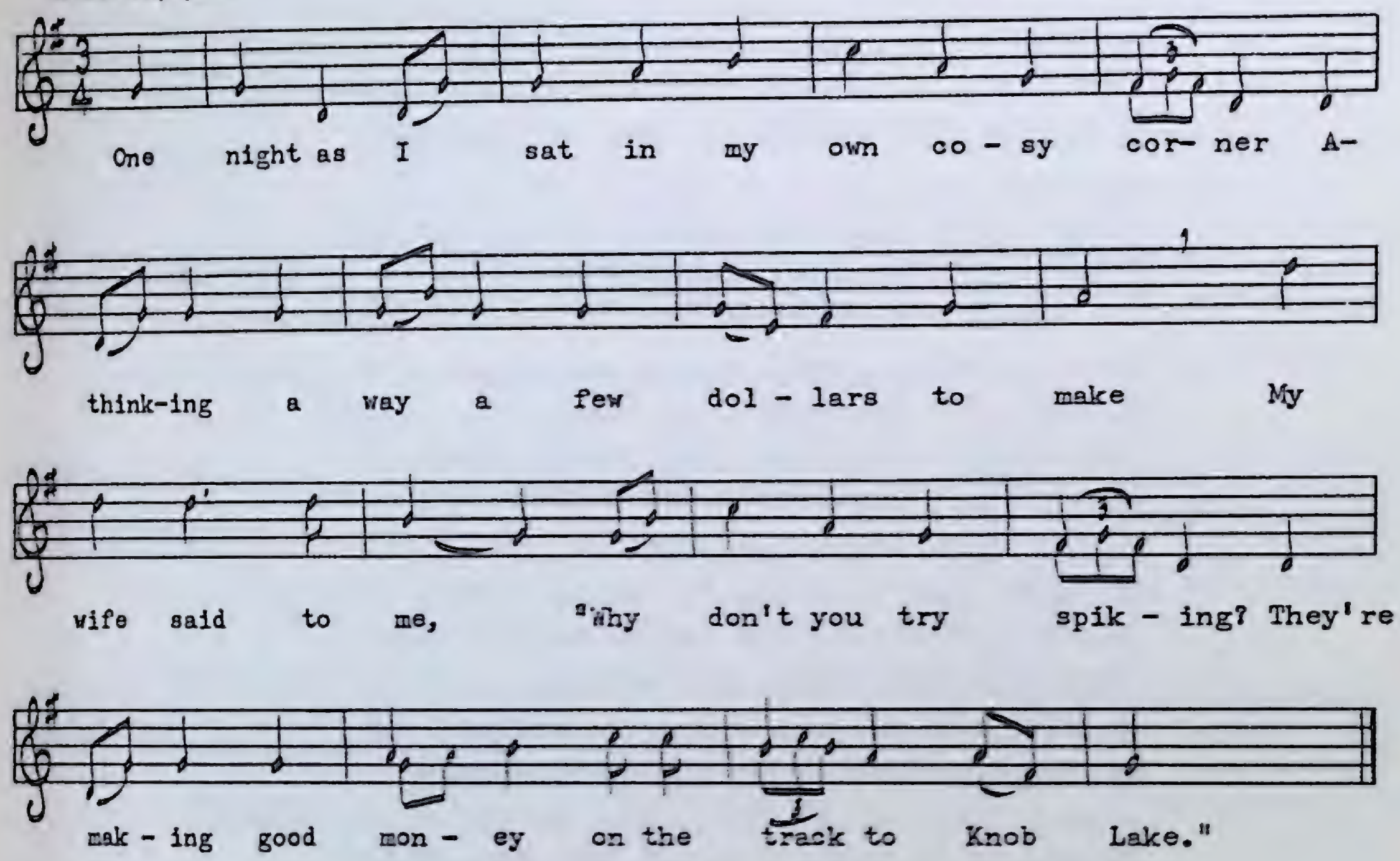
1. As I roved out one evening I sat down to take rest,
   I saw a boy scarce four years old close to his mother's breast,
   Saying, "Once I had a father dear who did me kind embrace,
   If he was here he would wipe the tears roll down my mother's face.
2. "Oh mother, oh mother come tell to me, oh mother come tell me why,
   Why don't my father's ship come home, why do you sob and cry?
   All other ships are coming home leaving the white waves foam,
   But my father's ship is not come yet, what makes her tarry long?"
3. "Your father's ship, my darling child, his face you never shall see,
   For the hurricane of the ocean sweeps his body in the sea;
   The fish that's in the water swims over young father's breast,
   And his body lies in motion, and I hope his soul's at rest."
4. "Right well I do remember when he took me on his knee,
   Saying: 'Here's a bird and fruit I've brought from deep o'er India's sea,'
   Right well I do remember when he wove his hat in hand,
   These words he spoke: 'God bless you both,' as he sailed from the land."

5. "The ocean is wide and fathoms deep, as the earth is from the sky,
There's a heaven above, my darling child, there's a home for you and I;
You're the only one that's leaved to me and I press you to my side."
Where they both lay down together and the son and mother died.

This late, sentimental ballad was found previously in Newfoundland by Greenleaf and Mansfield and included in their *Ballads and Sea Songs of Newfoundland* as *The Gentle Boy*. I have not seen it in other collections.

The Track to Knob Lake

PEA 201 No. 1170
Gerald Campbell
Branch, October, 1961



1. One night as I sat in my own cosy corner
   A-thinking a way a few dollars to make
   My wife said to me, "Why don't you try spiking?
   They're making good money on the track to Knob Lake."

2. So 'twas there and then I made decision,
   And early next morning preparations to make,
   Got aboard of a taxi to go to see Williams
   For to get a free ticket to go to Knob Lake.

3. On the fifteenth of August I then signed my contract,
   I read it all over to make no mistake,
   On the fifteenth of December I will draw my bonus,
   And then I'll steer clear of the track to Knob Lake.

4. I arrived on the track one fine Thursday evening,
   And up to the commissary my blankets to take;
   The manager he hadn't any to give me,
   So that's how I found it on the track to Knob Lake.

5. Then out of your bunk quite early in the morning,
   And into the cook-house your breakfast to take,
   Then out on the track to look for a foreman
   To put you to work on the track to Knob Lake.

6. And when you'll go in and sit down to the table,
Some half-rotten eggs and some bacon you'll take,
Or maybe some pancakes covered o'er with molasses,
So that's how they feed you on the track to Knob Lake.

7. On the first of September I'll always remember,
Eighteen of our men they were sent down the line,
They threw away their tin cans, got aboard of the speeder,
And went to the office to draw out their time.

8. And now we are up to mileage one hundred,
I don't know the very next step they will take,
But I think it's three sidings I heard Danny mention
For to store up the steel for the track to Knob Lake.

9. And now comes the dinner, the pushing is started,
If you get in first you'll get enough, no mistake,
But if you are last you will pray to Almighty
To take you away from the track to Knob Lake.

10. On the last of November I'll never forget it
When he said, "All you Newfies are finished on the track;
Get aboard of the train and go see Bob Julian,
Give him your name and address if you are coming back."

11. And now to conclude I think I will finish,
But the best of it all we cannot complain;
If they gives us our bonus and the rest of our passage,
To get us on quick they will give us a plane.

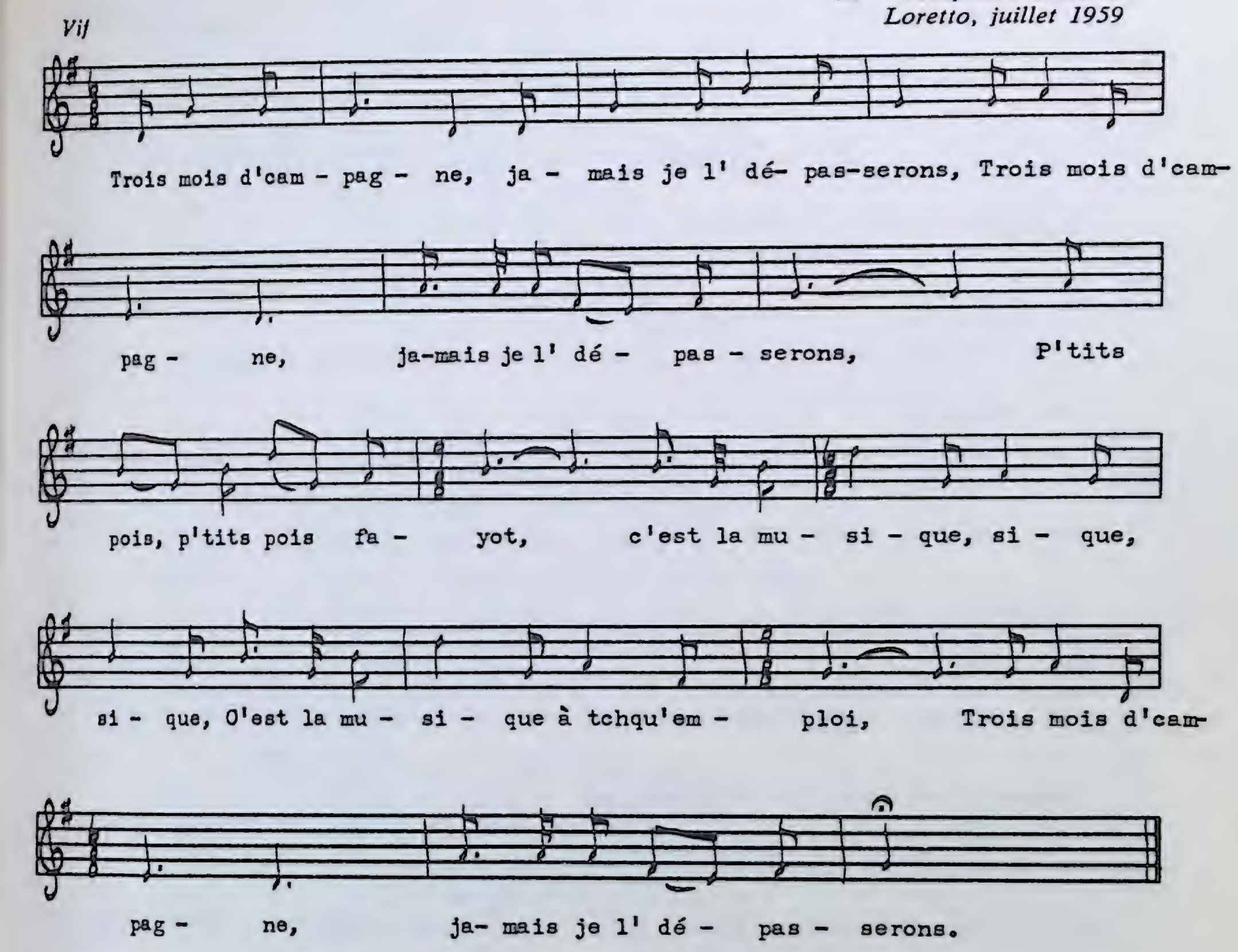
12. Now here's to the railway and all its contractors,
I pray to Almighty I'll see them again,
For it's a good recommendation the pass into Williams,
I'll get a free ticket to come back in the spring.

13. Come all ye young peddlers who weigh from the counter,
A-waiting a poor spiker's money to take,
And when you will ask they'll say "One penny taxes!"
Just think how you sweated on the track to Knob Lake.

In the early 1950's men were recruited from far and near to work on the track to Knob Lake, a railroad pushed through the wilderness of central Québec to rich deposits of iron ore. Gerald Campbell worked on the track with his buddy Albert Roche of Branch, who composed the song. Though the first verse is patterned after a native lumbering song *Twin Lakes,* it continues in its own fashion after that. In ballads of this type it is customary to complain about working and living conditions, and the composer does his best in verse 6. However, with planes flying the workers in and out I suspect that most Newfoundlanders never had it so good.

Trois mois d' campagne

PEA 141 No. 955
Mme Joséphine Costard
Loretto, juillet 1959



Trois mois d' campagne, jamais je l' dépasserons. (*bis*)

P'tits pois, p'tits pois fayot, c'est la musique, sique, sique,
C'est la musique à tchqu'emploi,

Trois mois d' campagne, jamais je l' dépasserons.

Ma femme est saoule, et moi qui m' tiens plus d'boute. (*bis*)

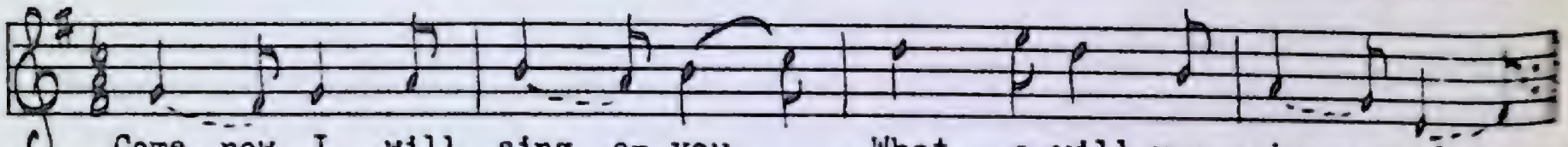
P'tits pois, p'tits pois fayot, c'est la musique, sique, sique,
C'est la musique à tchqu'emploi,

Ma femme est saoule et moi qui m' tiens plus d'boute.

The Twelve Apostles

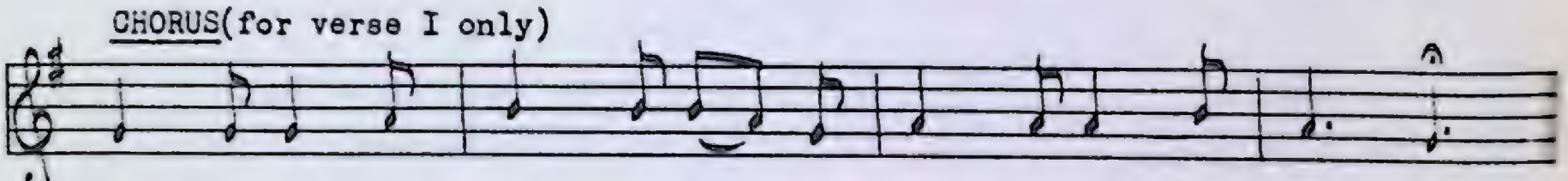
PEA 15 No. 84
Gordon Willis
St. John's, July, 1952

Fast



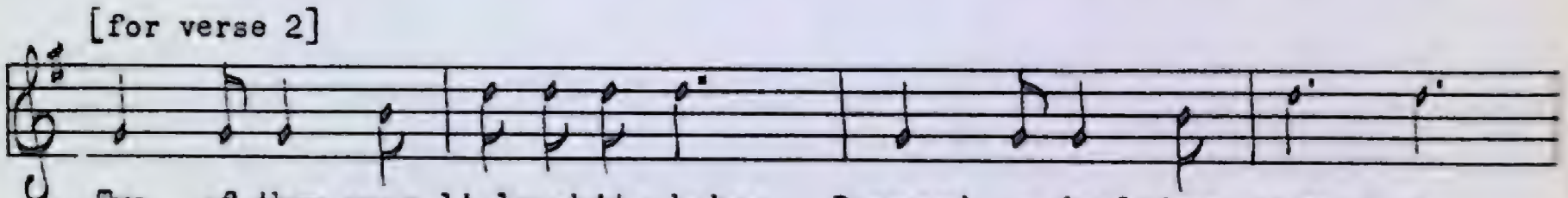
Come now I will sing a- you, What a-will you sing a- me?
Sing a-you the one - o, What a-may your one be?

CHORUS(for verse I only)



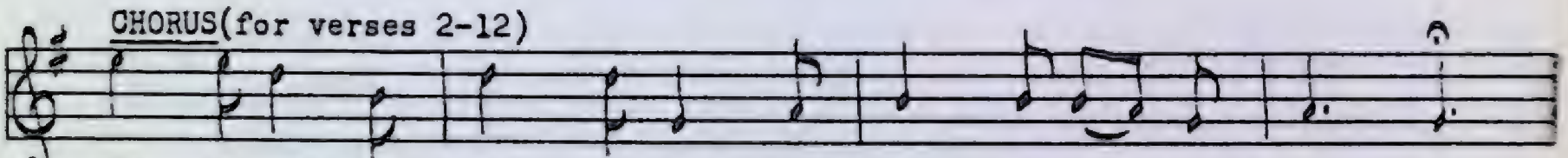
God is one and all a-lone and e - ver-more shall be so.

[for verse 2]



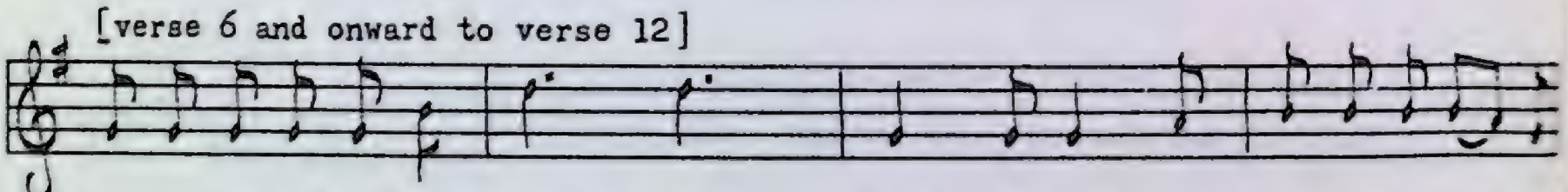
Two of them were li-ly-white babes Dressed a darl-ing green - o,

CHORUS(for verses 2-12)

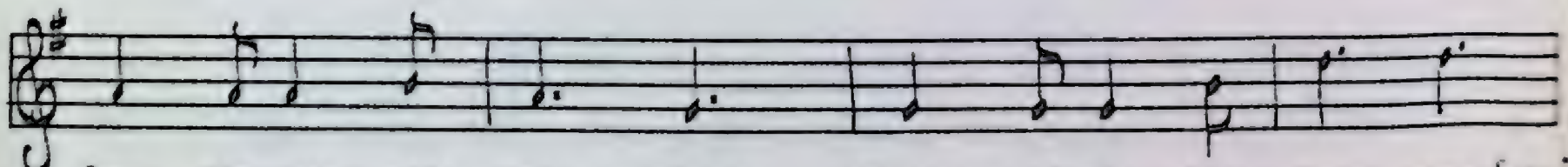


God is one and all a-lone and e - ver-more shall be so.

[verse 6 and onward to verse 12]



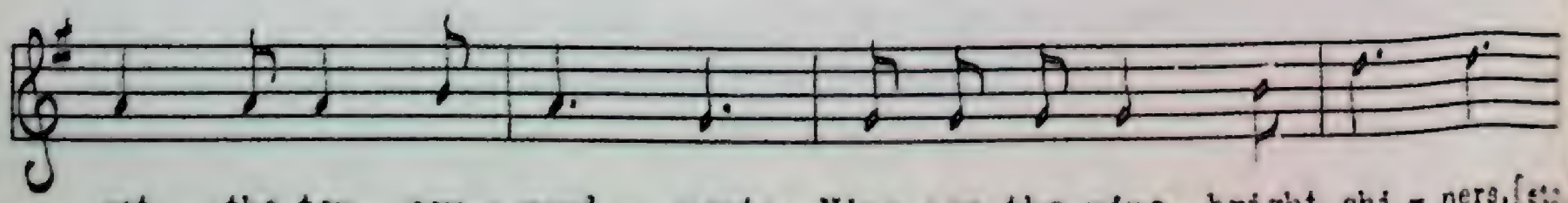
Six are the jel-ly-come wai - ters, Five the plumb-buoys o-ver the boat,



four the gos - pel prea - chers, Three of them des - troy - ers, [etc.

[verse 12]

Twelve are the twelve a - pos - tles, E-le-ven the 'le-ven went up to hea-ven



get the ten com - mand - ments, Nine are the nine bright shi - ners,[etc.

1. Come now I will sing a-you,
What a-will you sing a-me?
Sing a-you the one-o,
What a-may your one be?
God is one and all alone
And evermore shall be so.

2. Come now I will sing a-you,
What a-will you sing a-me?
Sing a-you the two-o,
What a-may your two be?
Two of them were lily-white babes
Dressed a darling green-o,
God is one and all alone
And evermore shall be so.

3. Come now I will sing a-you,
What a-will you sing a-me?
Sing a-you the three-o,
What a-may your three be?
Three of them destroyers,
Two of them were lily-white babes
Dressed a darling green-o,
God is one and all alone
And evermore shall be so.
(CONTINUE UP TO VERSE 12)

12. Come now I will sing a-you,
What a-will you sing a-me?
Sing a-you the twelve-o,
What a-may your twelve be?
Twelve are the twelve apostles,
Eleven the 'leven went up to heaven,
(to get the ten commandments)
Ten are the ten commandments,
Nine are the nine bright shiners,
Eight are the eight archangels,
Seven the bright stars in the sky,
Six are the jelly-come(?) waiters,
Five are the plumb-buoys over the boat,
And four the gospel preachers,
Three of them destroyers,
Two of them were lily-white babes
Dressed a darling green-o,

Cumulative songs with a religious content seem to be a specialty of Fogo singers (Mr. Willis is a native of Fogo). For another example see *Eleven to Heaven* by Alfred Israel Mahaney of Fogo. Although the form of repetitions changes at verse 6, each new number is carried by the two-bar triad phrase (G-B-D) on its first entry.

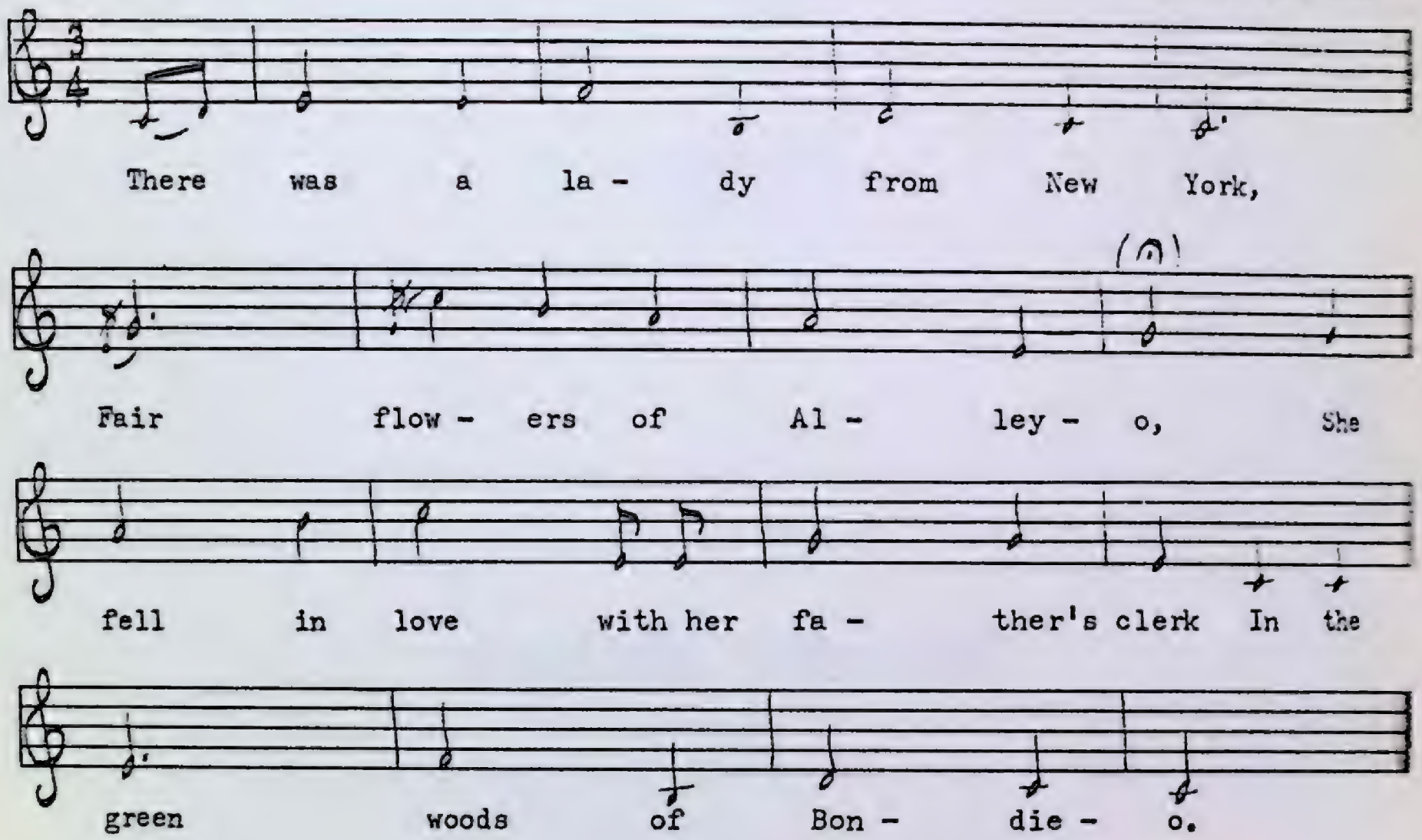
Murder Ballads

The Babes in the Greenwood

(The Cruel Mother, Child 20)

A

PEA 187 No. 1132
Jack Dalton
Codroy, July, 1960



1. There was a lady from New York,
   Fair flowers of Alley-o,
   She fell in love with her father's clerk
   In the green woods of Bondie-o.

2. She had two babes by this young man,
   But he would not wed nor take her hand.

3. Two thousand pounds in her hand was lain
   To take her babes and have them slain.

4. She took a penknife long and sharp,
   She pierced it in their tender hearts.

5. She buried them under a marble stone,
   And prayed to God it would never be known.

6. As she sat one day in her father's hall
   She saw two babes out playing the ball.

7. "Oh babes, oh babes if you were mine
   I would dress you up in silk so fine."

8. "Oh mother, oh mother when we were thine
   You did not dress us in silk so fine.

9. "You left us weep on the cold cold ground,
And feared for your life we would soon be found.

10. "You took a penknife long and sharp,
You pierced it in our tender hearts.

11. "You buried us under a marble stone,
And prayed to God it would never be known.

12. "Now heaven is high and hell is low,
Fair flowers of Alley-o,
And when you die it's to hell you will go
For murdering your babes in Bondie-o."

Although obviously of the same lineage, both tunes have been reproduced for purposes of comparison. It is a good illustration of the process of oral transmission, which in many respects is like feeding identical information through a series of differently programmed computers. Our series of human 'computers,' however, had infinitely more complex circuitry, in addition to their special equipment for emotional coloration and filtration. Viewed in this light, it's a wonder the tunes are as similar as they are! The texts are also similar, though "Alley-o" and "Bondie-o" of variant *A* become "Ealey-o" and "Onzey-o" in variant *B*. Mr. Osbone's variant also says that the mother "pressed" the pen knife in their tender hearts, a more deliberate and somehow more sinister act than the usual "pierced." The tale is known in northern European folklore and doubtless comes to us from this source.

B

PEA 171 No. 1077
Joshua Osborne
Seal Cove, White Bay, June, 1960

Moderate

There was a la - - dy from New York,

Fair flow - ers of Ea - ley - o, She

cour - ted of her fa - ther's clerk In the

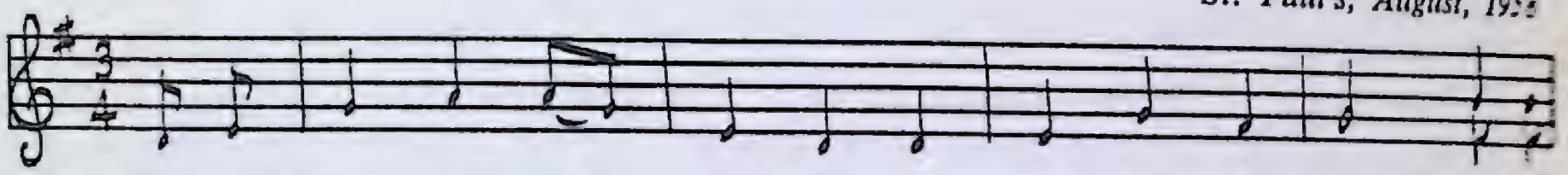
green woods of On - - - zey - o.

Bold Lamkin

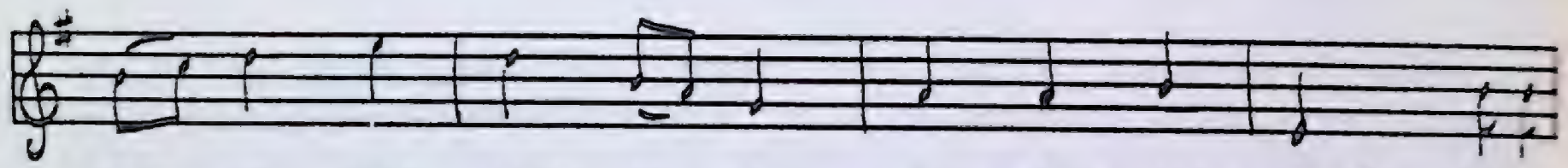
(Lamkin, Child 93)

PEA 12 No. 831
Jim Bennett
St. Paul's, August, 1958

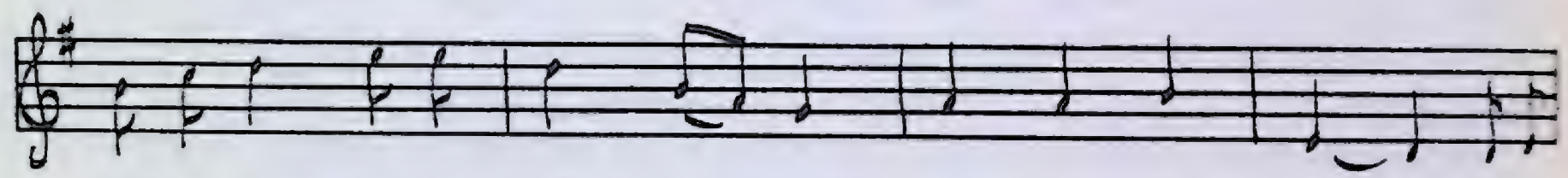
Moderate



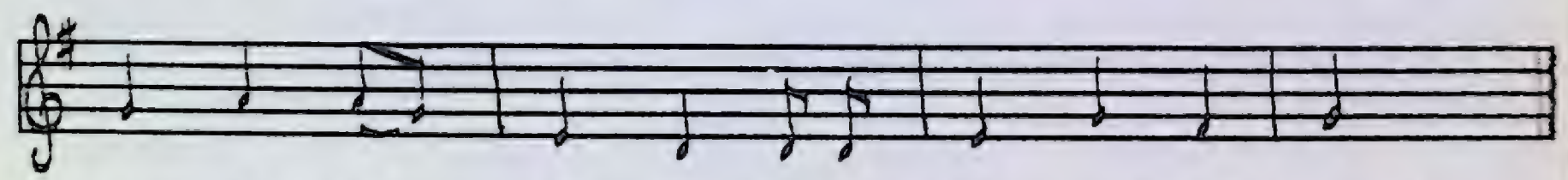
Said the lord to his la - dy when he went a - way: "Be -



ware of bold Lamb- kin a - com - ing this way." "I am



not a - fraid of bold Lamb - kin or none of his men, For my



doors they are bol - ted and my win - dows board' in. "

1. Said the lord to his lady when he went away:
   "Beware of bold Lamkin a-coming this way."
   "I am not afraid of bold Lamkin or none of his men,
   For my doors they are bolted and my windows board' [barred] in."

2. The lord hadn't been gone passing one half an hour,
   Bold Lamkin came a-knocking at the lady's hall door.
   "Oh where is your mistress?" bold Lamkin did say.
   "She is in the top tower," said the false nurse to he.

3. "How can I get at her?" bold Lamkin did say,
   "We'll pierce her son Johnny with a pen knife so keen."
   "What a pity, what a pity," bold Lamkin did say.
   "No pity, no pity," said the false nurse to he.

4. "Oh mistress, oh mistress, how can you sleep so fast
   To hear your son Johnny crying at his last?
   For I can not quiet him with breast-milk or pap;
   You may come down and take him, lie him quiet on your lap."

5. "How can I come down on a cold winter's night,
With no fire burning or no candle-light?"
"You have two white sheets as white as the snow,
Dear mistress come down by the light they do show."

6. The mistress came down not thinking no harm,
Bold Lamkin's in the corridor to seize her in his arms.
"Long time I've been waiting but I've got you at last,
Now the length of my broadsword you will feel through your breast."

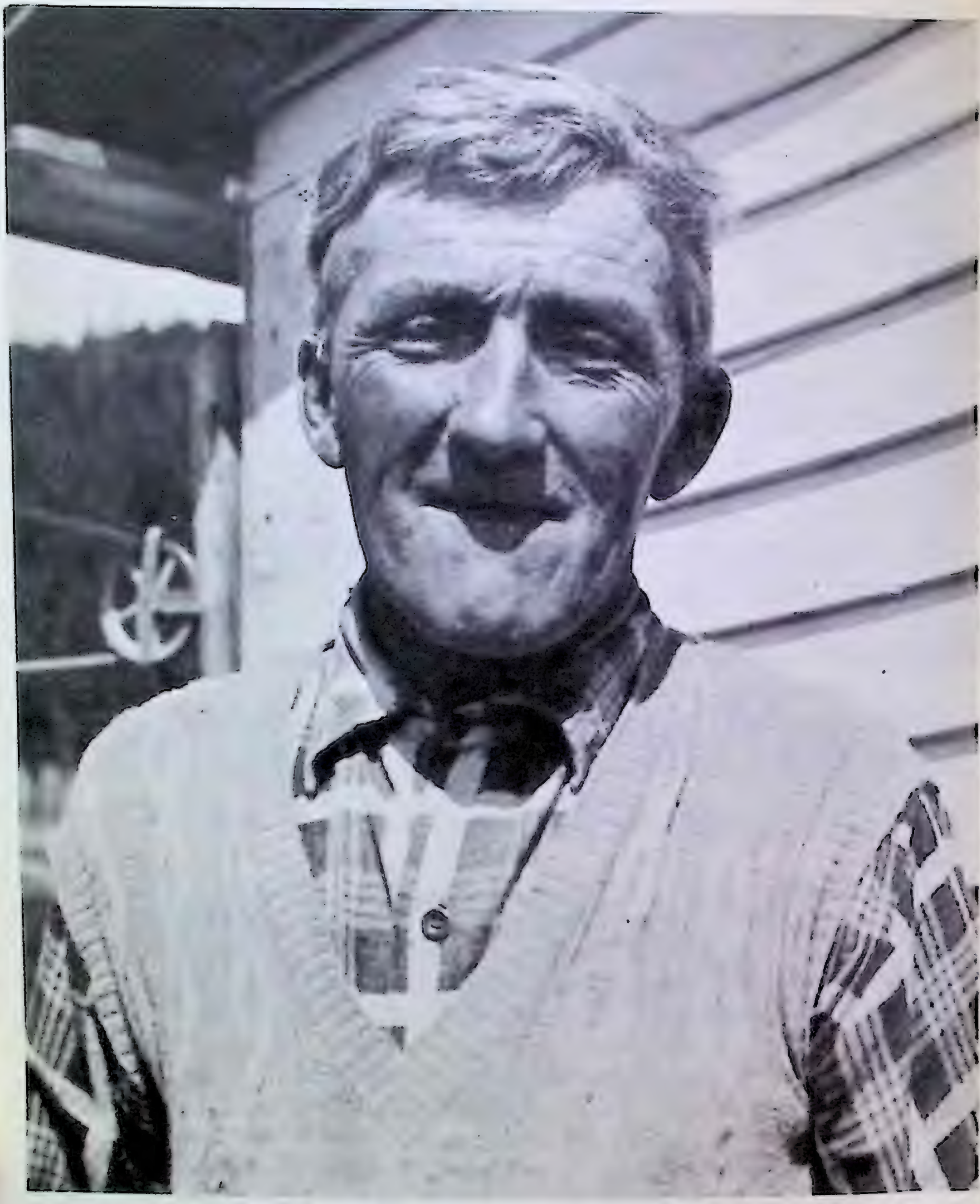
7. "Oh spare me, oh spare me, till one, two o'clock,
I'll give so much money as you'll carry on your back."
"If you give me so much as there are stones on the street,
Not a length of my broadsword through your white skin deep."

8. Oh spare me, oh spare me, for one half an hour,
I will give you my daughter Betsy, for she is a flower."
"Where is your daughter Betsy?—pray bring her unto me,
She will hold the silver basin while your heart's blood runs free."

9. "Once I had a friend but now she's my foe,
She may hold the silver basin while my heart's blood runs cold."
There is blood in the kitchen, and blood in the hall,
But the blood in the cradle is the worst blood of all.

10. .....
.....
Bold Lamkin was hung on a scaffold so high,
And the false nurse was burned in a fire close by.

Jim Bennett is one of the rare examples of a Newfoundland teenager who has kept up the tradition of learning songs from his family and friends. Perhaps it was a little easier for him because both his father, Everett, and his uncle, Freeman, are first-class traditional singers. Mrs. Kinslow in Isle aux Morts calls this ballad *Beau Lamkin*. Her tune is virtually identical to the one given here. The first part of the ballad has disappeared from oral tradition. Lamkin was a mason who built the lord's castle but apparently was not paid for his services. Vowing to have revenge, he visits the castle while the lord is away on a sea voyage and murders his wife and young son. The name Lamkin is possibly the Flemish diminutive of Lambert and was used as an abusive nickname for a Fleming, many of whom were imported to work on Scottish and English castles. Another explanation for Lamkin's seemingly irrational and cruel act of revenge—and a tempting theory it is—lies in an old folk cure for leprosy. The leper must shed the blood of an innocent victim and catch the crimson stream in a silver bowl. Verse 8 contains all the necessary ingredients for the cure.



Joshua Osborne, Seal Cove, White Bay

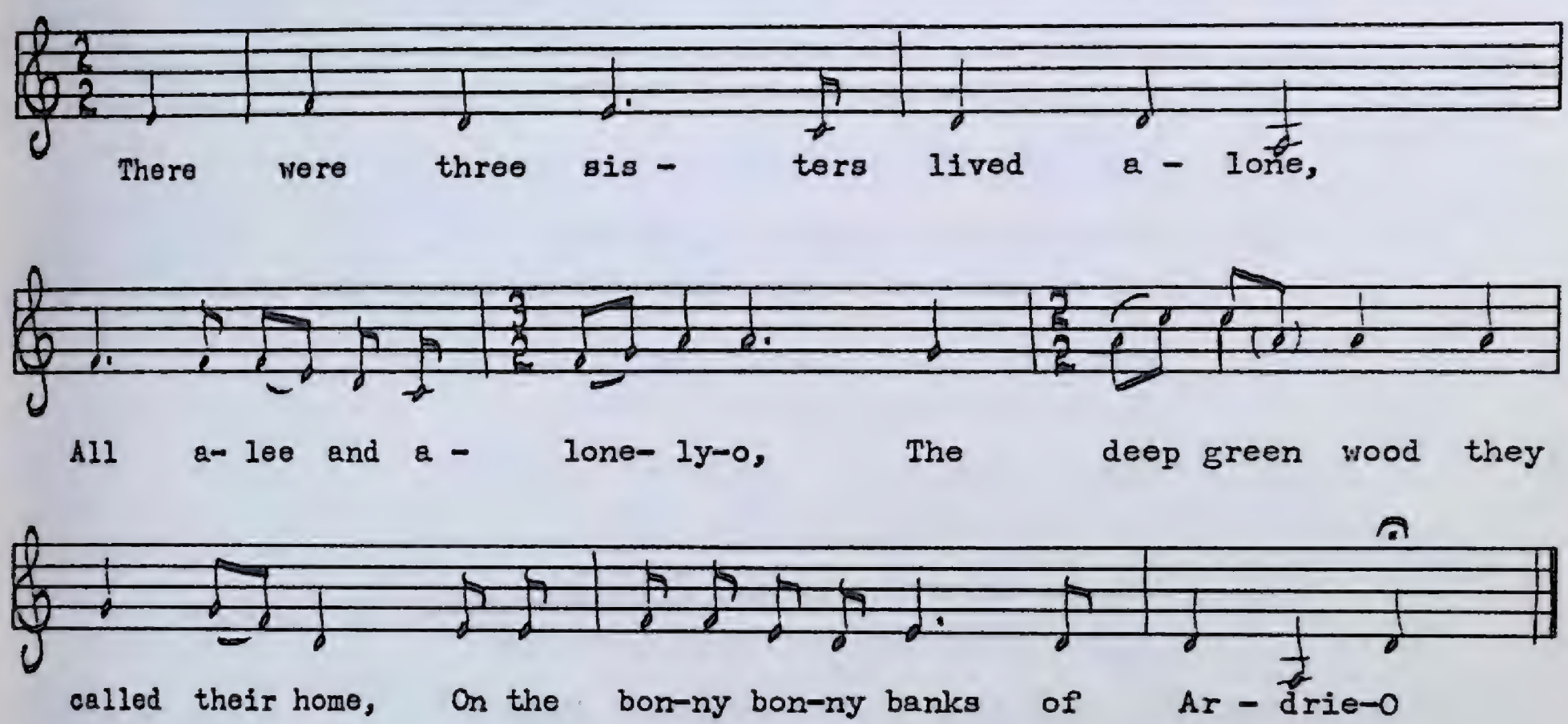
The Bonny Banks of Ardrie-O

(Babylon, or, The Bonny Banks o' Fordie, Child 14)

A

PEA 173 No. 1084
PEA 177 No. 1093

Joshua Osborne
Seal Cove, White Bay, June, 1960



1. There were three sisters lived alone,
   All a-lee and a-lonely-o,
   The deep green wood they called their home,
   On the bonny bonny banks of Ardrie-o.

2. To gather herbs they went one day,
   They met a robber on their way.

3. He took the eldest by the hand,
   He wheeled her round till he made her stand.

4. Saying, "Will you be a robber's wife,
   Or will you die by my pen-knife?"

5. "I will not be a robber's wife,
   I would rather die by your pen-knife."

6. He then took up his own pen-knife,
   'Twas there he ended her sweet life.

7. He took the second by the hand,
   He wheeled her round till he made her stand.

8. Saying, "Will you be a robber's wife,
   Or will you die by my pen-knife?"

9. "I will not be a robber's wife,
I would rather die by your pen-knife."

10. He then took up his own pen-knife,
'Twas there he ended her sweet life.

11. He took the youngest by the hand,
He wheeled her round till he made her stand.

12. Saying, "Will you be a robber's wife,
Or will you die by my pen-knife?"

13. "I will not be a robber's wife
And I will not die by your pen-knife.

14. "If my brothers were only here
You would not have killed my sisters dear."

15. "Who are your brothers, come tell to me."
"A minister one hopes to be."

16. "Who is the other, come tell to me."
"He is a robber just like thee."

17. "Oh my God, look what I have done,
I have killed my sisters all but one."

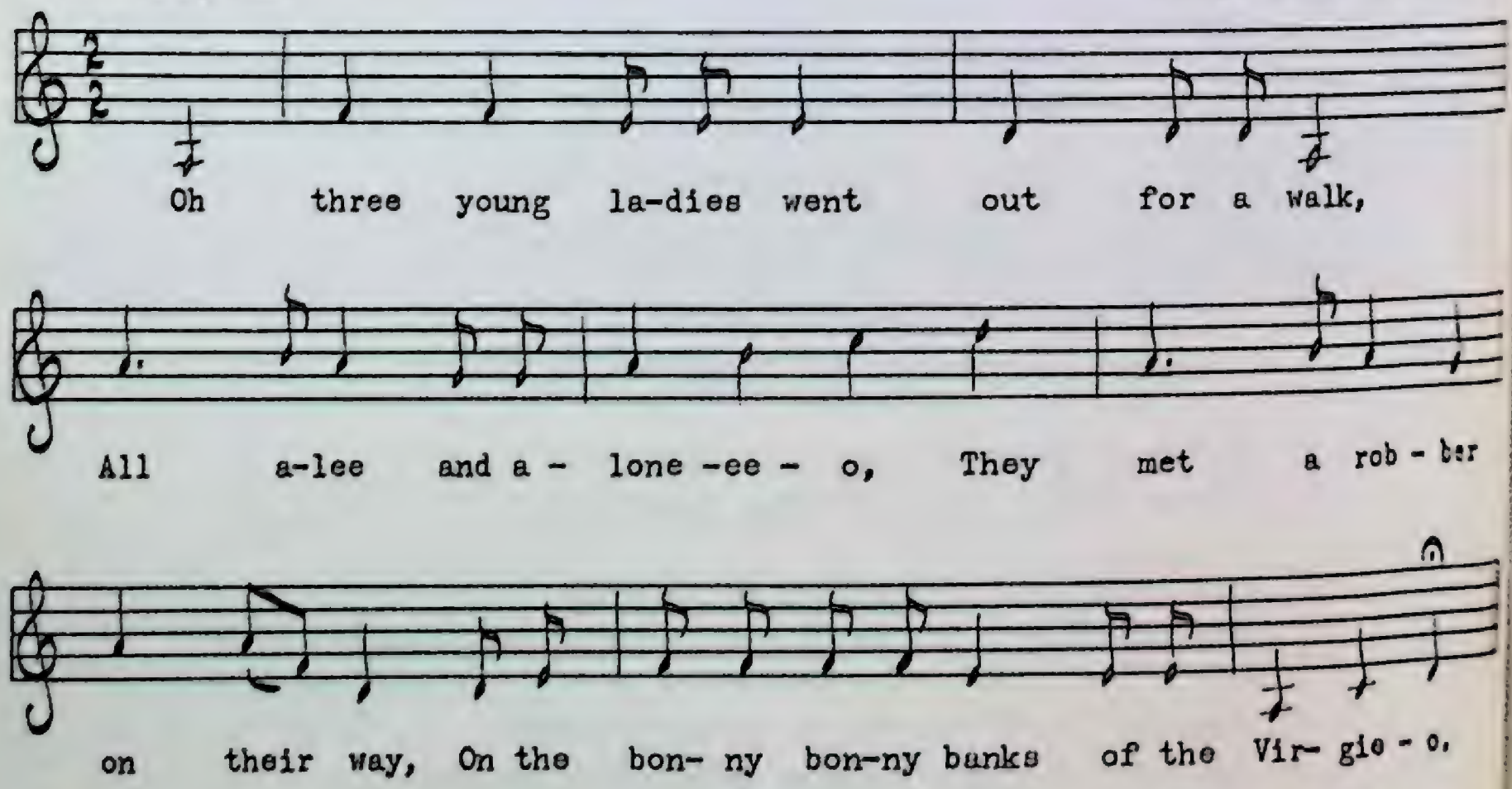
18. He then took up his own pen-knife,
'Twas there he ended his own sweet life.

B

(*The Bonny Banks of the Virgie-o*)

MS 14
Mr. and Mrs. Ken Monks
King's Cove, July, 1951

Moderately fast



The text for variant *B* is similar to the one given. However, two differences are worth noting—the robber 'whipped' the girls round, and in verse 14 the third sister says:

> *"If my brothers were here tonight*
> *You would not have killed my sisters bright."*

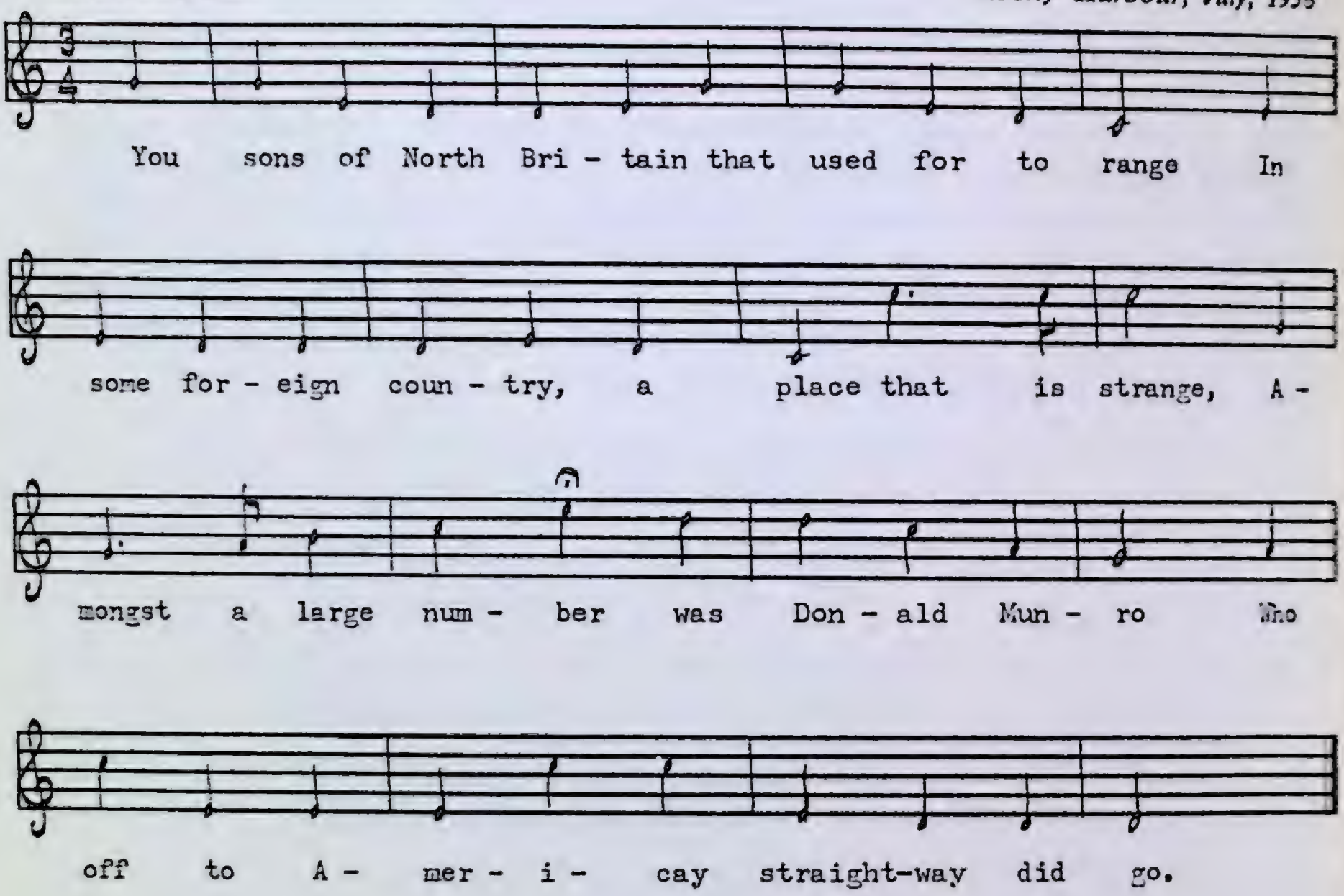
Fragments of this ballad have been found in the United States, but full credit for preserving it in its entirety must go to Newfoundland. The variants given by Professor Child mention just one brother. A Scottish variant appeared recently on a recording by Ewan McColl and his mother, Betsy Miller. The story is known in Scandinavian folklore and was probably brought to Britain in the early invasions. The historical accidents that brought it to Newfoundland and kept it in such a high state of preservation are beyond tracing at this late date. Maud Karpeles collected variant *B* from the same singers in 1930.

Donald Munro

A

PEA 71 No. 663
Mrs. Thomas Walters
Rocky Harbour, July, 1958

Moderately fast



1. You sons of North Britain that used for to range
   In some foreign country, a place that is strange,
   Amongst a large number was Donald Munro
   Who off to Americay straightway did go.
2. And leaving two children with their uncle to stay,
   Because of their passage he couldn't well pay;
   When seven long winters been over and gone
   They came to their uncle one day when alone
3. To beg his consent to cross over the main
   In hopes to find out their fond parents again.
   Their uncle he said, "Dear children you know
   You haven't no money, therefore you can't go.
4. "And the price of your passage you know will be dear,
   And so be advised and stay with me here."
   Not being contented, no comfort could find,
   For the thoughts of their parents still crowd in their minds.
5. At length they had travelled until they had found
   A regiment on foot to Americay bound;
   With humble submission those two brothers went
   Up to the fond captain to beg his consent

6. To cross o'er the country their parents to see,
On which the kind captain was pleased to agree;
And leaving the camp took a boy for their guide
To show them the place where their parents reside.

7. As they walkèd along those two brothers did say:
"If we could but find out our parents to-day
How we would surprise them to find us so near,
Although we've enlisted they have not yet heard."

8. And going up the land their own country espied,
Surrounded by rebels on every side;
There being two rebels right into the wood,
And pointing their pistols where the two brothers stood.

9. Then placing two bullets right into their breasts,
And ran to their prey like ravenish wolves
To plunder their pockets, to pull off their clothes,
Not finding them dead to give them a few blows.

10. One had not expired, he raised up his eyes
To behold these two murderers and this he did cry,
He said, "You proud monsters, you blood-thirsty hounds,
Why had you a-killed us before we had found?"

11. "We're in search of our parents and that in great care,
If they hear we're both murdered they'll die in despair;
They leaved us in Scotland seven twelve-months ago,
Perhaps you may know them, their name is Munro."

12. The father gazed on him with a look of surprise,
The old man gazed on him with tears in his eyes.
"Curse be to my arms, I have murdered my son!"
And he cursed his hard fortune for what he had done.

13. "If you are my son, then," the old man replied,
"Pray, who is that other that lies by your side?"
"It's my other brother and your youngest son,
Although we enlisted we have fell not alone."

14. "If you are my father," the young youth replied,
"Pray leave off rebellion in time and be wise;
Tell not of my mother if she do but live
If she hears we're both murdered I'm sure she will grieve."

15. He fell back in sorrow, gave way in despair,
"I've languished my body till Death's in His care."
He cursed his hard fortune on that fatal day
And kissing their bodies, their lips, cold as clay.

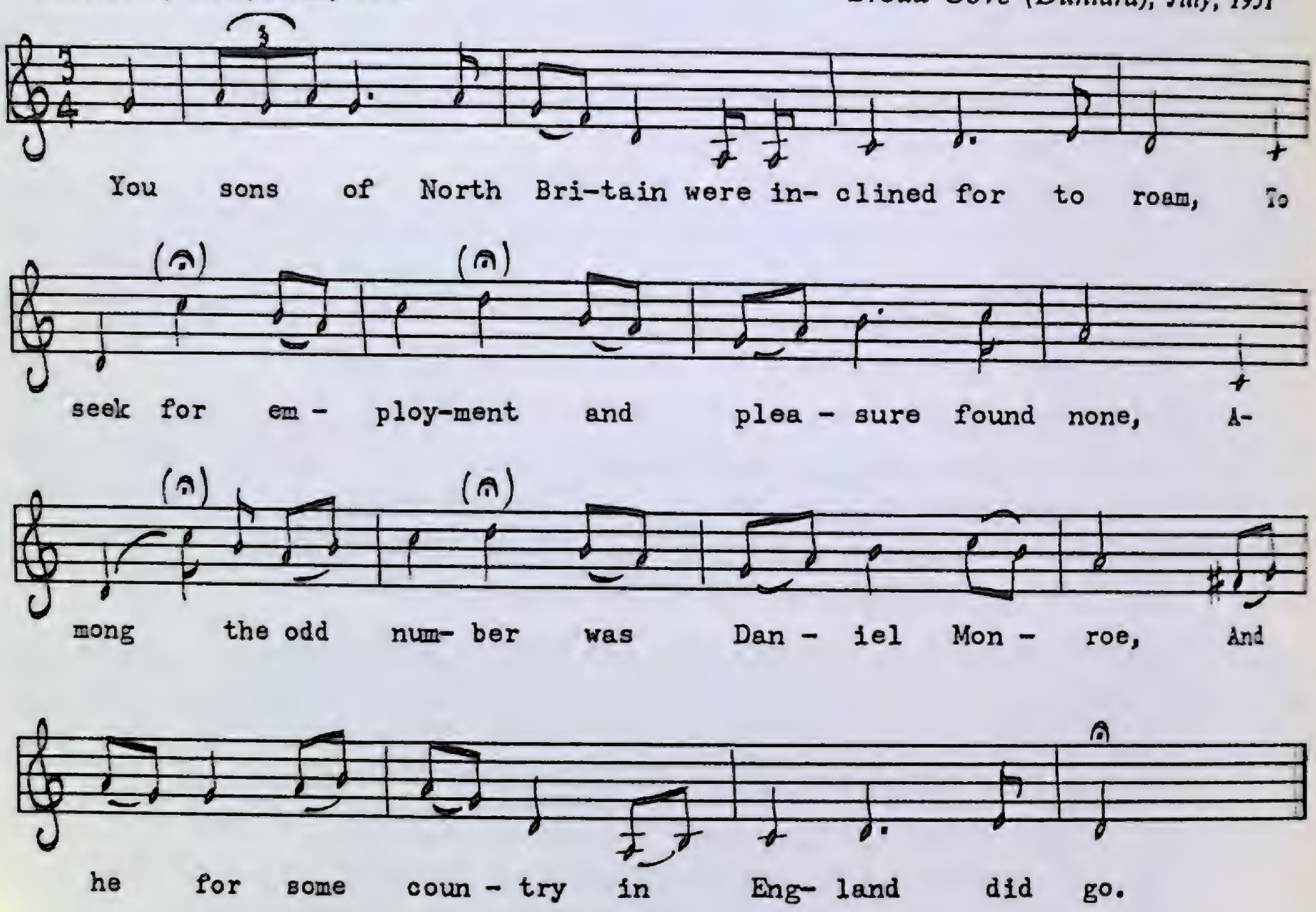
16. "If I could restore you and have you to live,
My life for your sake I would ransomly give;
But I hope that I'll meet you on some far happier shore
Where I won't be able to kill you no more."

B

(*You Sons of North Britain*)

MS 116
Austin Hardy
Broad Cove (Duntara), July, 1951

Moderately slow, steady time



1. You sons of North Britain were inclined for to roam,
   To seek for employment and pleasure found none,
   Among the odd number was Daniel Monroe,
   And he for some country in England did go.

2. He leaved his two sons with their uncle to stay,
   The price of their passage was unable to pay:
   The price of their passage you know it was dear,
   Saying, "Stay with your uncle and be of good cheer."

3. These two brave lads were discontented in mind,
   To stay with their uncle they were not inclined;
   They shipped on a ship to sail over the main,
   In hopes for to see their old father again.

4. They landed in America took a boy for their guide,
   To point out the portion where their poor father lied;
   They rambled together until they came to a grove,
   Where the tall trees and branches they appeared for to move.

5. These two high-a-way robbers were hid in the bush,
With the point of their pistol all ready to shoot,
They buried their bullets in their lily-white breasts
And ran to their murderers like ravishing beasts.

6. "You hard-hearted monster, you blood-thirsty hound,
You need not have shot us until him we have found."
"Who are you in search of, and what is his name?
Tell me his occupation and the land from where he came."

7. "We are in search of our father and it's him we love dear,
With a boy for our guide who has piloted us here;
He leaved us in Scotland seven twelve-months ago,
Perhaps you may know him, it's Daniel Monroe."

8. The old man looked on him with a sad sad surprise,
While the father gazed on them with tears in his eyes.
"I'm a curse to my country for the deed I have done,
I must curse my hard fortune, I have shot my own son."

9. "And who is that young man that's lying dead by your side?"
And who is that young man?" the father he cried.
"He's my only brother and he's your eldest son,
You're a disgrace to your country for the deed you have done.

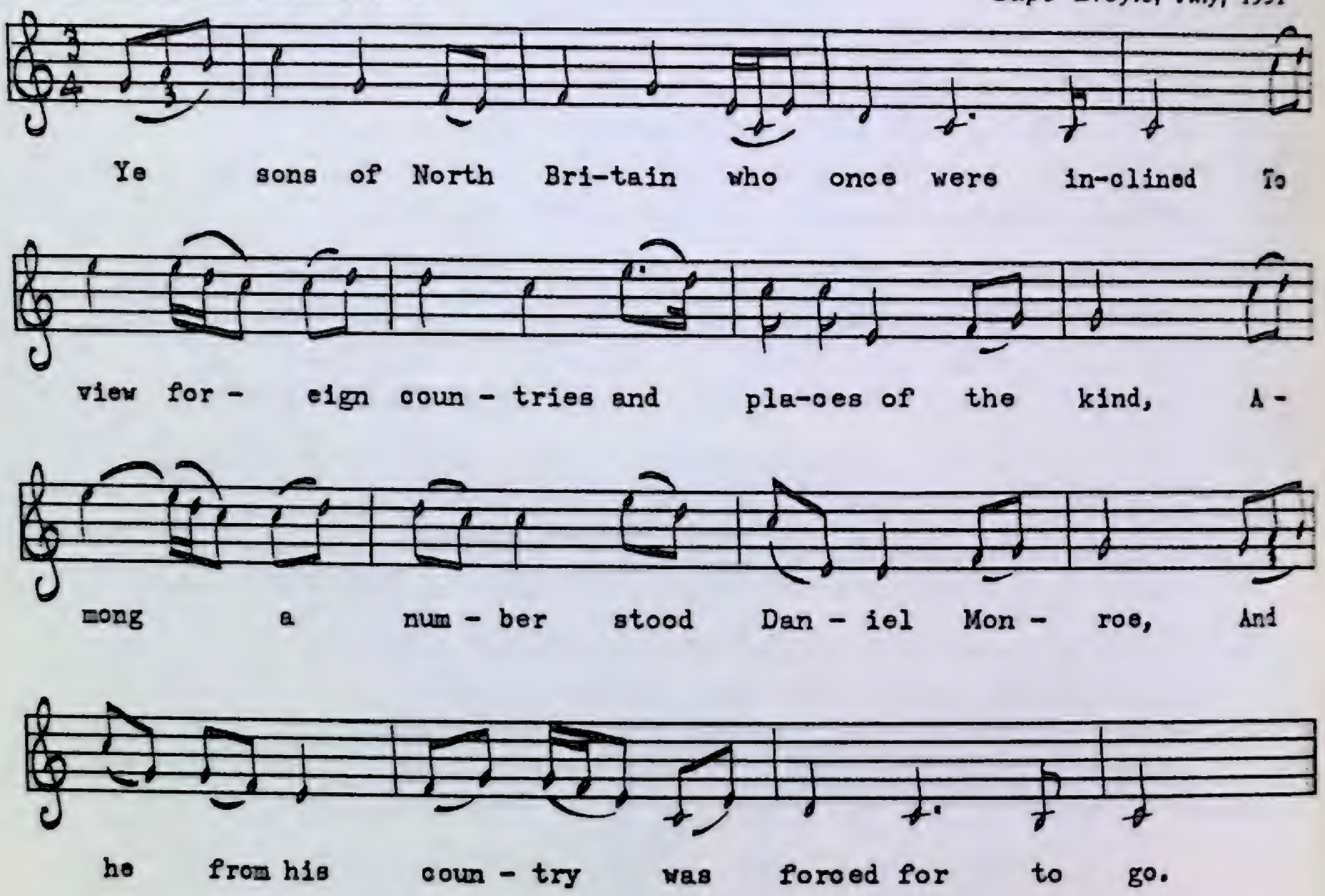
10. "Don't tell our dear mother that we do lie here;
She will sink into sorrow give away to despair;
We're in hopes for to meet her on a happier shore,
When you won't be able to shoot us no more."

C

(*Daniel Monroe*)

PEA 2 No. 11
Ned Rice
Cape Broyle, July, 1951

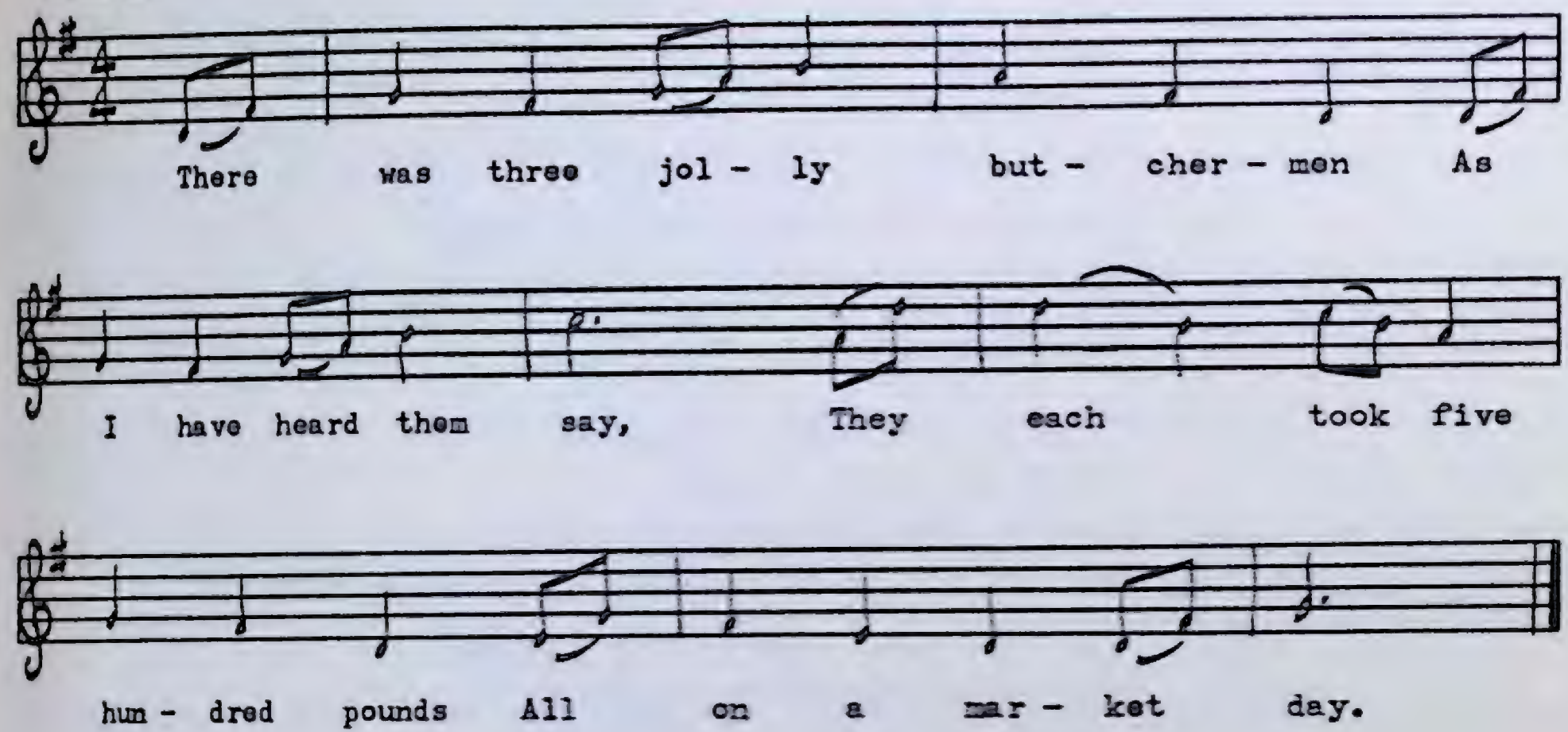
Moderately slow, steady time



An early version of this ballad appeared in *A Pedlar's Pack by Logan* who got it "from a chap-book of songs, circa 1778." Another broadside was printed by James Wright of Edinburgh. The ballad, which is well known in Newfoundland, boasts three completely different tunes. Verse 12 of *A* was taken from Ned Rice's text. In verse 1 of *B* the singer obviously meant 'America' instead of 'England,' for America is mentioned later in the song.

The Jolly Butchermen

PEA 109 No. 819
James Decker
Parson's Pond, August, 1958



1. There was three jolly butchermen
   As I have heard them say,
   They each took five hundred pounds
   All on a market day.

2. And as they was a-riding
   All fast as they could ride,
   "Oh stop, oh stop," said Johnson,
   "For I heard a woman cry."

3. "Oh I won't stop," said Wilson.
   "Or I won't stop," said Roy.
   "I'll boldly stop," said Johnson,
   "For I heard a woman cry."

4. He turned his horse around about
   To search the woods around;
   He saw a woman naked,
   And her hair came to the ground.

5. And Johnson was a valiant man,
   A man of courage bold;
   He took the coat all from his back
   To keep her from the cold.

6. He took her up behind him
   And as they rode along;
   She clasped her fingers in her mouth
   And made a dismal sound.

7. Oh up stepped three jolly knaves
With their weapons all in their hands,
Stepped boldly up to Johnson,
And bid him for to stand.

8. "Oh I won't stand," said Wilson.
"Or I won't stand," said Roy.
"I'll boldly stand," said Johnson,
"For I heard a woman cry."

9. When he had ended three of them
The woman he could not mind;
She took the knife all from his side
And runned him through behind.

10. "I fall, I fall," said Johnson,
"I fall all on the ground,
For this here treacherous woman,
She has give me my death wound."

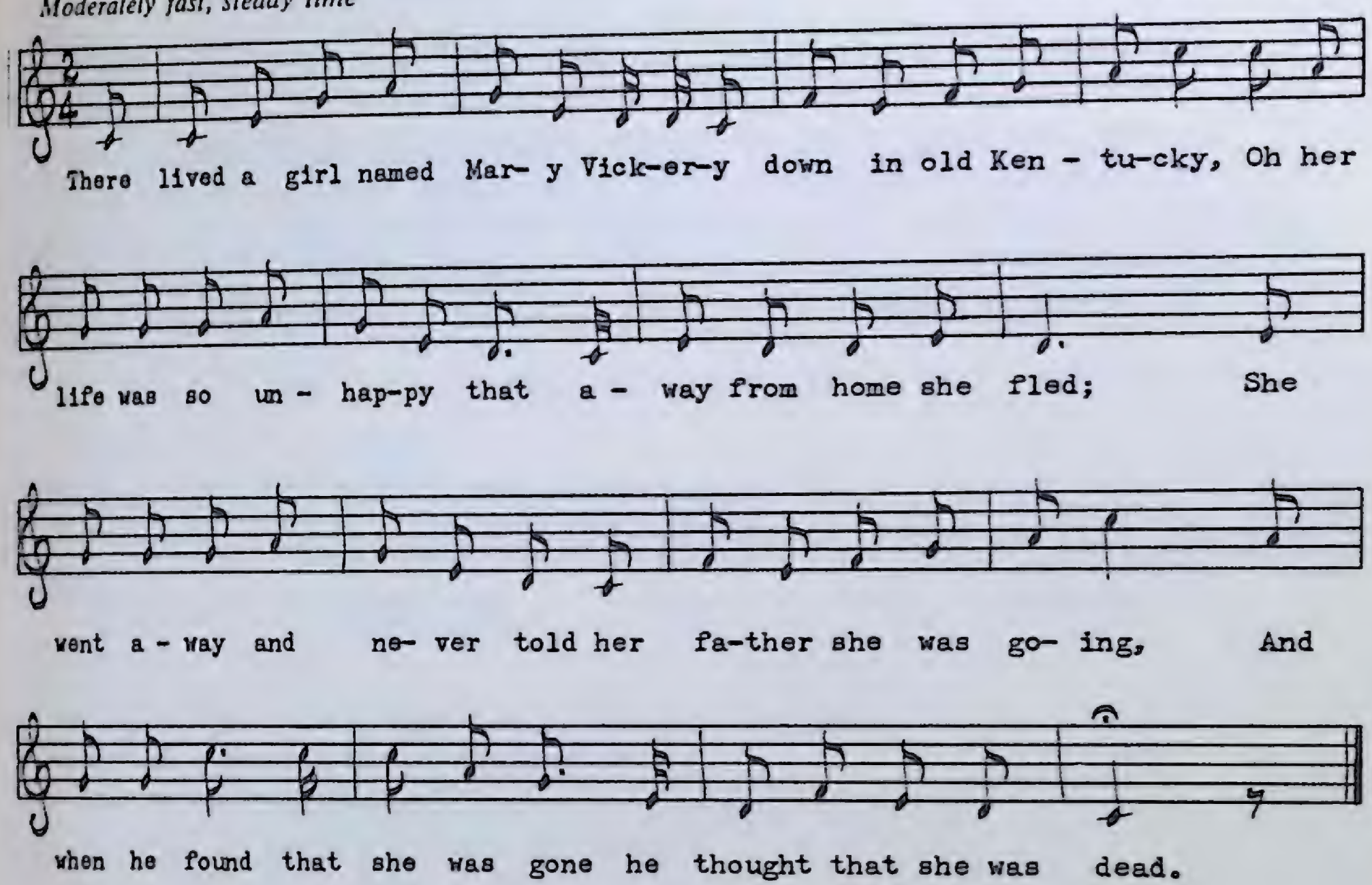
11. And this poor treacherous woman
Was bound in chains so strong,
For killing so fine a butcherman
As ever lived in our town.

Variants of this ballad have appeared in collections on both sides of the Atlantic. Sometimes there are just two butchermen or even one, but always the moral of the story seems to be the same: Gallantry does not pay. The earliest printed text is in the Roxburghe collection dated 1678, but some scholars think it is much older, possibly descended from Arthurian legend.

Mary Vickery and Connelly Donnelly

PEA 15 No. 90
Gordon Willis
St. John's, July, 1952

Moderately fast, steady time



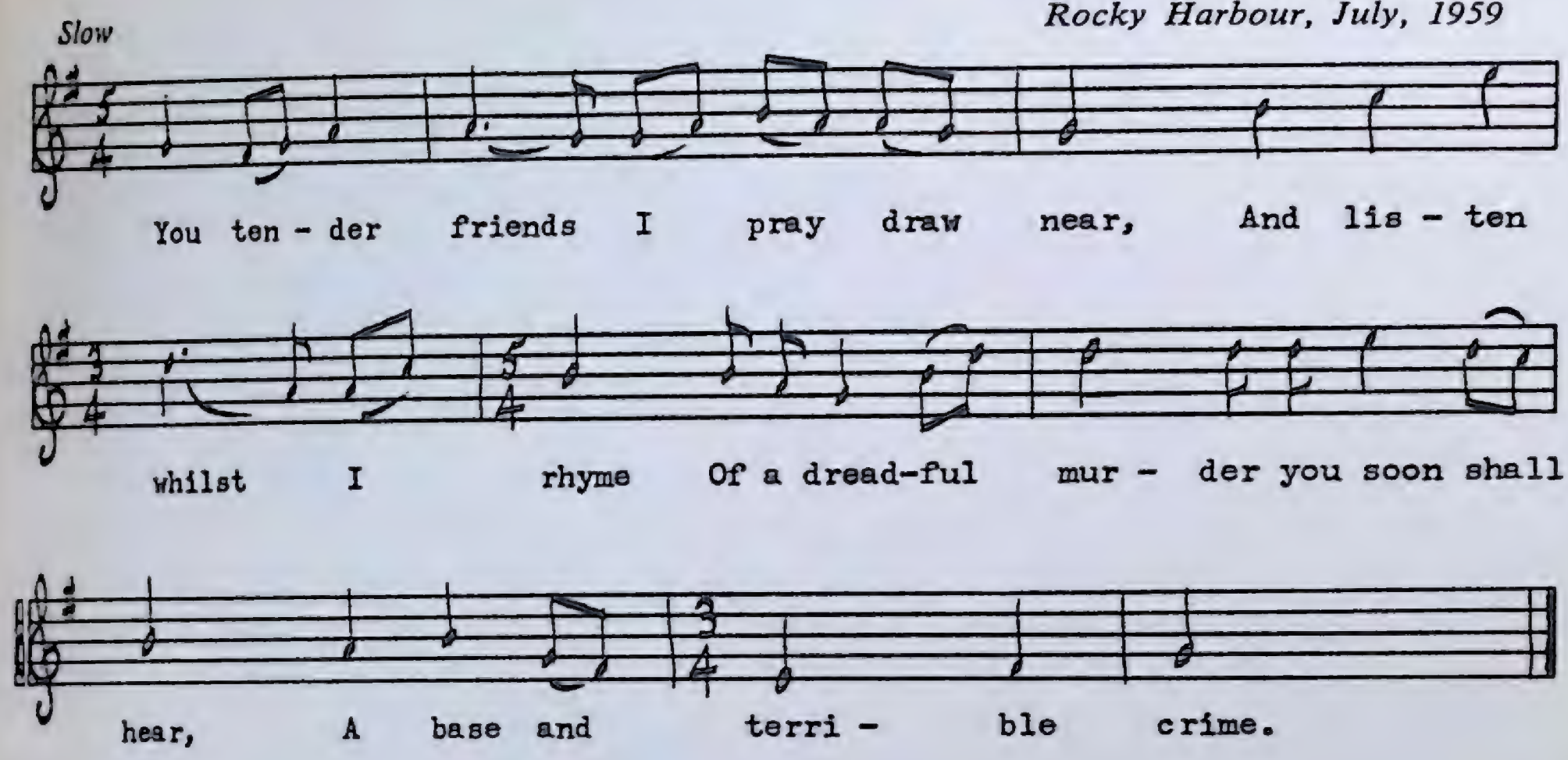
1. There lived a girl named Mary Vickery down in Old Kentucky,
   Oh her life was so unhappy that away from home she fled;
   She went away and never told her father she was going,
   And when he found that she was gone he thought that she was dead.
2. When several months had passed away they found a woman's body,
   Near Mary's home they found it in the bottom of a mine;
   They thought it was the body of the long lost Mary Vickery,
   They arrested Connelly Donnelly for that awful crime.
3. Oh the witness swore against him was a woman that was jealous,
   Because he did not love her, was devoted to his wife;
   She swore upon the Bible she saw Connelly do the killing,
   He was taken then to Frankfort jail and sentenced for his life.
4. "I swear that I am innocent," protested Connelly Donnelly,
   But just the same they sentenced him behind the prison bars;
   For a year or more he never saw his darling wife or family,
   For a year or more he never looked upon the sun or stars.
5. But God had not forsaken him for down in San Anita,
   A-little Mary Vickery had been living all the time;
   Oh when she heard that Connelly was in jail her conscience hurt her,
   She returned to prove that he was not guilty of the crime.

6. Then the governor of the state oh he pardoned Connelly Donnelly,
And sent him to his wife who all alone had been his friend;
He left the prison bars behind. "Now," says Connelly Donnelly,
"It goes to show that right shall always triumph in the end."

Although Mr. Willis assured me he did not learn this American ballad from a recording, the tune sounds suspiciously contrived and commercial. At any rate, students of native American ballads will be interested to see it in a Newfoundland collection. I have not come across it in any of the American collections. My own feeling about the ballad is that the jury should have known at the beginning that anyone with the name Connelly Donnelly could not possibly have committed such a heinous crime.

The Murder of Alfreda Pike

PEA 147 No. 976
George Decker
Rocky Harbour, July, 1959



1. You tender friends I pray draw near,
   And listen whilst I rhyme,
   Of a dreadful murder you soon shall hear,
   A base and terrible crime.

2. A charming girl, her age sixteen,
   Well-formed, in beauty groomed,
   Who suffered death, a cruel death,
   In Harbour Grace entombed.

3. She had not walked past one half-mile
   Before she was overtaken
   By a monster, one of Satan's friends,
   But still in human shape.

4. He asked of her one awful thing,
   The reason that I don't know why,
   To satisfy that awful wish
   Poor girl, she had to die.

5. He took her by the curly locks,
   He threw her to the ground,
   He cut her throat from ear to ear,
   And laid her body down.

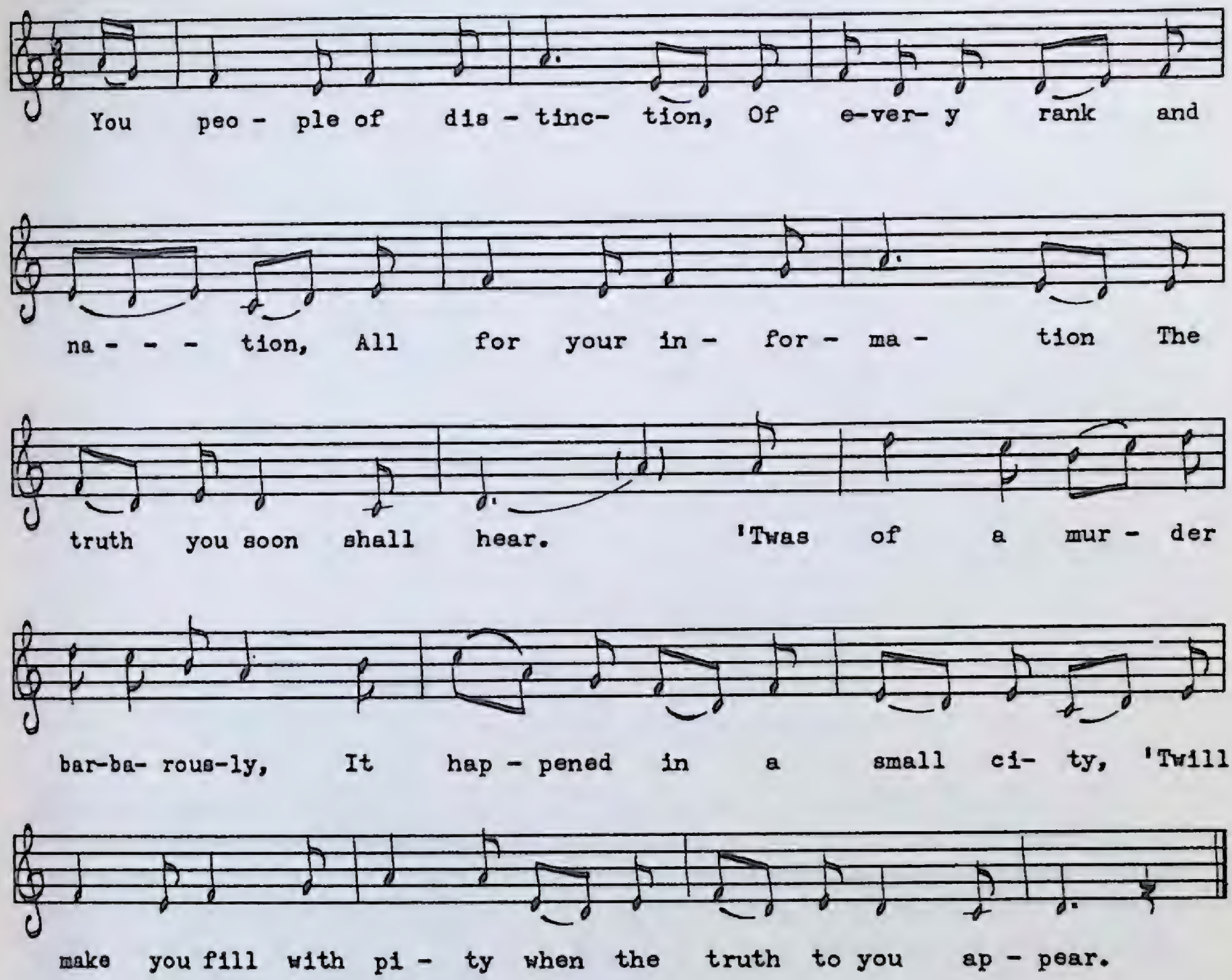
6. Oh then he stayed and waited around
   Till all her blood had flown,
   And carelessly he threw aside
   Her once sweet, lovely form.

7. But if that murderer is found
No judge or jury need,
He'll be hung up to that cruel spot
Where he done that cruel deed.

Although imported murder ballads are popular in Newfoundland, it is very unusual to find a native ballad composed about a local murder. I was pondering on this seeming contradiction when someone informed me that murder is a very rare crime in Newfoundland.

The Murder of Dennis Somers

PEA 111 No. 830
Freeman Bennett
St. Paul's, August, 1958



1. You people of distinction,
   Of every rank and nation,
   All for your information,
   The truth you soon shall hear.
   'Twas of a murder barbarously,
   It happened in a small city;
   'Twill make you fill with pity
   When the truth to you appear.

2. Oh when the news it did come in
   Sebastopol it was taken;
   St. John's was illuminated
   In all parts of the town.
   At Graves's Gate the row began,
   At ten o'clock the quarrel end,
   And in the middle of the ring
   This youth he did appear.

3. He scarce had time to raise his hand
When a knife into his fair form ran,
He scarce had time to say amen
When his life from him did part.
Oh he was murdered barbarously,
His heart was split in pieces three,
And he who shed his blood so free
Must wash his sins away.

4. Oh criminal how can you rest
With woeful murder on your breast?
No matter what you do confess
You're stained in human's gore.
Oh if your heart was hard as steel
'Tis for that family you would feel,
When the corpse of Dennis Somers
To his sister's house appeared.

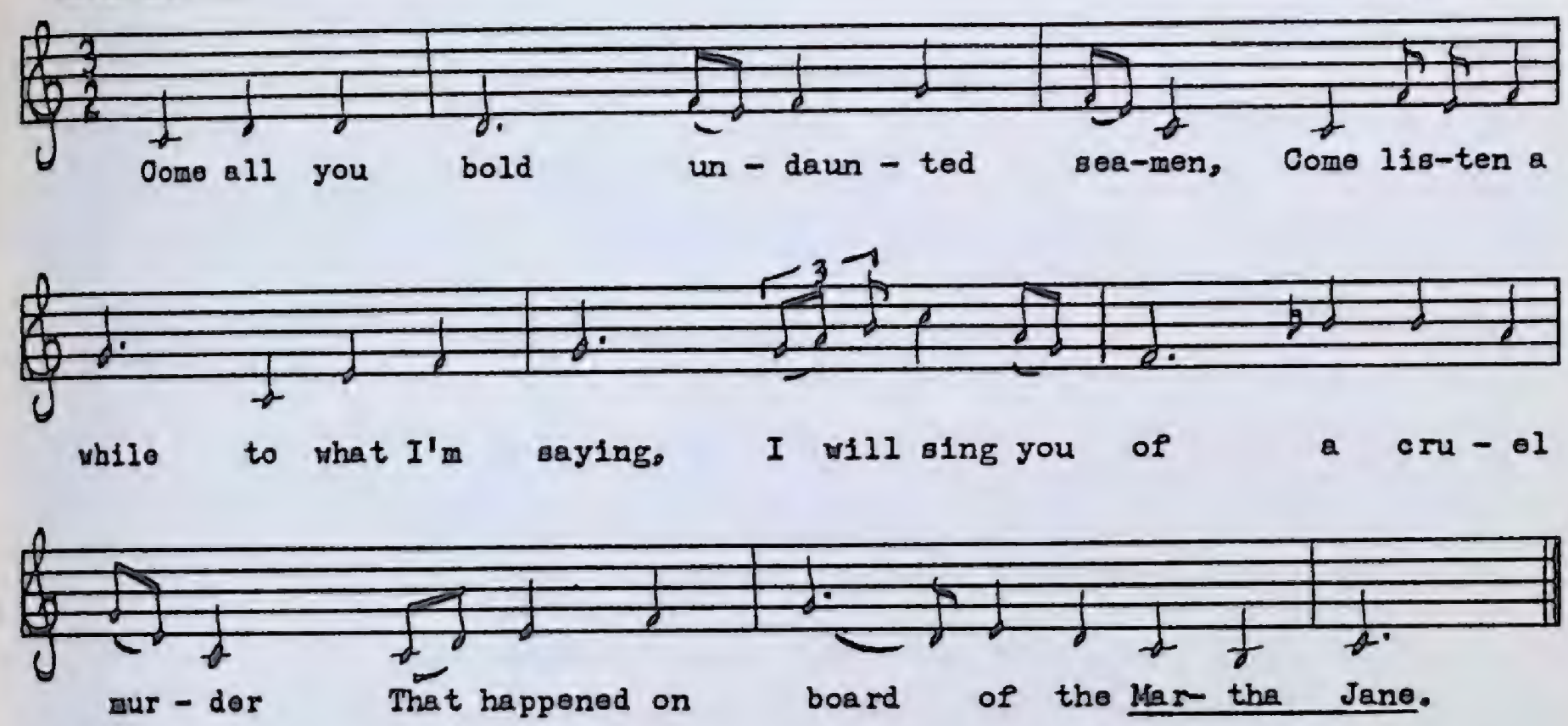
5. Oh that was nothing to the day
When he was buried in the clay,
Now weeping over him to say,
Now quickly you shall hear.
Brothers and sisters, friends likewise,
Dry up those tears from your eyes,
And weep no more for him that lies
A-mouldering in the clay.

It is usually difficult to date ballads unless, of course, the date is given in the text of the song. This native ballad, however, apparently was composed just after the celebrations in St. John's following the fall of Sebastopol in 1855. It appears to be the work of a professional 'bard' of the period who wished to impress lesser mortals with his command of the English language. Dennis Somers was supposed to have been killed accidentally when he stepped into a riotous group to stop the quarrelling. The Dorian tune is of good quality. A small fragment of the ballad without tune appeared in the Greenleaf-Mansfield collection *Ballads and Sea Songs of Newfoundland*. The relationship between the text and the melodic phrases was rather confused on the recording, and I have had to sort them out as best I could.

The Ordeal of Andrew Rose

PEA 189 No. 1136
Mrs. Mary Ann Galpin
Codroy, July, 1960

Moderately slow



1. Come all you bold undaunted seamen,
   Come listen a while to what I'm saying,
   I will sing you of a cruel murder
   That happened on board of the *Martha Jane*.

2. Oh now think on his cruel tortures,
   He had no friends for to interpose,
   Where they whipped and mangled, gagged and strangled
   That British sailor named young Andrew Rose.

3. The captain swore he would ill-use him
   Seven long days before the time,
   Then the cruel mate and the cruel captain
   They then commenced at their bloody crime.

4. 'Twas up aloft they sent that victim,
   He was naked to the burning sun,
   Then the cruel mate he flogged him after,
   He flogged him till his blood in streams did run.

5. In an empty water-cask they put him,
   Seven long days they kept him there,
   And so pitiful he begged for water,
   But our cruel captain would let none come near.

6. Then the captain and mate they made him swallow
   Things on earth I cannot name,
   And all of our crew fell sick with sorrow
   Whilst on board of the *Martha Jane*.

7. Then the captain trained his dog to bite him,
He not knowing what he would get,
And he bit and tore him, served him barbarous,
There were mouthfuls laying upon our deck.

8. And when his sores commenced to fester,
His legs and back and his sides likewise,
Then poor old Rose he could live no longer,
He lay down on the fore-hatch and died.

9. Oh now think on his cruel tortures,
He had no friends to interpose,
Where they whipped and they mangled, gagged and strangled
That British sailor named Andrew Rose.

10. Now for six long weeks we sailed the ocean,
Then our ship in Liverpool arrived,
But as soon as the justice came for to know it
He said, "Captain Rogers now you must die."

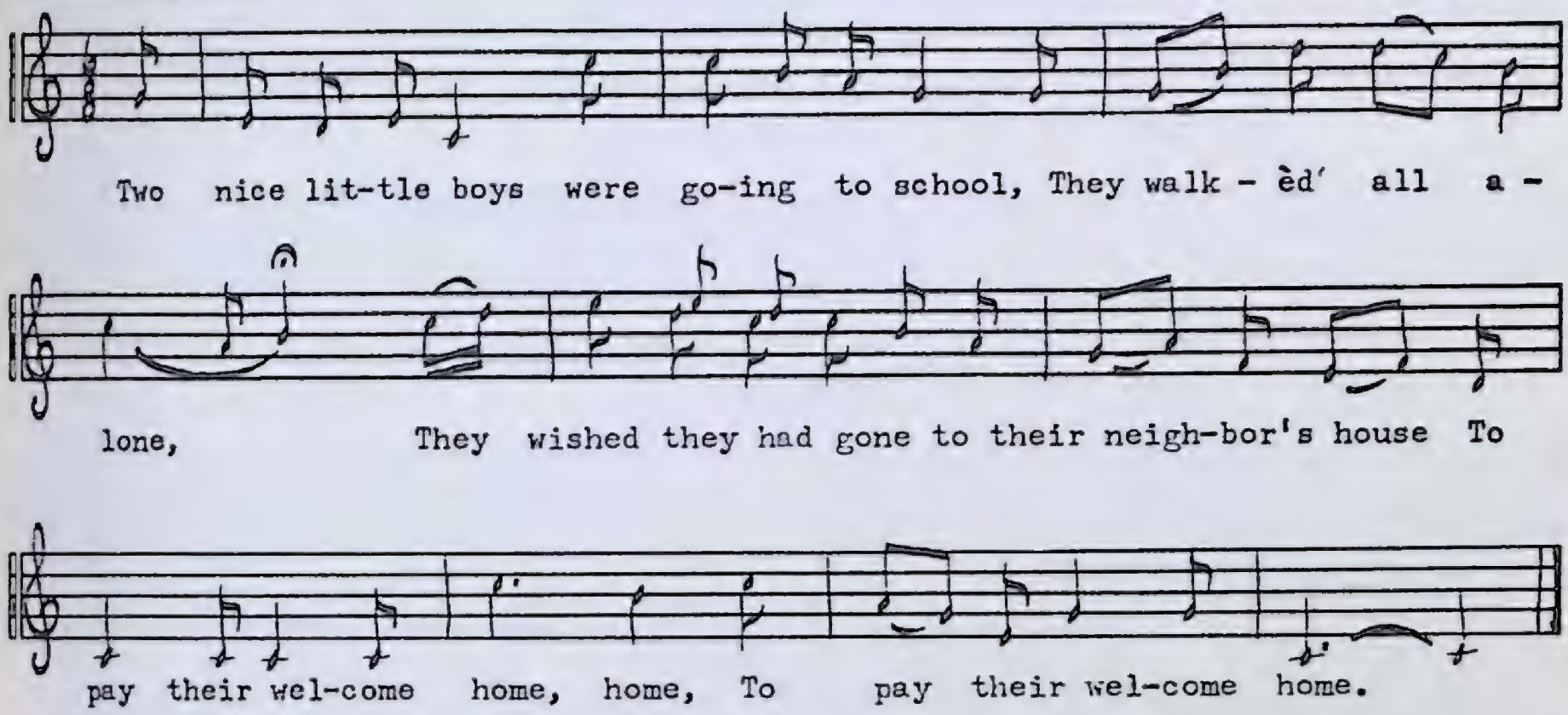
11. "Here stands my wife and children beside me,
Here stands my wife and children three,
I will leave them all now for my conduct,
For it's hung I'll be on the gallows tree."

The Two Brothers

(Child 49)

A

PEA 156 No. 1010 and MS
Charlotte Decker
Parson's Pond, August, 1959



1. Two nice little boys were going to school,
   They walkèd all alone,
   They wished they had gone to their neighbor's house
   To pay their welcome home, home,
   To pay their welcome home.

2. "Oh can you toss the ball," said he,
   "Or can you sling a stone?"
   "I am too small and I am too young,
   Dear brother, leave me alone, lone,
   Dear brother, leave me alone."

3. He then took out his little pen-knife
   And threw him on the ground,
   He plunged it in his tender heart,
   And the blood came streaming down, down,
   And the blood came streaming down.

4. "Oh you take off my holland shirt
   And tear it from gore to gore,
   And wrap it around my deadly wound,
   Dear brother, will it bleed any more, more,
   Dear brother, will it bleed any more?"

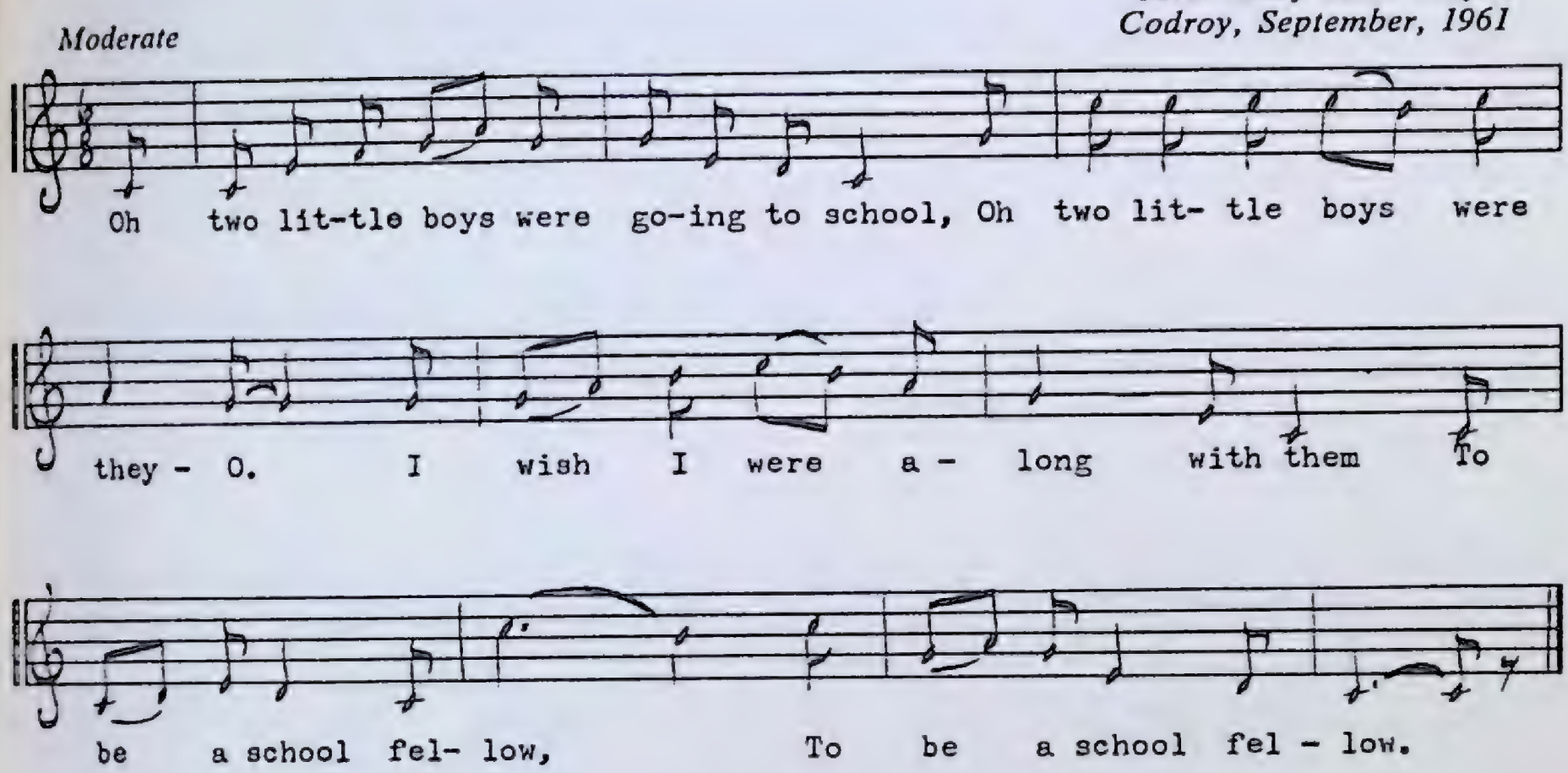
5. Oh he took off his holland shirt
And tore it from gore to gore,
And wrapped it around his deadly wound,
But it bled still more and more,
But it bled still more and more.

6. "On Saturday night when you go home
My mother will ask of me,
You tell her I've gone to see Jesus at school
Where all the good scholars go, go,
Where all the good scholars go.

7. "On Saturday night when you go home
My father will ask of me,
You tell him I'm dead and in my grave
And buried in Johnstreet town, town,
And buried in Johnstreet town."

B

PEA 195 No. 1150
Mrs. Mary Ann Galpin
Codroy, September, 1961



1. Oh two little boys were going to school,
   Oh two little boys were they-o.
   I wish I were along with them
   To be a school fellow,
   To be a school fellow.

2. "Can you truckle the ball dear brother?" said he,
   "Or can you truckle the stone-o?"
   "Oh I am too young and I am not fit,
   Dear brother leave me alone-o,
   Dear brother leave me alone."

3. "Oh take my holland shirt from my back
   And tear it from gore to gore-o,
   And place it to my tender wounds
   That I may bleed no more-o,
   That I may bleed no more."

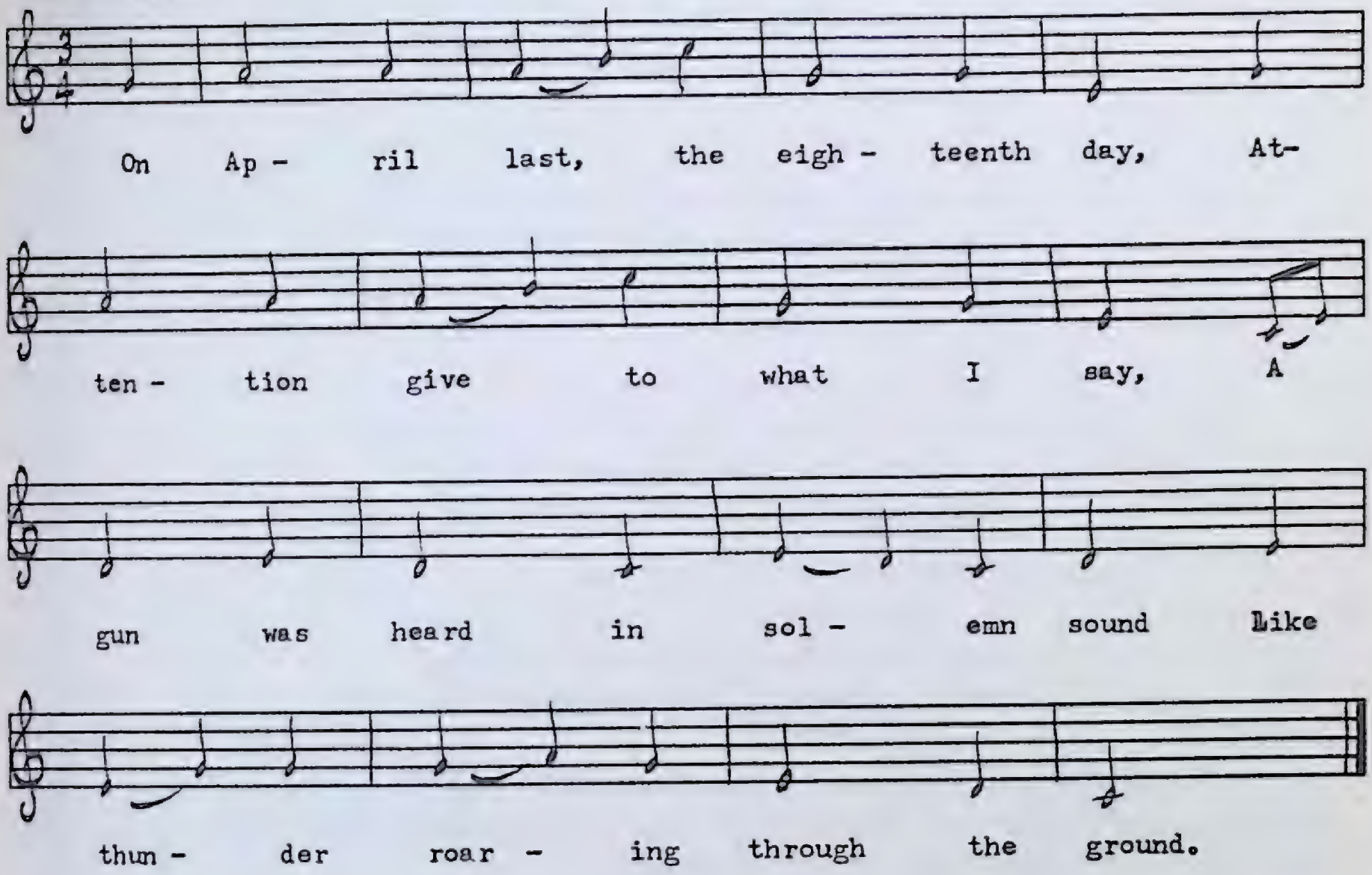
Scholars have found it impossible to trace this story to its source. In some of the Child variants the brothers are called John and William. The song may refer to the tragic accident in 1589 near Edinburgh when one of the young Sommervilles was killed by his brother's accidentally discharged pistol. There is also a theory that in the original story which pre-dates the recorded versions, the brothers were older and fought over the affections of a young girl, their own sister. The theme of incest occurs in several ballads of the Child collection. However, in this case the story may have

been modified to suit the requirements of an early broadside which has been lost. Lowering the brothers' ages to a safe pre-adolescent level would render the story innocuous enough for official public consumption. There is still the problem of censorship today. Stories and questionable words that pass unnoticed in the warmth and humour of oral communication are often shocking when seen in print.

Young Daniel

PEA 144 No. 966
Mrs. Thomas Walters
Rocky Harbour, July, 1959

Moderately fast



1. On April last, the eighteenth day,
   Attention give to what I say,
   A gun was heard in solemn sound
   Like thunder roaring through the ground.

2. The people hastened to the spot
   Where they had heard that mournful shot,
   And saw poor Daniel's fatal wound,
   A bleeding victim on the ground.

3. Beside him stood a man and gun
   Just as the awful deed was done,
   With frantic eyes turned to the ground
   He told the truth to all around.

4. "I just took up this cursèd gun
   To snap her off in careless fun
   When this poor boy with spirit large
   Came up the hill and met the charge.

5. "I did not know the load was in
   Until I saw him drop his chin,
   Oh gracious, wondrous, strange to tell,
   He turned from me and down he fell.

6. "His deathly eyes on me did roll
Just like an arrow pierced my soul,
In dying looks he seemed to say,
'Tim, why have you taken my life away?' "

7. Go take young Daniel from his gore
And lay him on some barren floor,
And send for justice very soon
And let the jury fill the room.

8. Go take young Daniel from his side
And with his friends let him abide.
With wringing hands and tearful eyes
He walks the floor and bitter cries,

9. "It's all I can advise to do,
Take that same gun and shoot me too,
I wish to God that I were dead,
Where shall I hide my guilty head?"

10. Come all you young and tender youths
On those few lines I speak the truth,
Take warning by McLennan's son,
Before you trifle with a gun.

An eight-verse version of this Canadian ballad called *McLellan's Son* appears in *Ballads and Sea Songs of Nova Scotia* by Roy Mackenzie, who gives the following note on its background:

> *"This is a native song, made in commemoration of an accidental shooting over half a century ago* [circa *1875*] *in Pugwash. The Reverend John Warner of Parrsboro, Nova Scotia, informs me that it was composed immediately after the accident by his mother, who lived in Pugwash and was acquainted with the details."*

Mrs. Walters learned this Newfoundland variant from her mother but that is as far back as I was able to trace its history in Newfoundland.

Pirate Songs

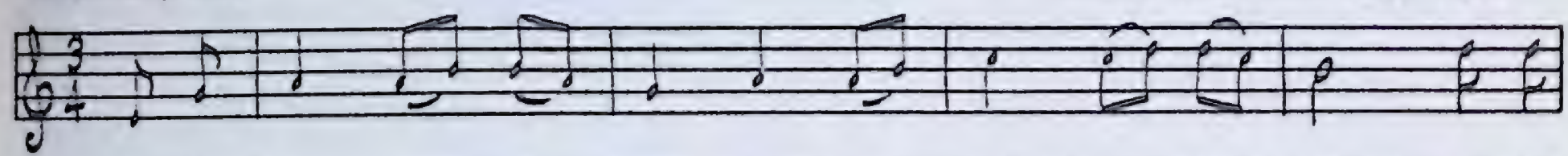
Fishermen from Tors Cove

The Bold "Princess Royal"

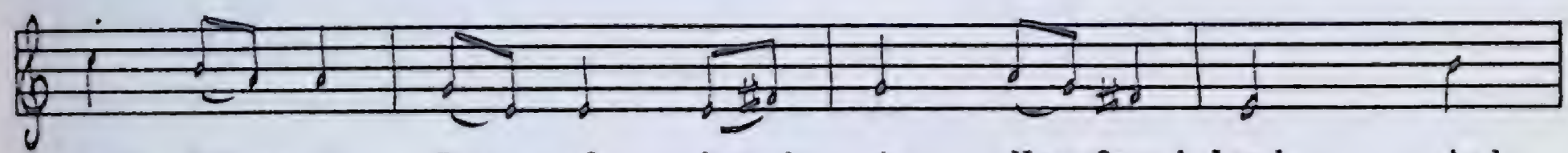
A

PEA 72 No. 664
George Decker
Rocky Harbour, July, 1958

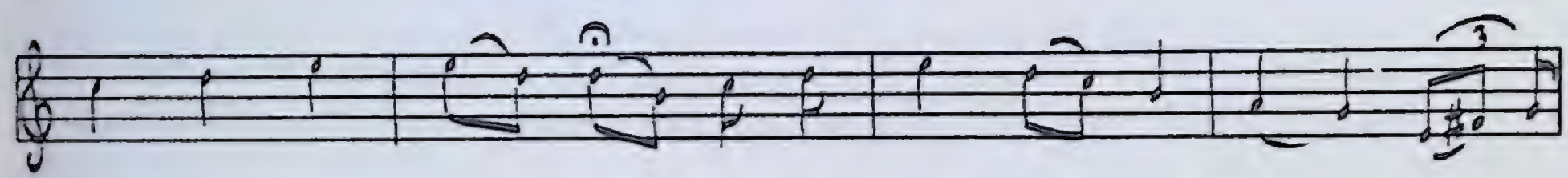
Moderately slow



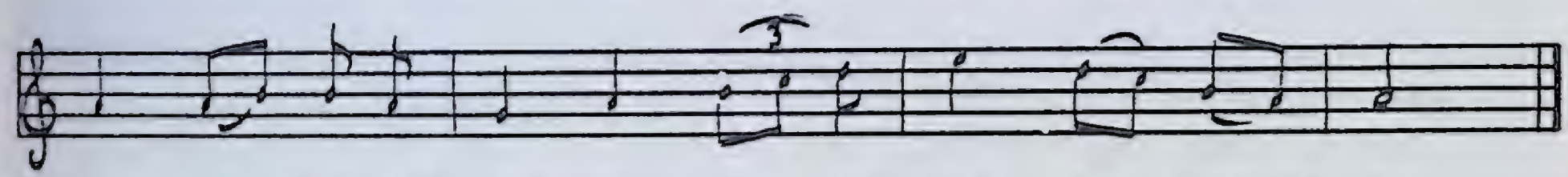
On the four-teenth of March, boys, we sailed down the Strand, In the



bold Prince of Roy - al bound to New-found-land, And



thir - ty bright sea - men was our ship's com - pa - ny, And so



bold - ly from the east-ward to the west- ward steered we.

1. On the fourteenth of March, boys, we sailed down the Strand
   In the bold *Prince of Royal* bound to Newfoundland,
   And thirty bright seamen was our ship's company,
   And so boldly from the eastward to the westward steered we.

2. We had not been sailing passing days two or three
   Till we saw some lufted brigantine to the wind'ard of us lay,
   Come bearing down upon us through the glass we could spy,
   On the top of her mizzen black colours did fly.

3. "Oh Lord," said our captain, "and what will we do?
   If this be a pirate he will soon bring us to."
   "Oh no," said our chief mate, "that never can be so,
   We will shake out our close-reefs and from her we'll go."

4. In the course of two hours she luft up 'long side,
   Bold Manone with his speaking trumpet, "Where are you from?"
   he cried.
   Our skipper stepping forward he answered him so:
   "We have come from Canegra(?) bound down to Bras d'Or."

5. "Come back your main topsail and heave your ship to,
For I have a letter to send there by you."
"I will back my main topsail and heave my ship to
When I'm in some safe harbour, not along side of you."

6. Then we loosened our mainsail, main topsails too,
Fore topsail, Capricorn sails(?) and from her did go.
They fired a shot after us thinking on us to prevail,
But the bold *Prince of Royal* soon showed them her tail.

7. They chased us to the wind'ard for an hour or two,
They chased us to the leeward till they saw 'twould not do,
And when that he found he could hold us no play
He reeled up his mizzen and in no delay.

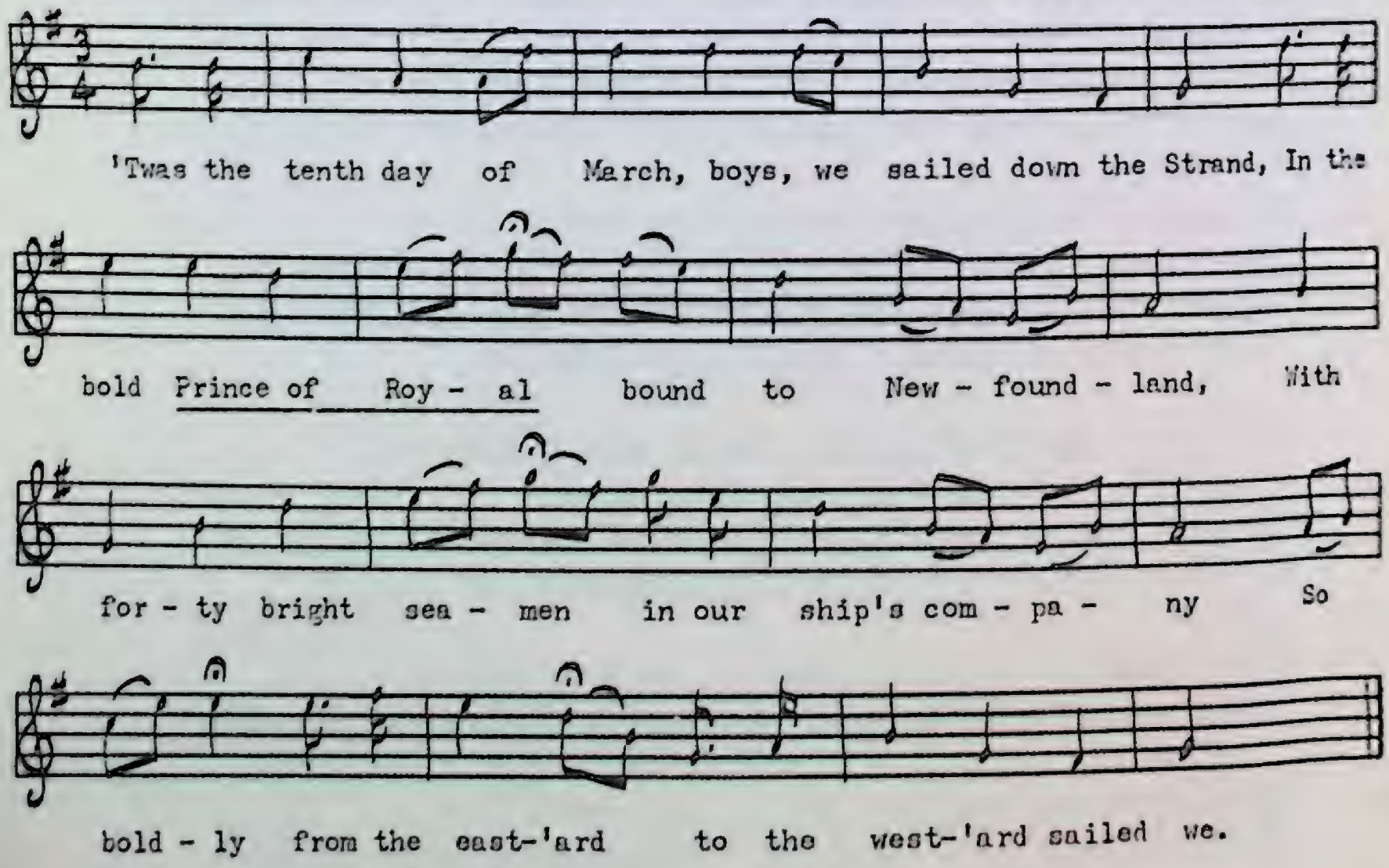
8. "And now that bold pirate from us she is gone,
There's a glass of good brandy for every man,
Go down to your grog, boys, and be all in good cheer,
While we roam on the sea there is nothing to fear;
There's a glass of good brandy and another of port wine,
So you drink to your true love and I'll drink to mine."

For some reason the ship is called *Prince of Royal* in Newfoundland. Actually, the *Princess Royal* was named after Queen Victoria's daughter. Bold Manone puts in another appearance in this ballad after his crushing defeat of Captain Craig (See *William Craig and Bold Manone*).

B

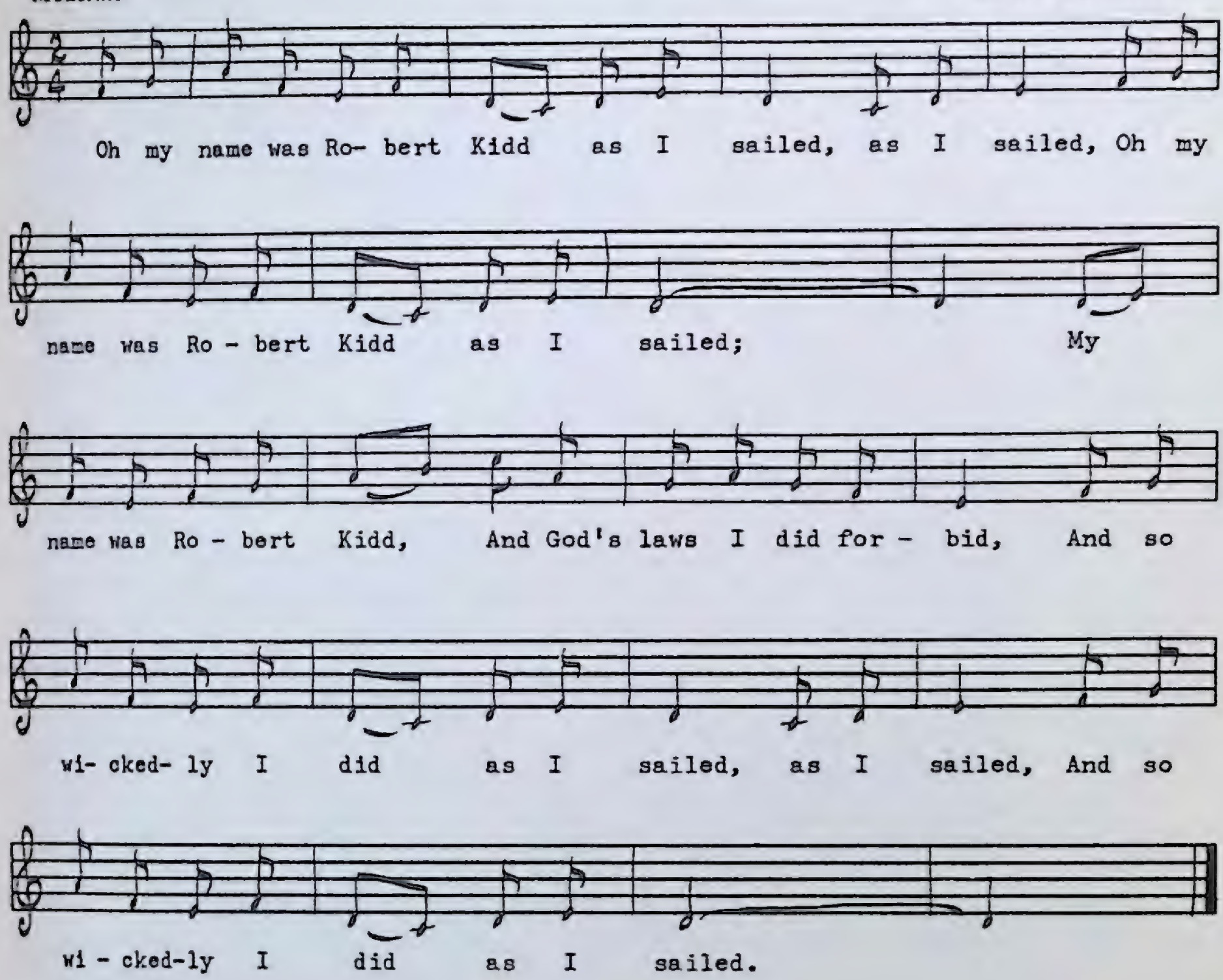
PEA 74 No. 667
Arthur Nicolle
Rocky Harbour, July, 1958

Moderate, strict time



Captain Kidd

PEA 82 No. 701 and MS
Freeman Bennett
St. Paul's, July, 1958



1. Oh my name was Robert Kidd as I sailed, as I sailed,
   Oh my name was Robert Kidd as I sailed;
   My name was Robert Kidd and God's laws I did forbid,
   And so wickedly I did as I sailed, as I sailed,
   And so wickedly I did as I sailed.

2. Oh I murdered William Moore as I sailed, as I sailed,
   Oh I murdered William Moore as I sailed;
   I murdered William Moore and I laid him in his gore
   Not many leagues from shore as I sailed, as I sailed,
   Not many leagues from shore as I sailed.

3. I was sick and nigh to death as I sailed, as I sailed,
   I was sick and nigh to death as I sailed;
   I was sick and nigh to death and I vowed at every breath
   For to walk in wisdom's path as I sailed, as I sailed,
   For to walk in wisdom's path as I sailed.

4. My repentance lessened not as I sailed, as I sailed,
My repentance lessened not as I sailed;
My repentance lessened not, my vows I soon forgot,
And damnation was my just lot as I sailed, as I sailed,
And damnation was my just lot as I sailed.

5. I spied three ships from Spain as I sailed, as I sailed,
Oh I spied three ships from Spain as I sailed;
I spied three ships from Spain and I fired on them a-main,
And the most of them I slain as I sailed, as I sailed,
And the most of them I slain as I sailed.

6. I spied three ships from France as I sailed, as I sailed,
I spied three ships from France as I sailed;
I spied three ships from France and to them I did advance,
And I took them all by chance as I sailed, as I sailed,
And I took them all by chance as I sailed.

7. Then fourteen ships I saw as I sailed, as I sailed,
Oh then fourteen ships I saw as I sailed;
Then fourteen ships I saw and brave men they were all,
And they by my hand did fall as I sailed, as I sailed,
And they by my hand did fall as I sailed.

8. Overtaken now at last, I must die, I must die,
Overtaken now at last, I must die;
Overtaken now at last and into prison cast,
And sentence being past, I must die, I must die,
And sentence being past, I must die.

9. Come all you young and old, see me die, see me die,
Come all you young and old, see me die;
Come all you young and old, you are welcome to my goal,
And by it I've lost my soul, I must die, I must die,
And by it I've lost my soul, I must die.

10. I had ninety bars of gold as I sailed, as I sailed,
I had ninety bars of gold as I sailed;
I had ninety bars of gold and riches uncontrolled,
And dollars many-fold as I sailed, as I sailed,
And dollars many-fold as I sailed.

11. Farewell the raging main, I must die, I must die,
Oh, farewell the raging main, I must die;
Farewell the raging main, to Turkey, France, and Spain,
I never shall see it again for I must die, I must die,
I never shall see it again for I must die.

In 1701 during the two weeks that elapsed between Kidd's sentence at the Old Bailey in London and his execution in Wapping, this 'goodnight' broadside was circulated throughout London. Like some modern reportage

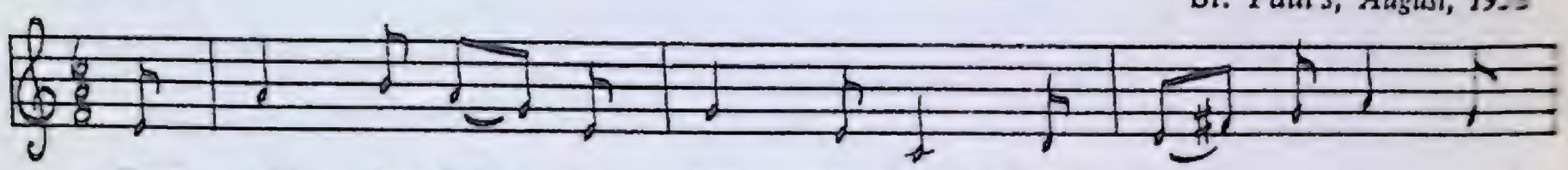
these 'goodnight' broadsides were supposed to be based on personal interviews with condemned criminals and were usually in the first person—straight from the horse's mouth. The last verses were always full of contrition culminating in a warning of the highest moral rectitude. Kidd's name, by the way, was William, not Robert as all the ballads call him. Compared with other versions, this Newfoundland variant is fairly complete, but Mr. Bennett who had not sung it for twenty years assured me there are several more verses he could not remember.

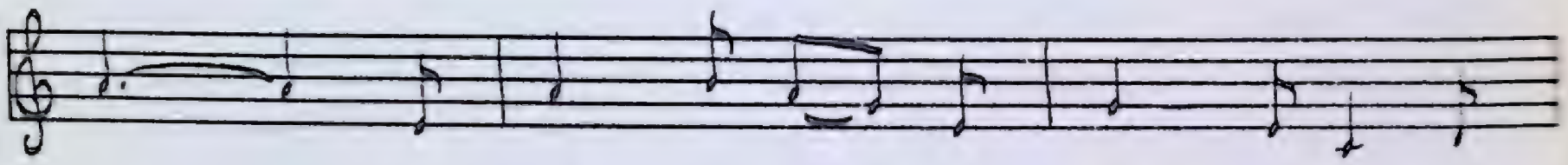
Captain Ward

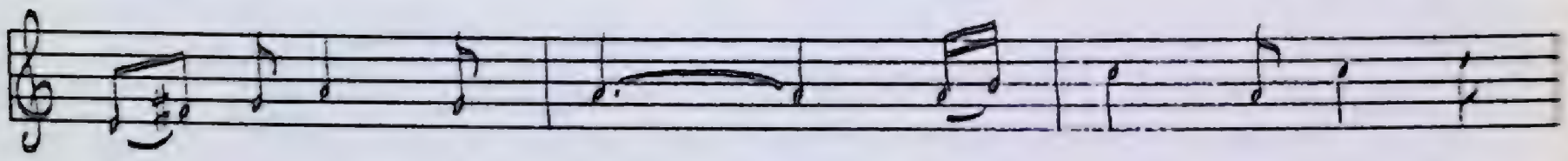
(*Child 288*)

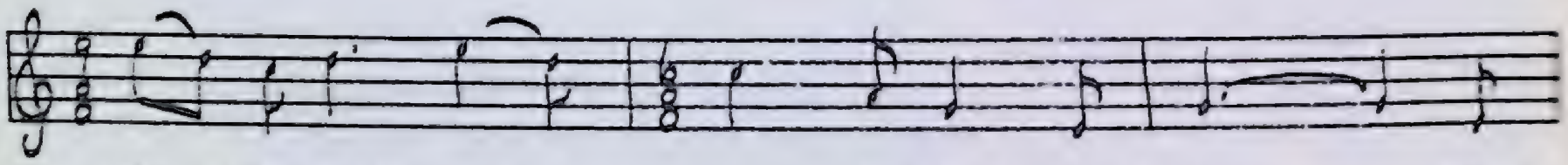
PEA 99 No. 774
Clarence Bennett
St. Paul's, August, 1953

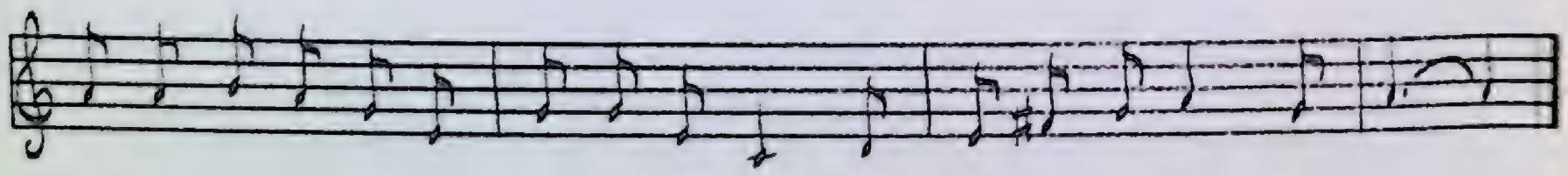
Moderate











1. Come all ye jolly seamen bold that live by tyrant rum,
   I'll tell you of a rank robber now to the seas is gone,
   Whose name was callèd Captain Ward, now you the truth shall hear,
   There hasn't been such a rank robber found out this hundred and fifty year.

2. He wrote a letter to the King on the fifth of January,
   To know whether he would take him in and all his company,
   To know whether he'd accept of him and all his seamen bold,
   And for ransom he would give five thousand pounds in gold.

3. "Oh no, oh no," then said the King, "sure that could never be,
   For he has been a rank robber and a pirate on the sea."
   "Oh now, oh now," said Captain Ward, "my boys, we'll put to sea again,
   For to see what prizes we can win on the coast of France and Spain."

4. 'Twas there we spied a lofty ship come sailing from the west,
She was loaded with silk and satin, and cambrics of the best.
We then bore up to her straightway not thinking of such a thing,
We robbed them of their merchandise and bid them tell the King.

5. But when the King he heard of this it grieved his heart full sore,
For to think his ships could not get by as they had done before.
Oh then he called a war-like ship, a war-like ship of fame,
The *Rainbow* he did call her, the *Rainbow* was her name.

6. He riggèd her, he fitted her, he sent her to the sea
With five hundred bold mariners to bear her company.
They sailèd east, they sailèd west, but nothing could they spy,
Until they came to the very spot where Captain Ward did lie.

7. "Who is the owner of this ship?" the captain he did cry.
"Oh here I am," said Captain Ward, "let no man me deny."
"What brought you here you cowardly dog, you ugly wanton thief?
What lies you at an-anchor to keep our King in grief?"

8. "You lie, you lie," said Captain Ward, "as ever I heard you lie,
I never robbed an Englishman, an Englishman so high,
As for those worthy Scotchmen, I loves 'em as my own,
My chief delight it is to pull the French and Spaniards down."

9. "May the curse be on you, bold robber, you soon will humble your pride."
With that the gallant *Rainbow,* she shot out of her side.
"Fire on, fire on," said Captain Ward, "I value you not one pin,
If you are brass on the outside, I am good steel within."

10. They fought from eight o'clock in the morn till eight o'clock that night,
And then the gallant *Rainbow* began to take her flight.
"Go home, go home," said Captain Ward, "and tell your King for me,
If he reigns King all on dry land I will reign King on sea!"

11. With that the gallant *Rainbow,* she shot and shot in vain,
She left the *Rover's* company and homeward returned again.
"Tell your royal King of England his ship is returned again,
And Captain Ward he is too strong, he never will be taken!"

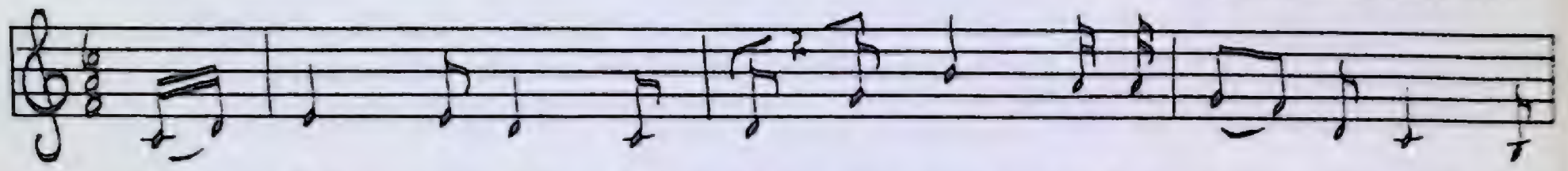
In 1604 John Ward of Kent is supposed to have taken the crew of a king's ship under his command to raid the high seas as a pirate. Professor Child reasons that his career was probably quite short since no mention of him was made after 1609. However, there were reports that he was in the Mediterranean in 1615 attacking Venetian and Maltese commercial ships. The *Rainbow,* the ship that the king sent out against Ward, had been used by Drake in 1587 against Cadiz. A very rare ballad.

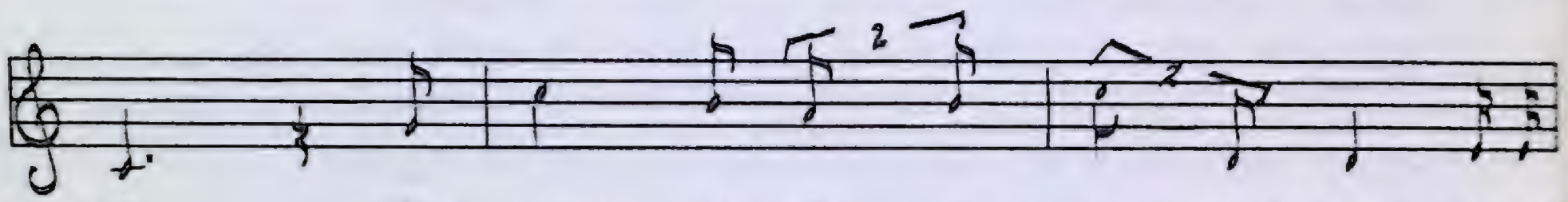
The "Flying Cloud"

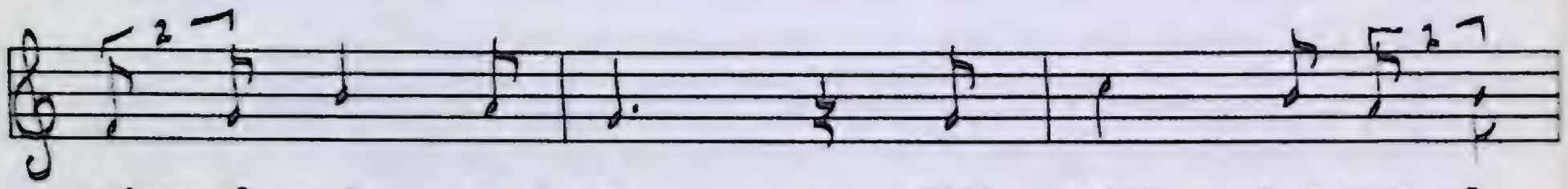
A

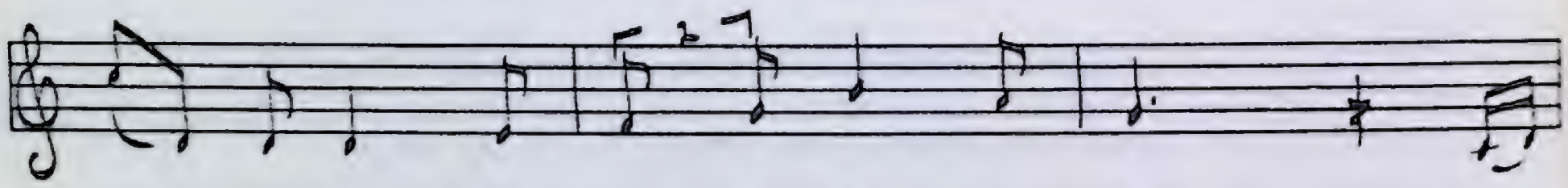
PEA 10 No. 63
Howard Morry
Ferryland, July, 1951

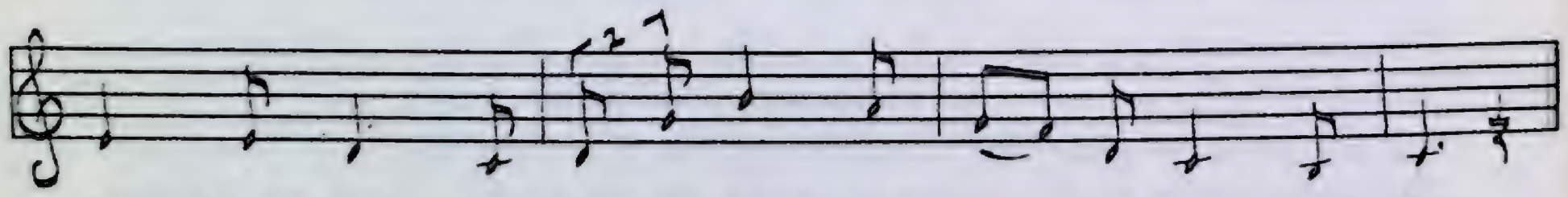
Moderate











1. Come all ye rambling sailor boys take a warning here from me,
   I'm bound in heavy irons strong for the crime of piracy;
   With eighteen more I am condemned in sorrow to complain,
   For plundering and for burning ships down on the Spanish Main.

2. When I was young and innocent my heart it knew no guile,
   In a happy home I lived content my parents on me did smile,
   But drinking and bad company have made a wreck of me.
   Take warning all by my downfall and beware of piracy.

3. My name is Henry Anderson as you might understand,
   Born in the town of Waterford in Erin's lovely land;
   My parents reared me tenderly in the fear of God likewise,
   They little thought I'd die in scorn 'neath Cuba's sunny skies.

4. My father bound me to a trade in Waterford's dear town,
He bound me to a cooper whose name was William Brown.
I served my master faithfully for eighteen months or more,
I shipped on board the *Ocean Queen* bound for Valparaiso's alien shore.

5. It happened at Valparaiso that we met one Captain More,
He commanded the clipper *Flying Cloud* sailed out of Baltimore.
The *Flying Cloud* was a clipper ship of eight hundred tons or more;
She could easily sail around any ship sailing out of Baltimore.

6. The canvasses white as the driven snow, on eight there was no stake,
Those seventy-five brass mounted guns she carried on her deck,
Her iron chests and magazines were safely stored below;
She had a long tom between her spars on a pivot inked in gold.

7. I shipped on board the *Flying Cloud* on a slaving voyage to go,
To the bonny shores of Africa where sugar canes do grow,
.....
.....

8. And in a short time after we reached the African shore,
Five hundred of those proud Africans from homes and friends we tore;
We brought them boldly to the ship and stored them down below,
And eighteen inches to a man was all they had to stow.

9. And in a short while after we reached the Arabian shore,
We sold them to the planters there as slaves forever more
To toil in the rice- and sugar-fields beneath the burning sun,
And to wear away their weary lives till their courage was won.

10. And when our money was all spent we came on board again;
Captain More then called us all on deck and said to us, "My men,
There's gold in plenty to be had forever on the Main,
If you'll agree and come with me I'll tell you how it's gained."

11. "When ye have the fastest sailing ship that ever crossed the seas,
Or ever frayed a main topsail into a heavy breeze."
And then he cried, "My bully boys, 'tis with me you'll remain,
We'll fly aloft the pirate flag and scour the Spanish Main."

12. They all agreed except five brave lads who told them then to land,
And two of them were Boston boys, two more from Newfoundland.
The other was an Irishman belonging to Tramore.
I wished to God I'd joined them now and landed safe on shore.

13. We robbed and plundered manys a ship down on the Spanish Main,
Caused many a widow and orphan child in sorrow to complain;
We made their crews all walk the plank we held all o'er the rail,
The saying of our captain was, 'dead men tell no tales.'

14. We were often chased by men o'war and English skippers too,
But to over-haul our goodly ship was more than they could do,
Always in vain astern of us their cannon roared so loud,
But none of them by any means could catch the *Flying Cloud*.

15. At length a Spanish man o'war the *Sanvo* hove in view,
She fired a shot across our bows, a signal to heave to;
But we paid no attention but ran before the wind
A main shot struck our mizzen mast and we soon fell behind.

16. We cleared our decks for action as she ranged up 'long side,
And soon along her quarterdeck there ran a crimson tide,
We fought till Captain More was killed and eighty of his men,
A bombshell set our ship on fire, we had to surrender then.

17. Prisoners we were taken and into prison cast,
Tried and found guilty and to be hanged at last.
See what I have come to by my unlucky hand,
For it's on the gallows I must die by the laws of the Spanish land.

18. So fare you well sweet Waterford town, and the girl I loved most dear,
Your voice like music soft and sweet I never more will hear,
No more to kiss your ruby lips or press your lily-white hand,
For it's on the gallows I must die by the laws of the Spanish land.

B

PEA 195 No. 1153
Mrs. Mary Ann Galpin
Codroy, September, 1951

Slow, free time

I've of- ten seen that clip-per ship when the wind it blew a

gale, With her top-sails and garn - sails sot a - loft tak-ing

six- teen from the rail. We were oft - times chased by

men - of - war, fri - gates and mi - ners too, But to

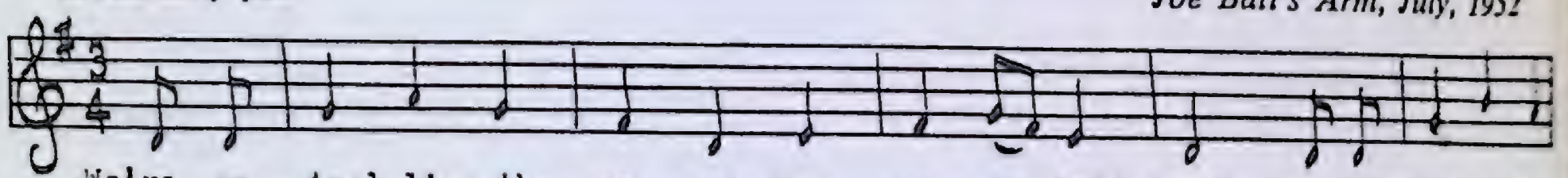
o - ver - haul that Fly- ing Cloud it was more than they could do.

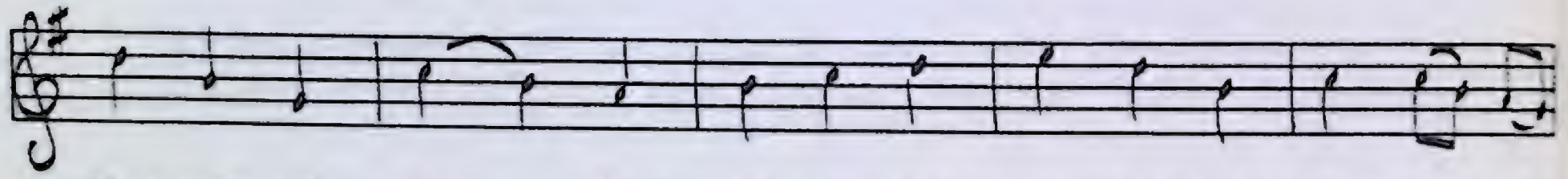
Much mystery surrounds the origins of this ballad. The *Flying Cloud* was built in 1851 and became famous for her speedy voyage of eighty-nine days, twenty hours from New York to San Francisco around Cape Horn. She had absolutely nothing to do with the events described in this ballad. Obviously her famous name was used to add more glamour to an earlier ballad of piracy and slave-trading. Or perhaps by a strange coincidence the earlier ship was also named the *Flying Cloud,* and their histories became hopelessly confused. Tune B is superior to A.

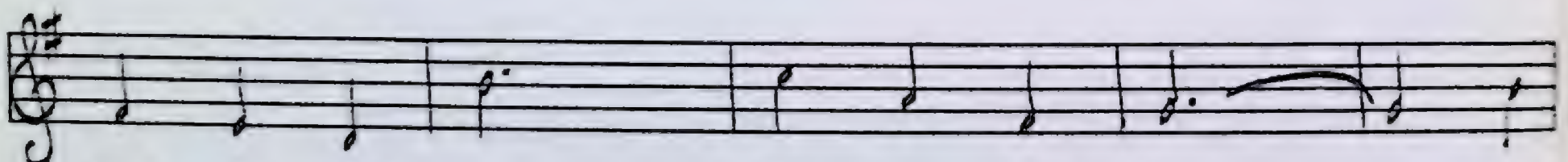
Kelly the Pirate

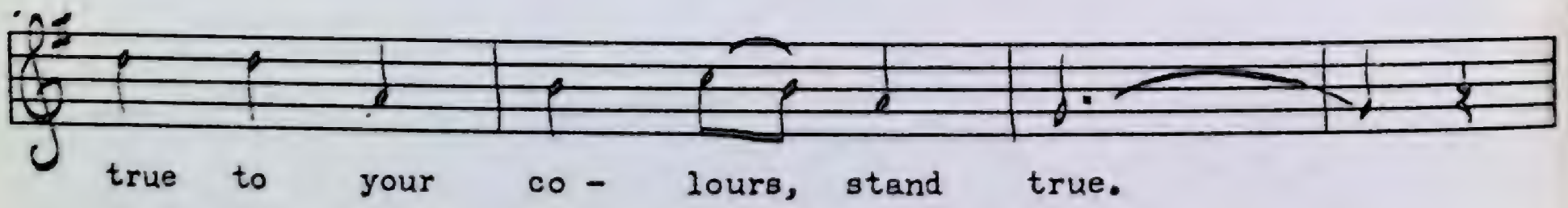
MS 62
Harry Curtis
Joe Batt's Arm, July, 1952

Moderately fast









1. We're patrolling the sea as you very well know,
   To protect all our traders as they come and go,
   To protect all our traders as they come and go,
   From Kelly the pirate I'll have you to know.

   And it's oh, Britons stand true,
   Stand true to your colors, stand true.

2. We had not been sailing a day over three,
   When a boy from our maintop, a sail he did see.
   "A sail, oh a sail, she sails into low,
   It's Kelly the pirate I'll have you to know!"

3. The lieutenant went down and brought up a glass,
   He gave to our admiral to see what she was;
   Our admiral went aloft and viewed 'er all 'round.
   "It's Kelly the pirate, I'll bet fifty pound.

4. "And now my brave boys it's on her we'll prevail,
We will soon overhaul 'er, or I will go bail;
Go and shake out your reefs, shake them out clear,
Hard down with your helm and after her steer!"

5. We sailed on, we sailed on, till she came in shot,
But still this brave pirate, he dreaded us not;
With voice loud as thunder bold Kelly did say:
"Fire a shot, strike 'er midships, brave boys, fire away!"

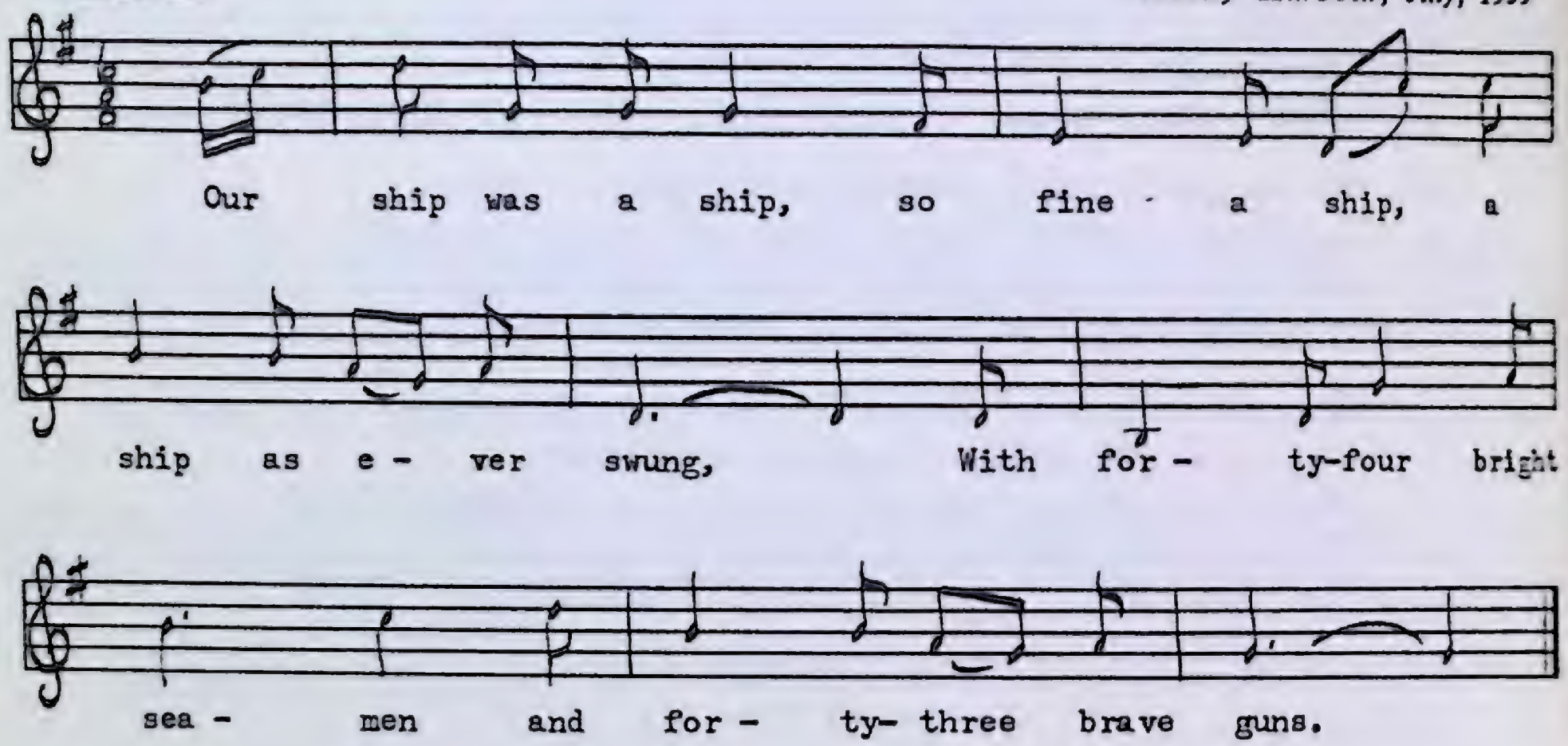
6. We fought them in battle for an hour or more,
Till blood through her scuppers like water did pour;
With balls of good metal we peppered her hull,
Till down came the ensign, staff colors and all.

7. The prize she was taken on that very same day,
And off to the prison marched Kelly away.
Drink a health to your admiral and his lieutenant too,
Likewise the bold frigate and all of her crew!

William Craig and Bold Manone

A

PEA 146 No. 971
George Decker
Rocky Harbour, July, 1959



1. Our ship was a ship, so fine a ship
   A ship as ever swung,
   With forty-four bright seamen
   And forty-three brave guns.

2. Away we sailèd east and west,
   We sailed all over the main
   Until we spied a lofty ship
   To the windward of us came.

3. Came bearing down upon us
   As she ranged up 'long side.
   Bold Manone with his speaking trumpet,
   "Where are you from?" he cried.

4. "Our ship is a ship from New York,
   For Liverpool town is bound,
   Our captain's name is William Craig,
   A native of that town."

5. "You lie, you lie," said Manone,
   "Such things can never be,
   So lower your topsails on your caps
   And come in under my lee."

6. Those poor and frightened sailors
Not knowing what to do
They lowered their topsails on their caps
And rounded their ship to.

7. To see those cruel pirates,
Their naked swords in hand,
They rushed on board of our merchant ship,
They cut up every man.

8. Where some they stabbed, some more they stained,
Some more they cut their throats,
And four of our bright seamen
Got perished in a boat.

9. He called down to his bo's'n
Whose name was William Craig,
"Oh Craig, oh Craig, come down below
And break your father's neck."

10. Oh Craig he hastened upon the floor
Like a man of courage bold,
But when he saw his father's face
His very blood ran cold.

11. "Oh are you going to murder me?"
Those words to him he said.
And with a naked sword in hand
He soon chopped off his head.

12. They searched our frame right fore and aft
And ransacked everything,
Until they found a virgin
In the starboard of his cabin.

13. So merrily she played on her harp,
So merrily she sung,
Knowing nothing of that murder
Or anything that was done.

14. Oh some did stand, some more did swear,
Some said they'd have her for a wife.
"God damn your eyes, I'll let you know
I soon will end all strife."

15. He rushed down to this virgin
Without any fear or dread,
And with a naked sword in hand
He soon cut off her head.

16. They rushed on board of their own ship,
So merrily they cracked on,
With a keg of brandy on the capstan head
So merrily they sung.

17. Away they sailed all that long night
And a part of the next day
Until they saw a lofty ship
To the windward of them lay.

18. Come bearing down upon us
As she ranged up 'long side.
Bold Manone with his speaking trumpet,
"Where are you from?" he cried.

19. Our captain being a surly man,
On the quarterdeck walked he
Not heeding for to answer him
But still stared out to sea.

20. It caused bold Manone to scratch his head
And tear his hair in vain,
Saying, "Damn your eyes, I'll let you know
It's I who rule the main."

21. Our stout and heavy vessel
Lay open to the deep,
Hauled up her painted canvas,
Showed him five rows of teeth.

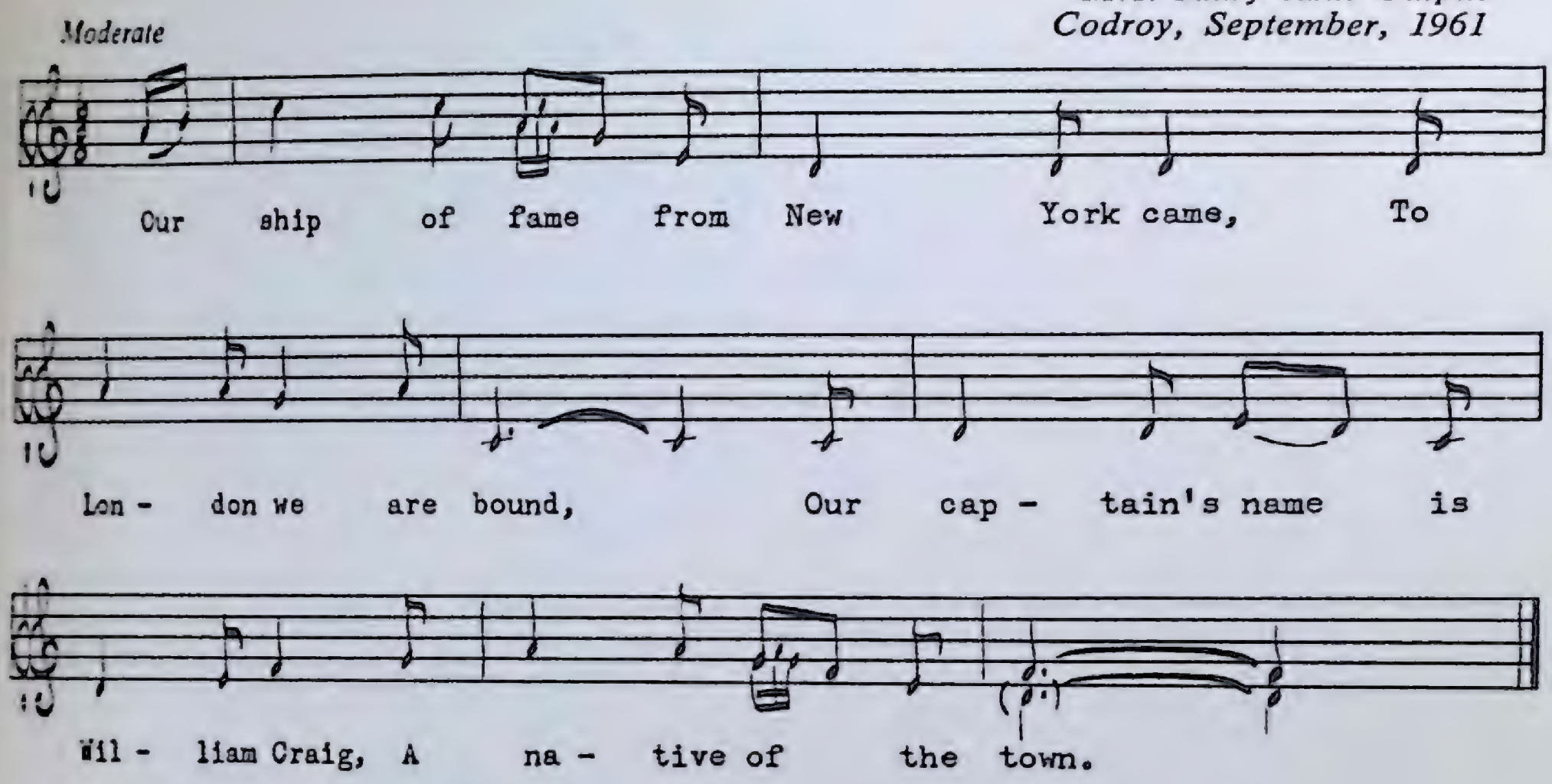
22. Oh broadside for broadside
So merrily they cracked on,
And then those cruel pirates
Began for to come down.

23. "No quarter, no quarter,"
Bold Manone he did cry.
"No quarter, no quarter,"
Bold Rodney did reply.

24. "Fight on, fight on, my heroes bold,
You'll gain five thousand pounds,
We'll send those cruel pirates
To hell where they are bound!"

B

PEA 196 No. 1154
Mrs. Mary Ann Galpin
Codroy, September, 1961



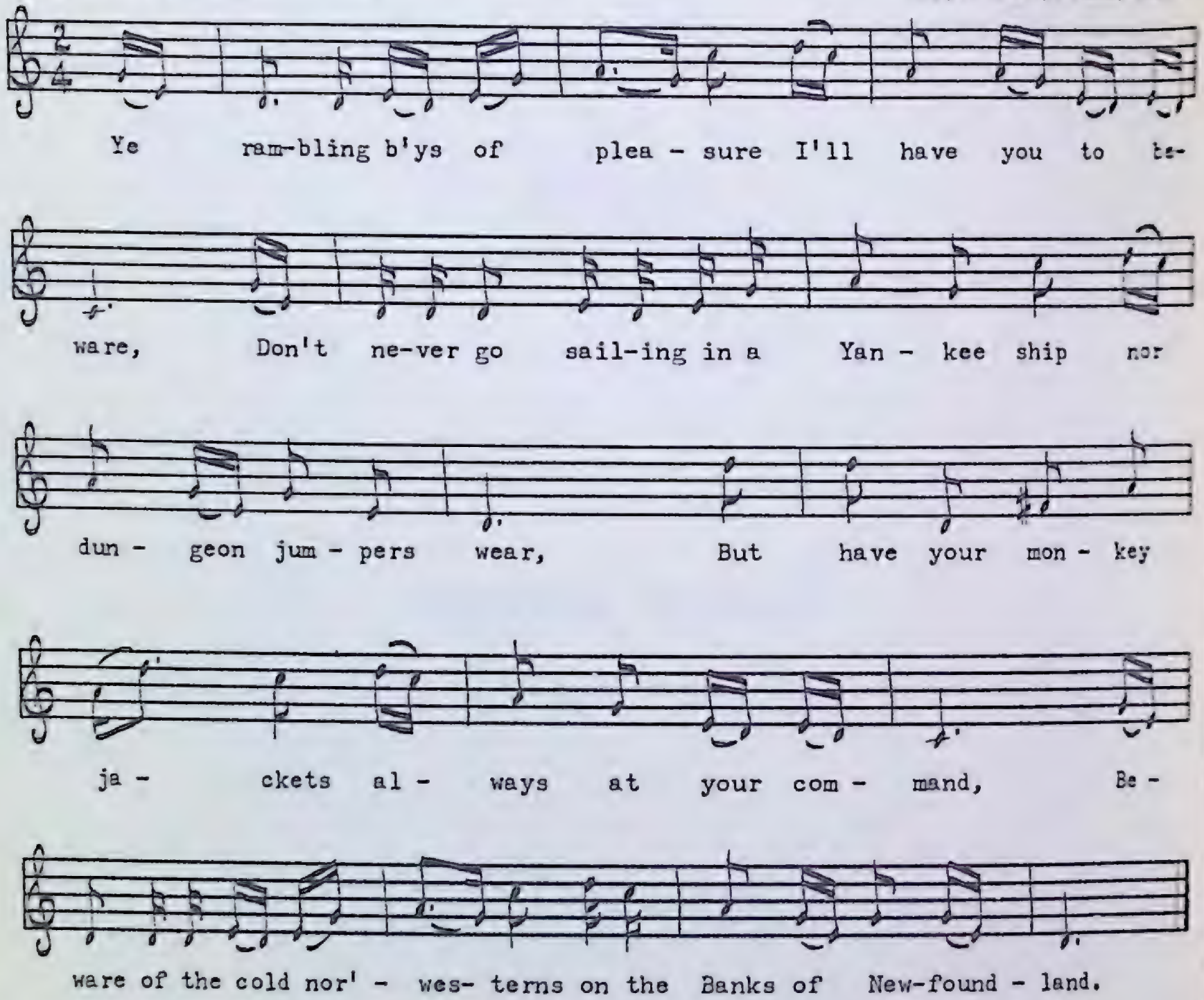
Sailor Songs

The Banks of Newfoundland

(*English*)

PEA 129 No. 902
Alan MacArthur
Upper Ferry, June, 1959

Moderately fast, strict time



1. Ye rambling b'ys of pleasure I'll have you to beware,
   Don't never go sailing in a Yankee ship nor dungeon jumpers wear,
   But have your monkey jackets always at your command,
   Beware of the cold nor'westerns on the Banks of Newfoundland.

2. Our captain being a Yankee, our first mate was the same,
   Our second mate an Irishman from Limerick town he came,
   And all the rest were Irish b'ys, they came from Patty's land,
   Only four or five of us seamen belonged to Newfoundland.

3. We had a female kind on board, Brigett Walsh it was her name,
   To her I promised marriage, on me she had a claim;
   She told her friend in Petty Cove to make mittens for my hands,
   Saying, "I cannot see my true love freeze on the Banks of
   Newfoundland."

4. One night as I lay on my bed I had a pleasant dream,
   I dreamt I was in Liverpool way down in City Peel,
   With a comely maiden beside me and a jug of beer in hand,
   But I woke quite broken-hearted on the Banks of Newfoundland.

5. So b'ys fill out your glasses and merrily they'll go around,
   We'll drink a health to the b'ys and girls from Liverpool town.

This ballad is a localized version of *Van Dieman's Land* an English ballad which dealt with the transportation of convicts to Tasmania. In its present form it has been found in England, Ireland, North America, and Scotland ("Come all you gallant poachers that ramble free from care"). In line two of verse 1 read 'dungaree' for 'dungeon.'

The Black Devil

PEA 81 No. 699
Freeman Bennett
St. Paul's, July, 1958

Moderate

A stor- y I'll tell you, it hap-pened last eve- ning, Of an

e - mi - nent doc - tor that lived in Cork town; Three

jol - ly Jack Tars that have been out la - ting; And

fif - ty bright gui - neas he had to lay down. Three

jol - ly Jack Tars and their mess-mates being grog- gy, Their

mon - ey all out and their cre-dit far run, From

Pa - tr - ick Street to the quay down they ram- bled, They

bent to pro - cure it their mon - ey for fun.

1. A story I'll tell you, it happened last evening,
Of an eminent doctor that lived in Cork town,
Three jolly Jack Tars that have been out lating,
And fifty bright guineas he had to lay down.
Three jolly Jack Tars and their mess-mates being groggy,
Their money all out and their credit far run,
From Patrick Street to the quay down they rambled,
They was bent to procure it, their money for fun.

2. The cook of the ship bein' one of the party,
A smart lad he was and his colour was black,
With wit and contrivements he always was ready
And soon found a way to rise cash in a crack.
Said he to his mess-mates, "I heard people talking
A corpse could be sold very readily here,
So take me alive, wrap me up in me hammock
And sell me to buy either whiskey or beer."

3. The sailors agreed and accepted the offer,
Away to the house where the doctor did dwell;
And into his ears they boldly did whisper,
Saying, "Doctor, we have got a corpse here to sell."
"A corpse!" said the doctor like a man in amazement,
"Oh where did you get it? Come, tell me, I pray,
If you'll bring it here I will buy it quite ready,
And fifty bright guineas to ye I will pay."

4. The sailors agreed and accepted the offer,
Away to the ship oh they quickly retired.
Come listen a while and pay great attention,
I'll soon tell you what they was going to do there,
They wrapped the poor black, tied up in his hammock,
A smart lad he was oh most sturdy and strong,
And in under his waistcoat by way of protection,
A knife with a blade about half a yard long.

5. Twelve o'clock bein' cried out in the streets they were lonesome
The sailors started off with the black to their back,
And into the house they boldly did venture.
And in the back room they concealed the poor black.
The doctor he paid the bold seamen their money,
They told him their cook he had died on the sea.
"And rather than have his dead body to bury
We sold him to you and he is out of our way."

6. The doctor he got his knives to dissect him,
He come downstairs with the tools in his hand,
He opened the door and boldly did venture,
The black stood before him with his cutlass in hand.

He opened the door and boldly did venture.
A-thinking the corpse was in very rich prime;
With a voice loud as thunder the black he approached him,
Saying, "Damn your eyes doctor I'll dissect you alive."

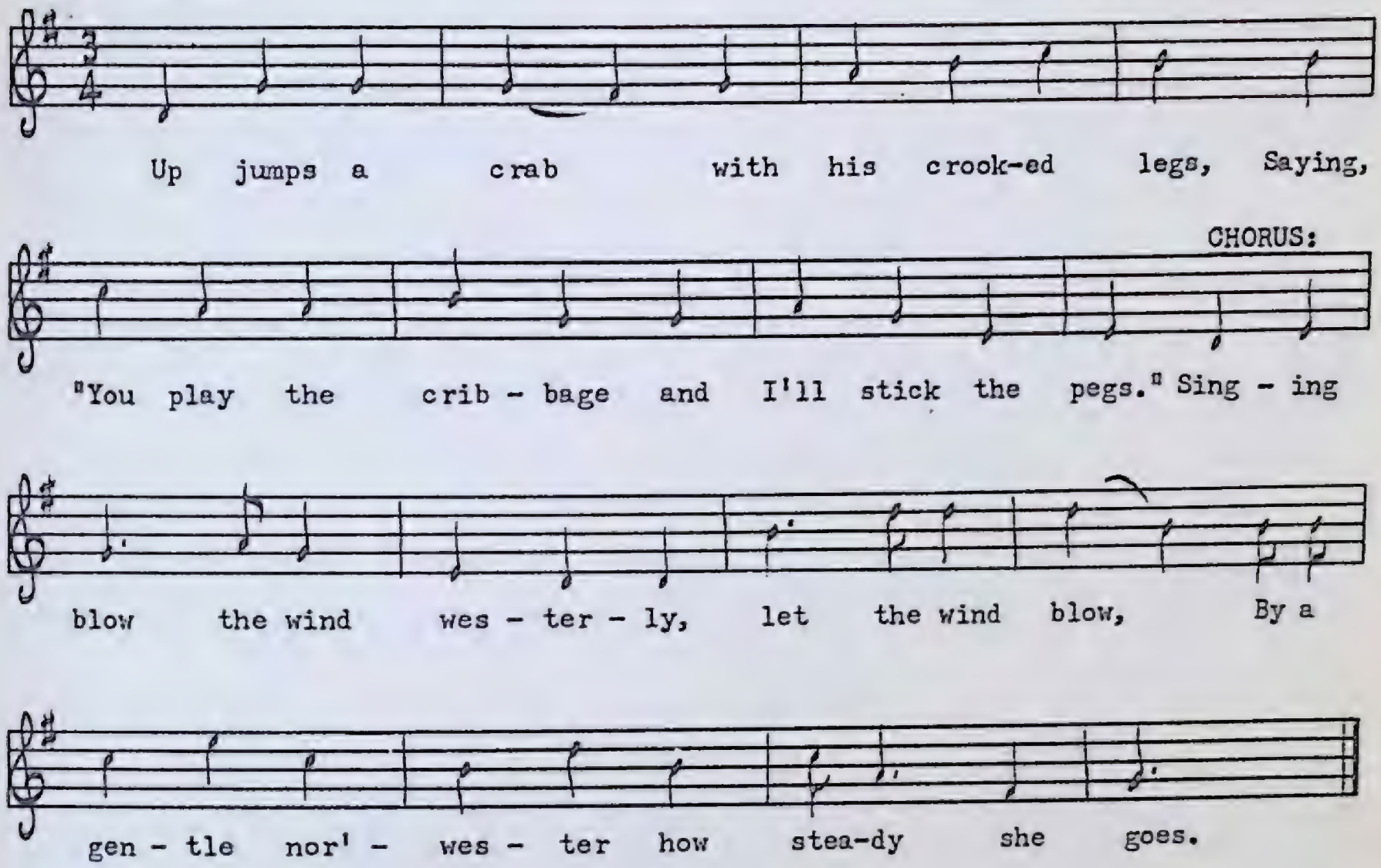
7. The doctor he run like a man that was frightened
Straight up to the room where his wife she did lay,
Saying, "Wife, oh dear wife it's where will you hide me
Oh for the black devil he is in the back room."
His wife she got out to bar fast the doors,
She barred it so tight that he couldn't get in,
Saying, "Husband, dear husband do leave off dissecting
For fear the black devil he might come again."

This comic sailor's ballad is not often collected; it is fortunate, therefore, to have a Newfoundland variant in such good condition. Notice how the tune used for *Squid Jiggin' Ground* resembles the first part of this melody.

Blow the Wind Westerly

PEA 156 No. 1009
Mrs. Charlotte Decker
Parson's Pond, August, 1959

Moderately fast



1. Up jumps a crab with his crooked legs,
   Saying "You play the cribbage and I'll stick the pegs."
   Singing blow the wind westerly, let the wind blow,
   By a gentle nor'wester how steady she goes.
2. Up jumps a dolphin with his chuckle-head,
   He jumps on the deck saying, "Pull out the lead!"
3. Up jumps a flounder so flat on the ground,
   Saying, "Damn your old chocolate, mind how you sound."
4. Up jumps a salmon so bright as the sun,
   He jumped down between decks and fired off a gun.
5. Up jumps a whale, the biggest of all,
   He jumped up aloft and he's pawl after pawl.
6. Up jumps a herring the king of the sea,
   He jumps up on deck saying, "Helms a-lee!"
7. Up jumps a shark with his big row of teeth,
   He jumped up between decks and shook out the reefs.

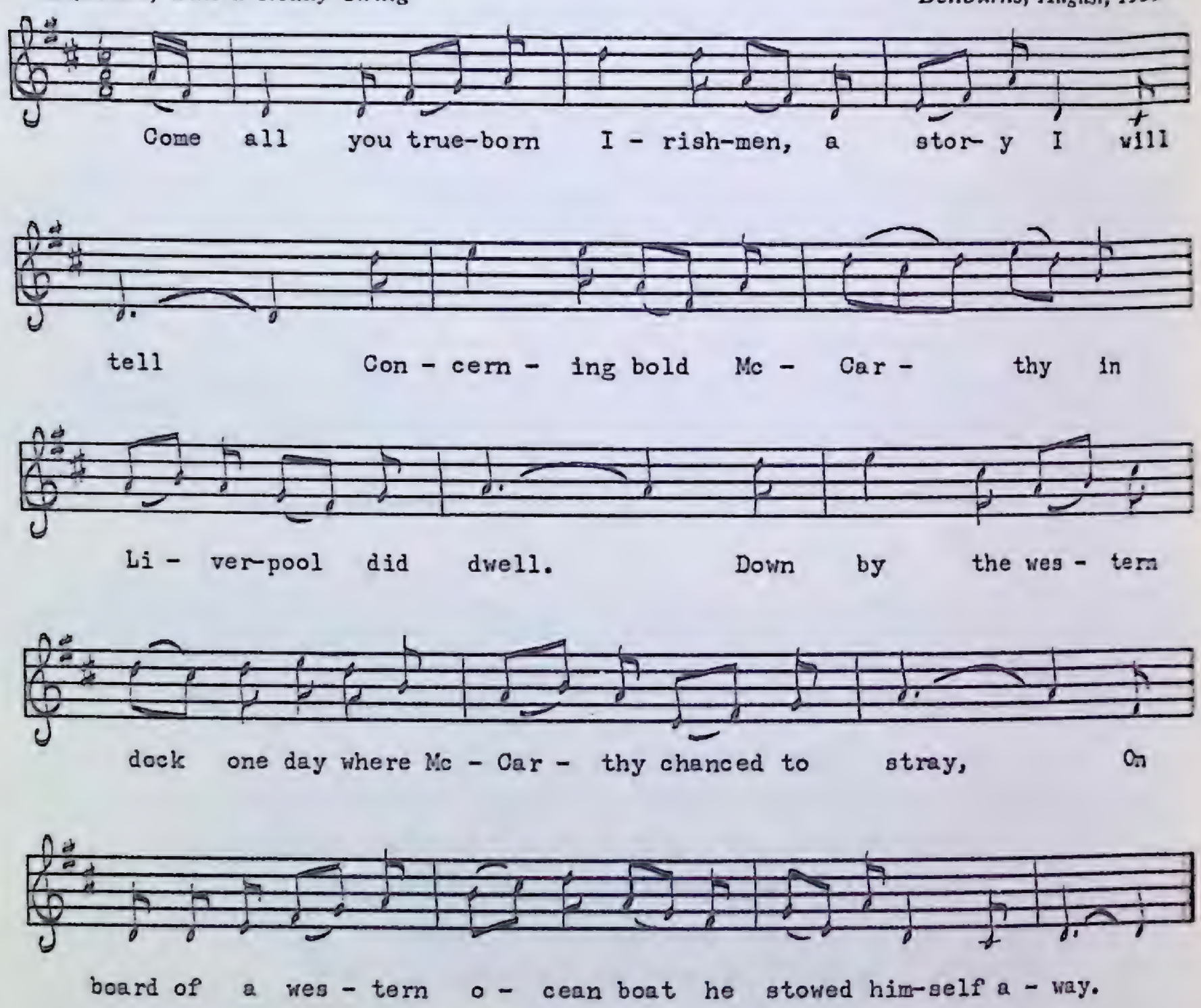
This popular sailor's song was often used as a capstan shanty. When the leader ran out of verses, new ones were often improvised on the spot by some of the other sailors. A modern parallel would be the improvised blues choruses of various participants in a coffee-house jam session.

Bold McCarthy

(The City of Baltimore)

PEA 164 No. 1042
Mrs. Clara Stevens
Bellburns, August, 1959

Moderate, with a steady swing



1. Come all you true-born Irishmen, a story I will tell
   Concerning bold McCarthy in Liverpool did dwell.
   Down by the western dock one day where McCarthy chanced to stray,
   On board of a western ocean boat he stowed himself away.

2. As we pulled out of the river one day for New York we were bound,
   This Irish lad was stowed away leaving his native ground,
   This Irish lad was stowed away leaving his native shore,
   On board of a western ocean boat, the *City of Baltimore*.

3. So early every morning when the first mate calls his crew,
   So early every morning he will put those sailors through,
   Saying, "Where is that slob of an Irishman, what makes him stow away?"
   "Now here I am," McCarthy cries, "what have you now to say?

4. "I own I am an Irishman and that I can't deny,
Before I'll be put down by you it's on this deck I'll die.
If you are a man of courage it's me you'll stand before,
I'll fight you here right on the deck of the *City of Baltimore*."

5. Our mate he was a cowardly man, before him would not stand,
He ran at bold McCarthy with an iron pin in his hand.
McCarthy was a smart young chap, soon left him in his gore,
There was blood and murder on the deck of the *City of Baltimore*.

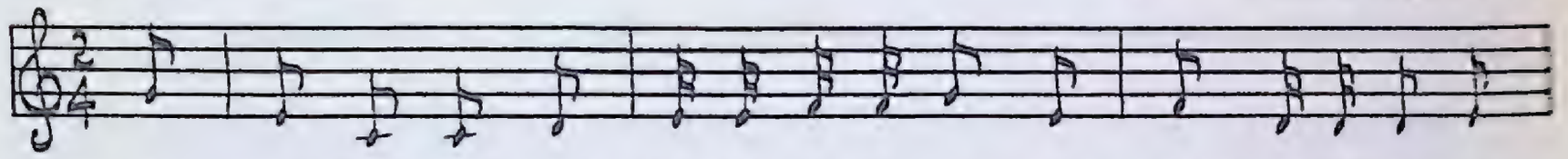
6. Our captain being a Scotchman, MacDonald was his name,
And when he heard what was going on straight forward then he came,
He took McCarthy by the hand saying, "Do not fight any more,
And I'll make you an officer in my ship, the *City of Baltimore*."

The *City of Baltimore* was operated in the 1850's between Liverpool and New York by the Inman Line of Liverpool. At 2,000 tons she was one of the largest ships in the Atlantic trade at that time.

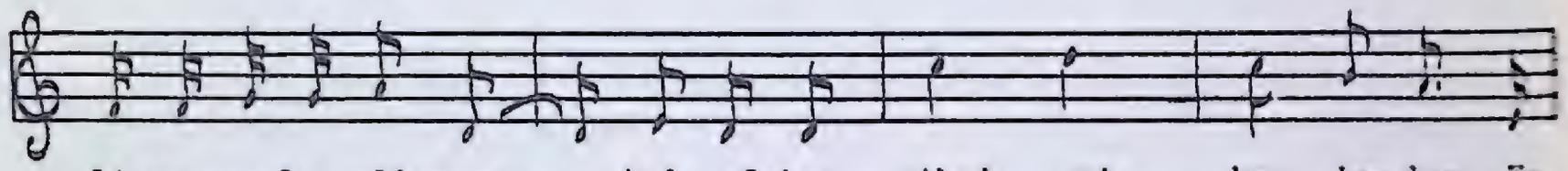
Bully Brown

PEA 155 No. 1003
James Decker
Parson's Pond, August, 1959

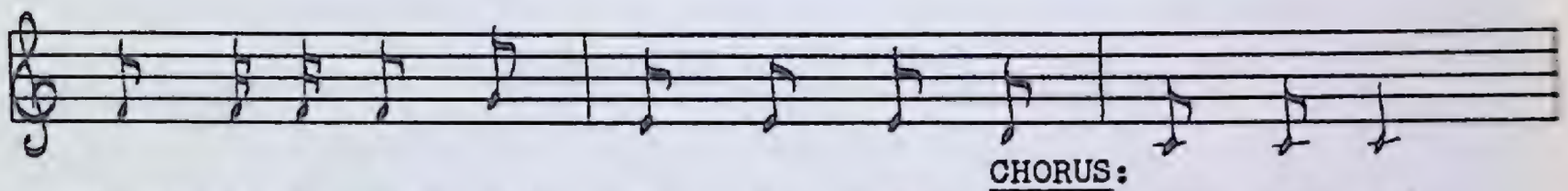
Moderate, strict time



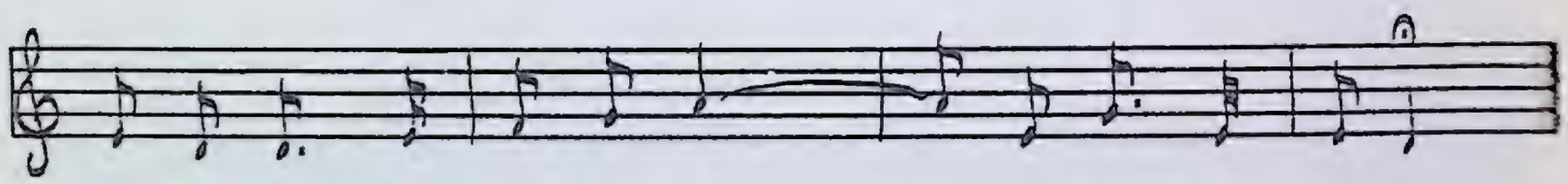
Oh first he was the cap-tain of a coal-yard, Next he be-came a



Li-ver-pool po-lice-man, And af-ter that got bro - ken down, He



shipped as a mate with Bul - ly Brown. CHORUS: Saying tow row row,



lay long now, Be han- dy - O, brave boys be han- dy.

1. Oh first he was the captain of a coal-yard,
   Next he became a Liverpool policeman,
   And after that got broken down;
   He shipped as a mate with Bully Brown.

   Saying tow row row, lay long now,
   Be handy-o, brave boys be handy.

2. Our captain he did carkle late, sir,
   He was not fit to be his mate, sir,
   He kicked him out of the cabin like a dog
   Because he could not write his log.

3. Then he went forward in a funk, sir,
   He asked the sailors for a bunk, sir,
   The sailors told him flat all round
   That he'd have to go back to Bully Brown.

4. Then to the cabin he went back, sir,
   He worked his favor in a crack, sir,
   The very next thing came in his head
   Was to cheat us out of a pound of bread.

5. As true to say I am a sinner,
   The murphies there you'll get for dinner,
   The bread as hard as any brass,
   And the beef's as salt as Lott's wife's ass.

6. Oh now my song is almost ended,
   I hope there's no one I've offended,
   There's one thing more I will tell you,
   And that's the names of our ship's crew.

7. There's Hampshire Harry and old Ned Dingles,
   Hampshire Tom and old Jack Kringles,
   Sitting Tom and Bully Brown,
   And Long Scottie from Lollywhack town.

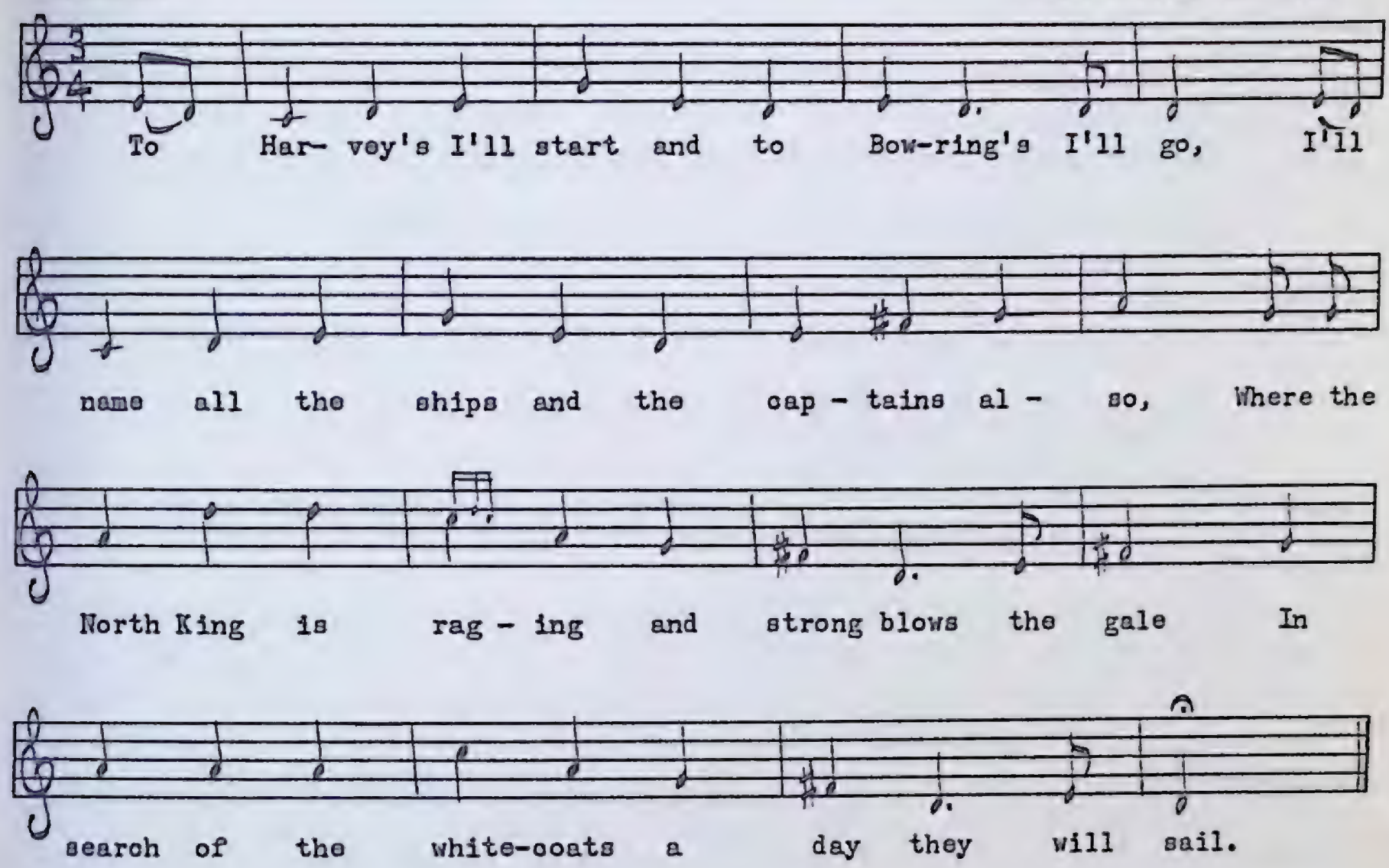
The "tow row row" of the chorus is pronounced to rhyme with "now." In verse 2 "carkle" is probably derived from the archaic Middle English word 'cark,' meaning to work anxiously or to fret.

Cape Broyle

Captains and Ships

PEA 2 No. 9
Jim Rice
Cape Broyle, July, 1951

Moderate



1. To Harvey's I'll start and to Bowring's I'll go,
   I'll name all the ships and the captains also,
   Where the North King is raging and strong blows the gale
   In search of the white-coats a day they will sail.

2. In the *Ad*, Captain Doyle; in the *Belle*, Joby Knee;
   In the *Bon*, Captain Parsons, a stout man is he.
   And jolly gay Kean in the spring will command
   Harvey's port steamer the old *Newfoundland*.

3. The name of the ships of Job Brothers and Co.
   The first and the next one I'll let ye all know;
   The good ship *Diana* Joe Blandford has charge,
   And I hope she'll come back before long with a surge.

4. In comes the *Beothic* so swift and so sure,
   I hope that George Barbour is with her once more,
   And then there's the *Neptune*, I see it so plain,
   And likewise the *Eric* with pleasant Joe Kean.

5. I wish them good luck and from Job's take my leave,
   I'll name all the ships owned by Walter Bain Grieve;
   There's the *Bloodhound*, Gate Windsor, he'll yet make his mark,
   With Kean in the *Iceland*; the *Cross*, Captain Clark.

6. Their brothers also got a fine man for sure,
Baxter Barbour that sails in the ship *Labrador,*
He'll fill 'er and bring 'er safe over the seas
As he did when he sailed in the Crosbie's *Louise.*

7. Now and then it is Bowring's the firm that's well-known
For the pluck, push and enterprise and all it has shown
By building that steamer, ye all know her well,
Evan Kean her commander, the new *Florizel.*

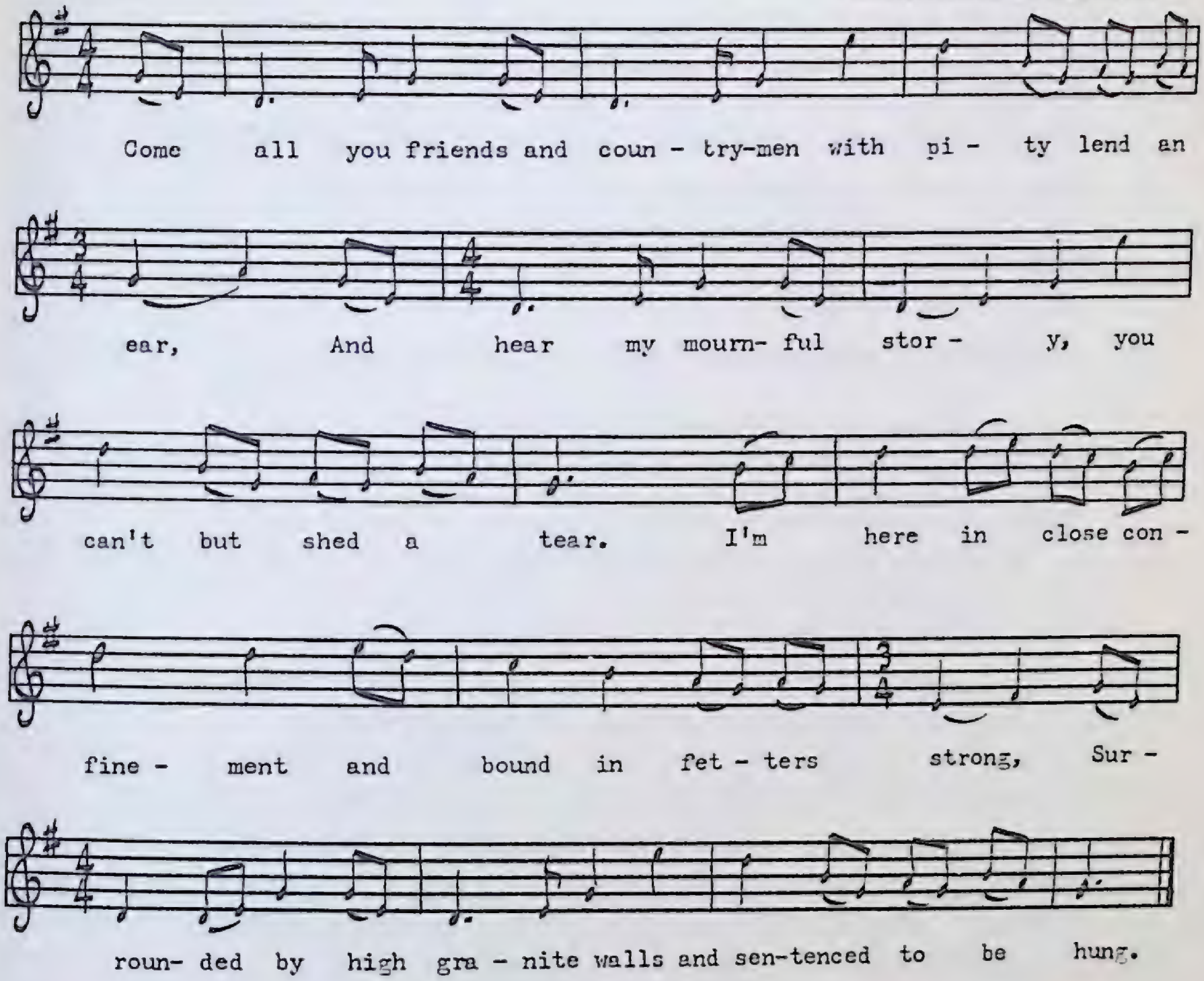
8. The *Kite*, Captain Carrol, I wish him good luck,
Once more in the *Eagle* Joe Kean showed his pluck;
And Bartlett, the *Viking* I pray ye will fill,
And dear old Dan Green, may he make the big bill.

9. The *Ranger*, Sam Windsor be fleetingly seen,
Likewise Noah Bishop and the *Algerine.*
My song is concluded 'bout captains and ships,
May they all come in with big beards on their lips!

Surprisingly enough, this historically valuable list of Newfoundland ships and their captains sounds rather well when sung. Most of the vessels were used in the heyday of the sealing fishery several decades ago (the "whitecoats" in verse 1 are baby seals). According to Jim Rice, the song was a favourite many years ago among the men of the sealing fishery where he worked for several seasons, but I have never found anyone else who knows it. Harvey's, Bowring's, and Job's are still well-known companies in Newfoundland. This is one of several native songs given to Gerald S. Doyle of St. John's for the 1955 edition of his booklet *Old-Time Songs of Newfoundland.*

Charles Augustus Anderson

PEA 76 No. 675
Mrs. Thomas Walters
Rocky Harbour, July, 1958



1. Come all you friends and country-men with pity lend an ear,
   And hear my mournful story, you can't but shed a tear;
   I'm here in close confinement and bound in fetters strong,
   Surrounded by high granite walls and sentenced to be hung.

2. It was a sad misfortune that brought me to this place
   To die an awful scandal, my parents to disgrace;
   Charles Augustus Anderson is my right and proper name,
   Since I have been in custody I ne'er denied the same.

3. .....
   .....
   I came from goodly parents although I die in scorn,
   Believe me now I must lament that ever I was born.

4. My father was a ship-wright, I might have been the same,
He showed a good example, to him I leave no blame;
Likewise my tender mother who for me suffered so,
When she hears my awful tragedy I'm sure she'll suffer more.

5. I shipped on board of the *Saladin* as you may understand,
Bound down to Valparaiso, MacKenzie had command;
We 'rivèd there in safety without the least delay,
When Fielding came on board our ship; oh curse that fatal day!

6. 'Twas he who had subdued us to do this awful crime,
Although we might've prevailed on him had we begun in time;
I have shed the blood of innocence the same I can't deny,
And stained my hands in human gore for which I have to die.

7. Oh dear and loving mother could I but see your face,
.....
I would bathe you in my tears of grief before my final hour,
Submitting, then, my soul to God to His holy will and power.

8. Sisters and brothers now adieu, all near and dear to me,
So far beyond the ocean, across the deep·blue sea;
The happy hours I spent with you while on my native shore,
Farewell sweet Judavella(?) I'll never see you. more.

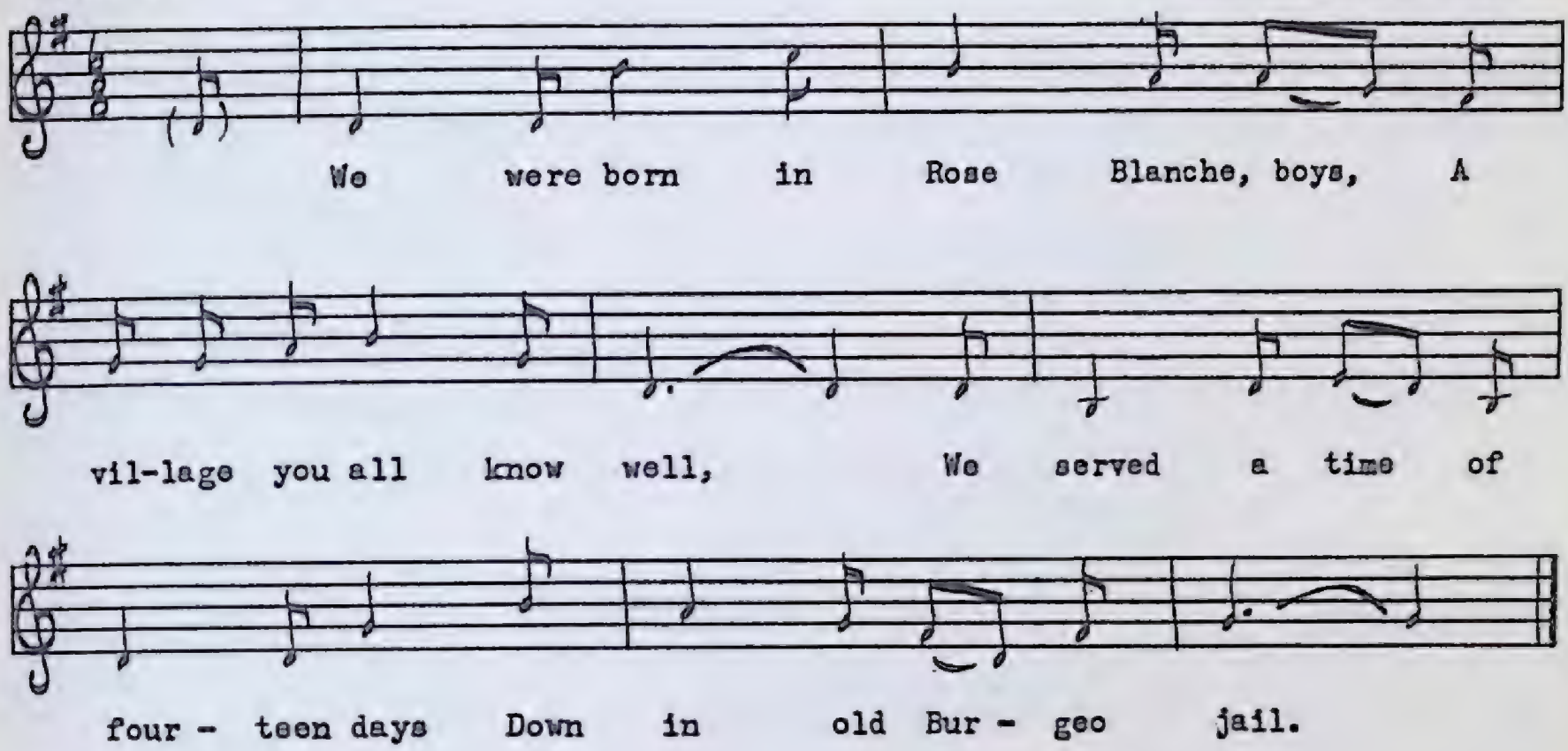
9. I was brought to the gallows, placed on the fatal stand,
I viewed the briny ocean and then the pleasant land;
There were books of consolation put there for me to read,
I professed the Church of England, my nation I must leave.

10. They put the awful halter on to window shame and strife;
With his own hand he greased the cord that cut the thread of life;
The knot it just cut through the loop which quickly stopped his breath,
And ended his career in the cold embrace of death.

(For background on this mutiny, see the note on *The Saladin Mutiny.*)

Christmas Rum

PEA 168 No. 1062
Mrs. Martha Osmond
Grand Bay, June, 1960



1. We were borne in Rose Blanche, boys,
   A village you all know well,
   We served a time of fourteen days
   Down in old Burgeo jail.

2. Our parents they were in a rage
   When we brought home the tale,
   We said ten dollars was the fine
   Or fourteen days in jail.

3. We leaved our home next morning,
   The day seemed quite long,
   When Crispen said, "You must depart
   Along with Ranger Tom."

4. It was late up in the evening
   When we arrived in jail,
   The ranger he brought in some beans,
   It was a femious(?) meal.

5. He asked us a few questions, boys,
   That we did gladly tell,
   He said, "My boys, what have you done
   To be sent down here to jail?"

6. "We haven't done no crime, kind sir,
   Nor are we on the bum,
   We've only saved our money
   And sent for our Christmas rum."

7. Now Monday being the first day
And work was just begun,
The ranger he said, "You boys must work
For sending after rum."

8. We worked from daylight until dark
And what could we do more?
When Louis and Kim they cleaned the slits
And Kerwin scrubbed the floor.

9. Whoever told the ranger this
He thought we'd get bad luck,
We will tell him before his face, boys,
He is nothing but a suck.

10. The time is coming both slow and sure
When we'll be twenty-one,
We'll go and tell that lickie
That we got our Christmas rum.

11. So now it is all over,
It's all been said and done,
So boys if you want to have a good time
Just send for a bottle of rum.

I thought it might be revealing to include at least one example of a recent song that is typical of the scores one hears composed by once-in-a-lifetime 'amateurs.' For a better example by another one-song composer see *The Jubilee Guild. Christmas Rum* was composed by two teenagers in Rose Blanche, who wished their names withheld.

The Drunken Captain

PEA 100 No. 777
Everett Bennett
St. Paul's, August, 1958

Moderate

I was home - ward bound all rea- dy for

sea, When our drun - ken cap - tain got on a

spree; He spreed three nights and he spreed three

(omit in remaining verses)

days, He came on board and this did

say, "Weigh your an-chors b'ys now, and sail a - way."

1. I was homeward bound all ready for sea,
   When our drunken captain got on a spree;
   He spreed three nights and he spreed three days,
   He came on board and this did say,
   "Weigh your anchors, b'ys now, and sail away."

2. Our anchors weighed and got under way
   As we steered out in a heavy sea,
   We cleared Sandy Point in under our lee,
   With a drunken captain in a heavy sea.

3. There came a squall from the angry skies,
   She pressed and she plunged but she would not rise,
   Her jib she sparred as she come head to the wind,
   And her jib took in no new sheet then.

4. We asked him kindly to shorten sail
Or we would be lost in a heavy gale,
He cursed and he swore, "If the winds do blow,
I will show you all how my ship do go."

5. Oh up speaks one of our noblest men,
"There's twelve of us all here at hand,
We'll reef her down to sea we'll go,
If you interfere you'll be tied below."

6. We reefed her down oh but still he steered,
Now the Flower Ledges we'll keep clear,
We are sailing up the north shore now,
See how she heaves those white waves from her bow.

7. I am homeward bound now in great success
Like a weary eagle seeking rest,
When I get home no more I'll sail
With a drunken captain in a heavy gale.

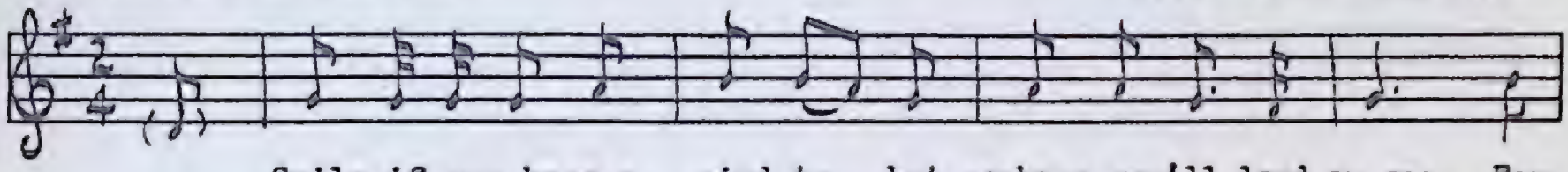
Known as *In Canso Strait* in Nova Scotia, this Canadian ballad has been collected several times by Helen Creighton. Although the wording and rhyming of this Newfoundland variant is often quite different, it tells essentially the same story.

The Ghostly Sailors

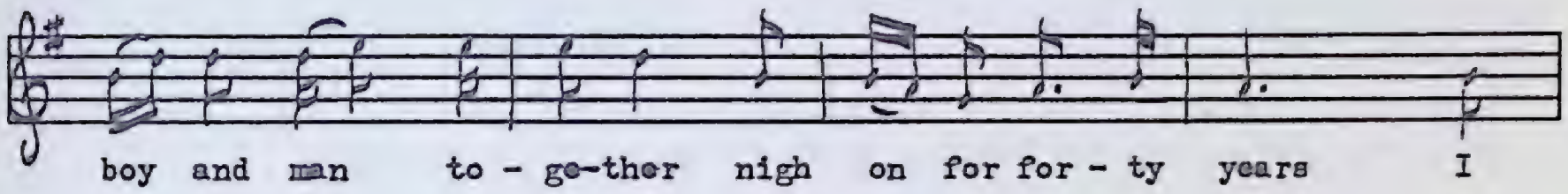
A

PEA 130 No. 903
Alan MacArthur
Upper Ferry, June, 1959

Moderately slow, free time

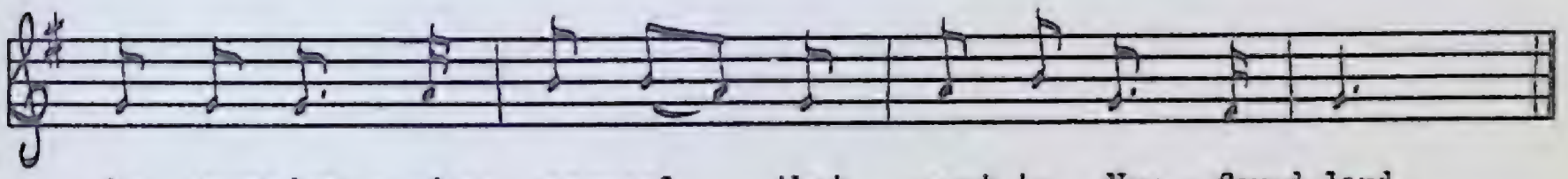


Smile if you have a mind to, but perhaps you'll lend an ear, For



boy and man to - ge-ther nigh on for for - ty years I

sailed up-on the wa - ter to the Wes-tern Banks and Grand, And



in some her - ring ves-sel that went to New - found-land.

1. Smile if you have a mind to, but perhaps you'll lend an ear,
   For boy and man together nigh on for forty years
   I sailed upon the water to the Western Banks and Grand
   And in some herring vessel that went to Newfoundland.
2. Oh I've seen storms I tell you when things looked rather blue,
   But somehow I was lucky and always have got through,
   Now I'll not brag, however, and won't say much but then
   I'm not much easier frightened than most of other men.
3. 'Twas one drear night I speak of we were off the shore a way,
   I never shall forget it in all my mortal days,
   'Twas in the dim, dark watches I felt a chilling dread,
   It bowled me down as if I heard one calling from the dead.
4. Then on the deck there clambered all silent one by one,
   A dozen dripping sailors, just wait till I have done,
   Right on the deck they clambered yet not a voice we heard,
   They moved about together and never spoke a word.
5. Their faces pale and sea-wet shone ghostly through the night,
   Each took his place as freely as if he had a right,
   And they all worked the vessel, the land being just in sight,
   Or rather I should say, sir, the lighthouse tower's light.

6. And then those clambering sailors moved to the rail again,
   And vanished in the deep ere sun could shine on them,
   I know not any reason in truth why they should come,
   And navigate the vessel till just in sight of home.

7. It was the same poor fellows, I pray God rest their souls,
   That our old craft ran under one night near George's shoals,
   So now you have my story, it was just the way I say,
   And I've believed in spirits since that time, anyway.

The words of this widespread tale were composed by Harry L. Marcy and first appeared in *Fishermen's Ballads and Songs of the Sea,* compiled in 1874 by Proctor Brothers, a stationery firm in Gloucester, Massachusetts. Used first as a recitation, the poem soon acquired a tune, and sailors and fishermen throughout the whole North Atlantic region learned it.

B

PEA 90 No. 733
Everett Bennett
St. Paul's, August, 1958

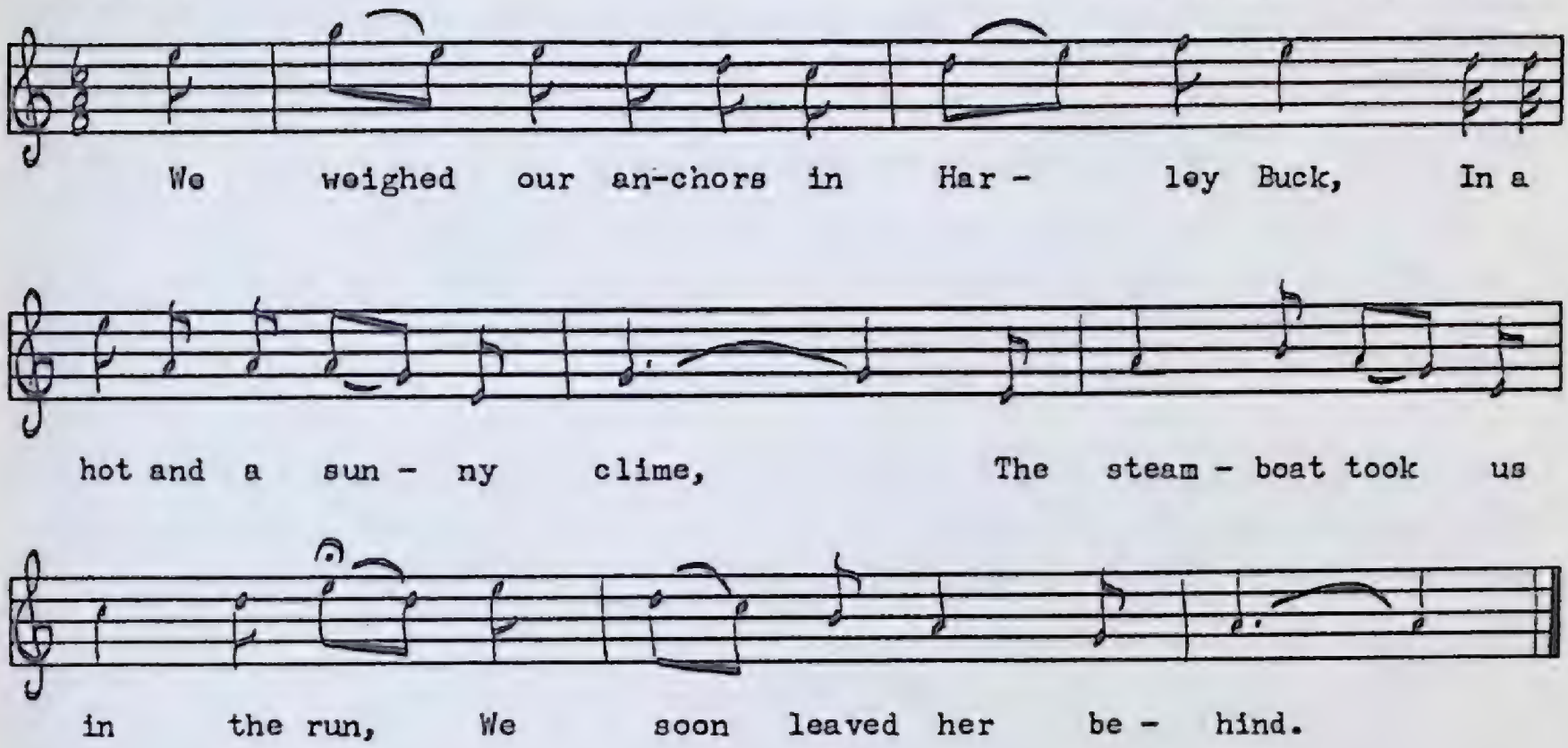
Moderately slow

The night as I were tel - ling you we were off shore a
ways, I ne - ver will for - get it in
all my mor - tal days; The trip be- fore the
oth-er, we were on Geor - ge's then, Ran
down an - oth - er ves - sel, sank her and all her crew.

The Girls of Newfoundland

PEA 115 No. 847
Arthur Nicolle
Rocky Harbour, August, 1958

Moderate



1. We weighed our anchors in Harley Buck(?)
   In a hot and a sunny clime,
   The steam-boat took us in the run,
   We soon leaved her behind.

2. We unfurled canvas fore and aft
   In a sweet and a pleasant breeze,
   Till lufting topsails carried us on
   As she crept o'er the seas.

3. Two nights and days we sailed that way,
   Our ship before the wind;
   Two nights and days we sailed that way,
   Till we got on the line.

4. It's for our noble captain,
   He plowed the ocean far,
   And like him our sea-faring mate,
   A stout and a jolly tar.

5. It was for those four young seamen bold
   Have nothing to trouble their mind,
   But thinking on those handsome girls
   Which they had leaved behind.

6. And now we're anchored in Harbour Grace,
   The land we do adore;
   We'll now la'nch out our long-boats
   And lusty pull on shore.

7. Where we drank liquor there all day,
We'll drink an o'erflowing can;
We'll drink a health to all seamen bold
That sails from Newfoundland.

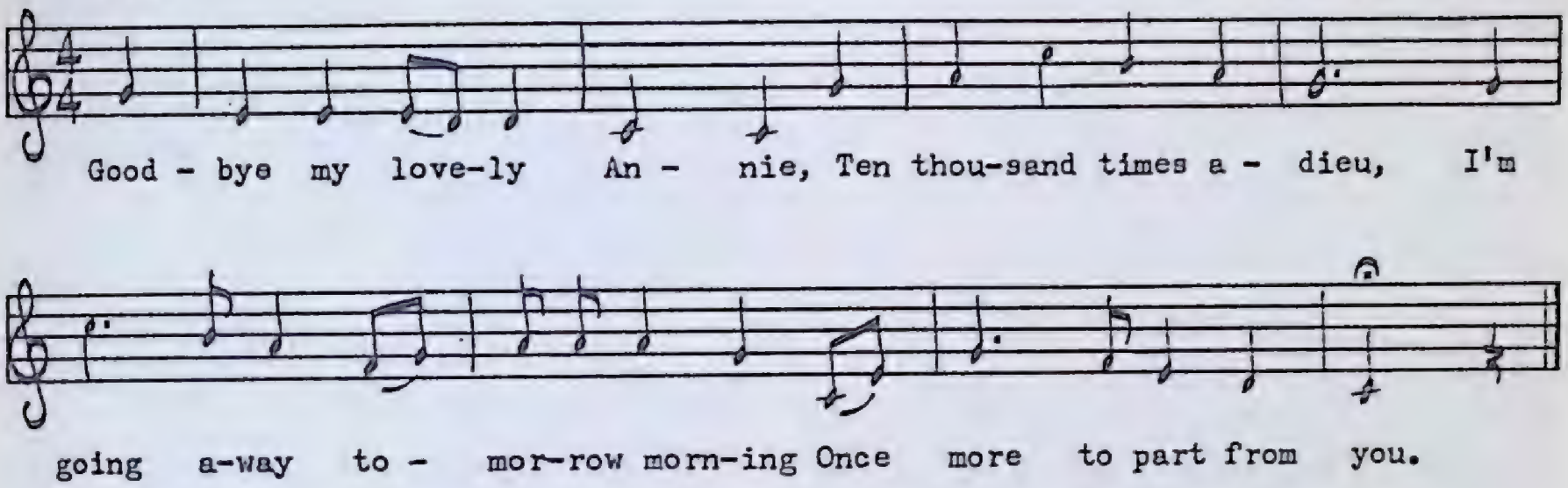
8. Some pretty girls we will see there
With hearts so young and gay
Who like some early blossoms
Blooms in the month of May.

9. The rose that blooms upon their cheek,
'Twould win the heart of man;
The pride of all our nation is
Those girls of Newfoundland.

The place name 'Harley Buck' in the first verse is written as it was pronounced. Mr. Nicolle used the same Aeolian tune the following year for *The Loggers' Plight,* a new ballad about the 1959 loggers' strike.

Good-bye My Lovely Annie

PEA 10 No. 61
Howard Morry
Ferryland, July, 1951



1. Good-bye my lovely Annie,
   Ten thousand times adieu,
   I'm going away tomorrow morning
   Once more to part from you.

2. Once more to part from you, fine girl,
   You're the one I do adore,
   But still I live in hopes to see you
   In Newfoundland once more.

3. Oh now I'm on the ocean,
   And you are far behind;
   Kind letters I will write to you
   Of the secrets of my mind.

4. There is a storm arising now,
   You can see it drawing near;
   The night is dark and stormy too,
   And all hearts are filled with fear.

5. Our good ship she is tossed about,
   Her rigging is all tore,
   But still I live in hopes to see you
   In Newfoundland once more.

6. Oh now we're safely landed,
   And now we're safe on shore,
   We'll drink success to those we love,
   And the girls we do adore.

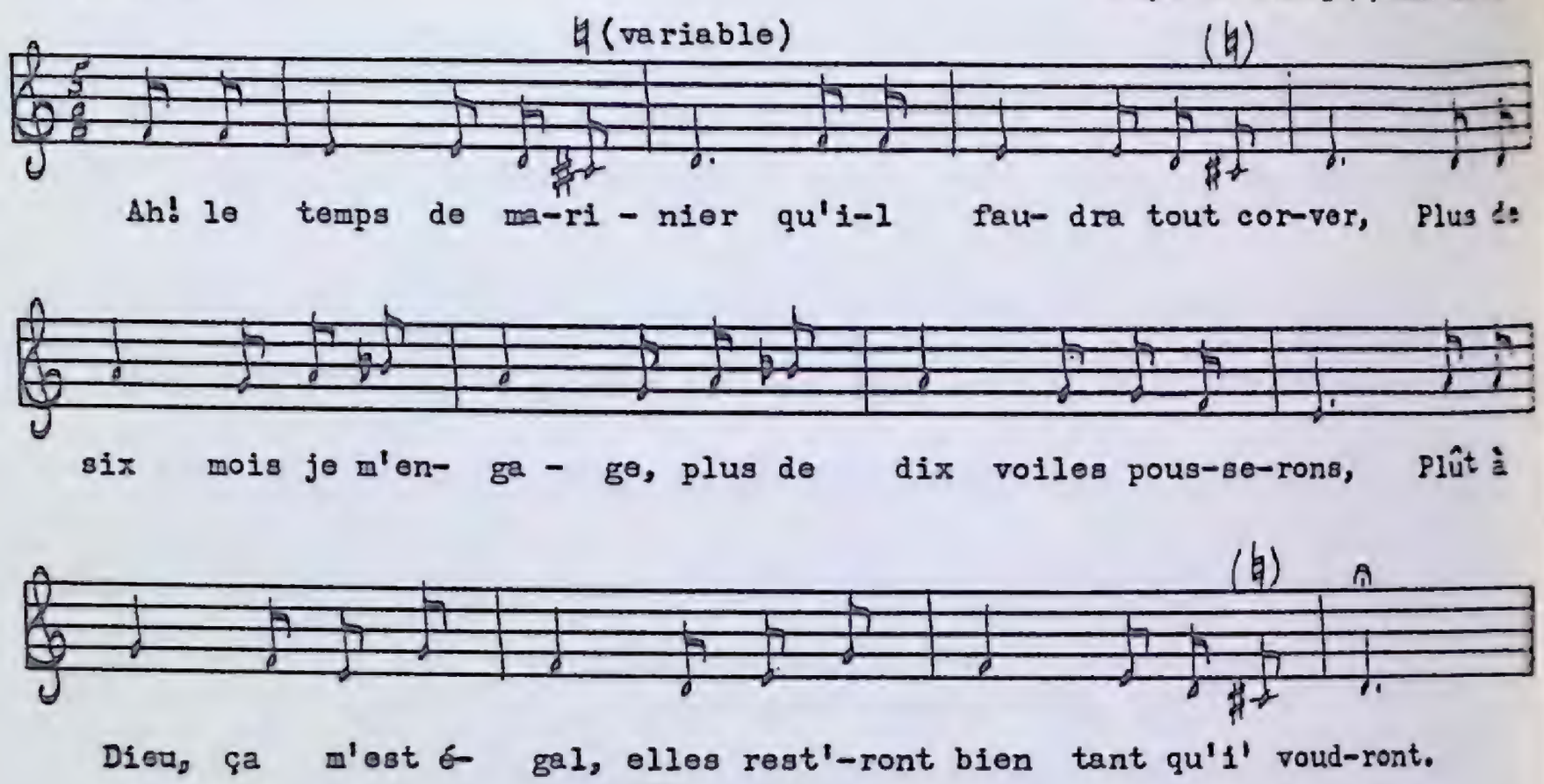
7. We'll drink strong ale and brandy too,
   And we'll make those towers roar,
   And when our money's all spent and gone
   We will go and work for more.

A fragment of what appears to be a related ballad has been recorded in Nova Scotia by Helen Creighton as *Enoch Arden's Farewell* (CR 153 A).

Grand saint Pierre, ouvre ta porte

PEA 136 No. 935
Joseph Lemoine
Cape St. George, juillet 1959

Assez vif



Ah! le temps de marinier qu'il faudra tout corver,
Plus de six mois je m'engage, plus de dix voiles pousserons,
Plût à Dieu, ça m'est égal, elles rest'ront bien tant qu'i' voudront.

Ah! si l'amour vient m'attaquer, malgré moi j' m'y fus tomber,
Ah! je suis pris de la route pour saint Pierre aller trouver,
En arrivant à la porte, trois petits coups j'ai tapés.

Ah! saint Pierre m'a répondu: «Des marins, j' n'en voulons plus,
Sur la terre, vous êtes des diables plus méchants que des lions,
L'enfer vous donnait partage avec des restants du démon.»

—Ah! saint Pierre, répète-moi donc quoi c' qui a fait ces raisons?
—Sur la terre vous êtes des diables, et si on meurt, vous êtes des rois,
—Plût à Dieu, ça m'est égal, je rent'rons bien malgré toi.

Ah! saint Pierre tout en tremblant rouvr' la porte du firmament.
—Rent'e, rent'e, mais ne déclar', rentrez dans not'e paradis,
Tiens, voilà les clés d' la porte, pour moi j' n'ai plus rien ici.

—Ah! saint Pierre, si vous voudrez, en vivant bon marinier,
On vous mettra derrièr' la porte du démon de qui qu'est là,
Si c'est un marin d'Écosse, la port' tu 'i ouvriras.

—Va, va, mon beau saint Pierre, je te rends aux beaux marins.

The singer's use of the 5/8 rhythm is quite consistent throughout the song. One has only to try the conventional 3/4 rhythm for each bar, to realize how dull and flat it is by comparison.

Bedlamer Boy, Cape Broyle

(The word 'bedlamer', a young seal, is probably derived from the French 'bête de la mer'.)

A Rambling Young Fellow

(Derrydown Fair)

PEA 103 No. 792
Freeman Bennett
St. Paul's, August, 1958

Fast

When I was a ram-bling young fel - low I ne - ver took care of me life, A - rol - ling and ram - bling for - e - ver, In e - ver - y port a fresh wife. But give me the girl that will love me, And bless me in this hap - py life, And dance un - to me a fresh ca - per, A coun - tr - y girl for a wife.

1. When I was a rambling young fellow
I never took care of me life,
A-rolling and rambling forever,
In every port a fresh wife.
But give me the girl that will love me,
And bless me in this happy life,
And dance unto me a fresh caper,
A country girl for a wife.

2. I have been in cold frosty weather,
I have been in love hot and cold;
I ventured me life on the ocean,
I ventured me life for gold.
But now since the wars they're all over,
And we are safe landed on shore,
Now blow me and bless me forever
If I goes to sea anymore.

3. I'll send for me friends and relations,
I'll send for them every one,
And all for to make them quite welcome,
I'll send for a cask of good rum;
I will send for a cask of good rum, boys,
And two or three barrels more beer;
It's all for to welcome the lassie
That meets me at Derrydown Fair.

4. Oh when I'm dead and gone,
And there is an end to me life,
Don't never lay sighing or sobbing,
But do a good turn for me wife;
Don't never lay sighing or sobbing,
There's one single thing more do I crave,
Dress up in blue jacket and trousers,
And fiddle and dance to my grave.

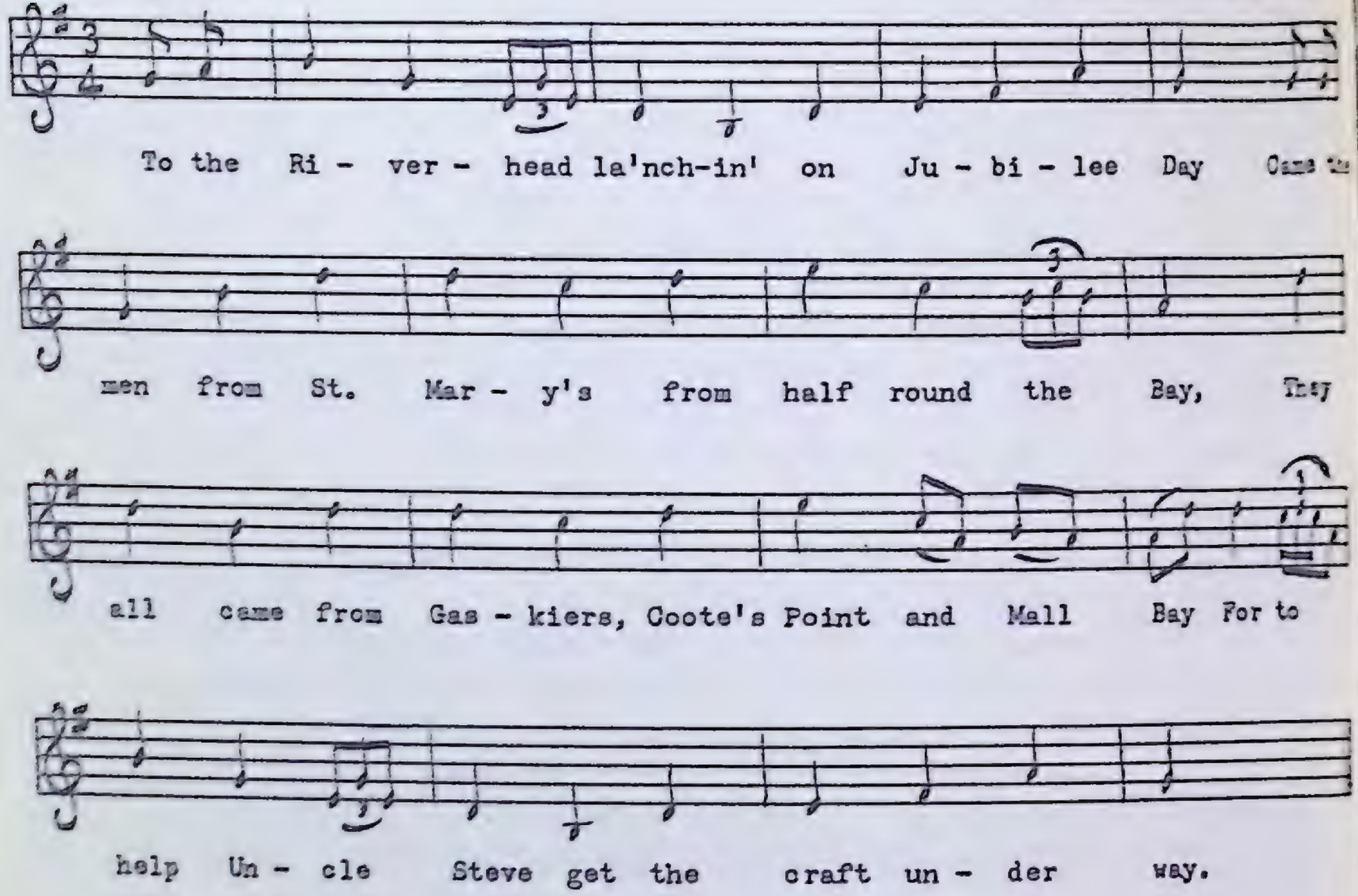
5. Let there be six sailors to carry me,
And may they be damnable drunk,
A-rolling and rambling forever,
And p'rhaps they might fall in me trunk;
Let them all fall a-cursing and swearing,
Like men that is going to run mad,
Just tip a glass over my coffin,
Saying, "There goes a jolly brisk lad."

This song appeared in England under the broadside title of *The Rakish Young Fellow*. Notice how the first line of verse 5 resembles a similar line in *The Unfortunate Rake* and its descendant, *The Cowboy's Lament* (Streets of Laredo).

The Riverhead La'nchin' on Jubilee Day

PEA 208 No. 1155
Patrick Rossiter
Fermeuse, October, 1961

Moderately fast



1. To the Riverhead la'nchin' on Jubilee Day
   Came the men from St. Mary's from half round the Bay,
   They all came from Gaskiers, Coote's Point, and Mall Bay,
   For to help Uncle Steve get the craft under way.

2. The custom-house officer, the magistrate too,
   All turned out in style the new boat to view.
   There was Doctor Conroy and his lady so fair
   Like a duke and a duchess a-taking the air.

3. And busy Jack Savage from Hamilton Street
   Came out from St. John's all his friends for to meet,
   There was Gunrodden and Fagan, and fat Billy Joe,
   And they sang to the praises of Lord Lettergo.

4. And we had Billy Hanlon for shantyman too,
   And all the Bay knows just what Billy can do;
   When he sings in the coves in the fall of the year
   All the gulls from Gull Island come out for to hear.

5. So we sang *Johnny Coaker* and hauled 'er along,
   And all the b'ys present were pulling so strong
   When Missus McGrath broked her arm on 'er bow,
   We all hove together when Billy said, "Now!"

6. Now after hard heaving she got under way,
And slipped down the ways and right out in the Bay.
'Twould do your heart good for to see such a charm,
For to see 'er slide out in the Riverhead Arm.

7. We all were delighted to see such a thing,
We wished 'er good luck and we cheered for the King,
We cheered for His Majesty loudly and strong,
And we wished him a future both happy and long.

8. And as for Steve Fagan to know him you'd wish,
At seventy-two still a devil for fish,
A true fishing skipper out after a load,
And he trained his three b'ys well, Gus, Leo, and Joe.

9. And as for the b'ys, sure they're very well known,
If they were like others they might stayed at home,
But they fished out of Boston with old Gerry Shea,
And they built their own houses and paid their own way.

10. And as for the boat we all wish 'er the best,
We know P.B.'s building can stand any test,
We wish 'er forever as years roll around
Full hatches, fair landings, and a good holding ground.

11. Long life to the boat and success to 'er crew,
My song it is finished, my liquor is too,
But 'twill be a long time ere we have in the Bay
Such a time as the la'nchin' on Jubilee Day.

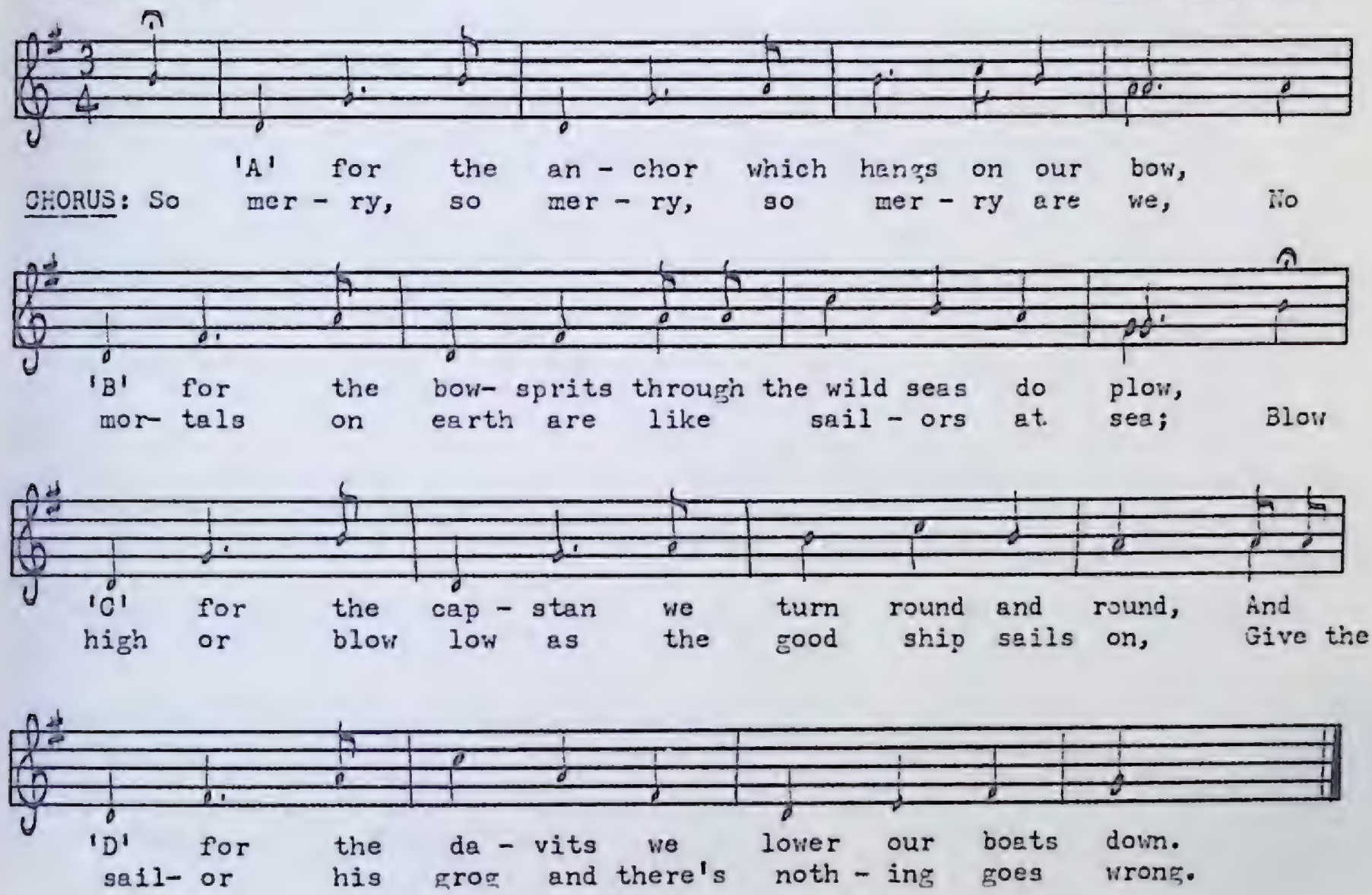
Riverhead is in St. Mary's Bay about twenty miles from Fermeuse, straight across the barrens of the Avalon Peninsula, but is much farther around the coast by road or boat. (For a quite different native ballad with a St. Mary's Riverhead locale see *The Loss of the* Eliza.)

A harbour scene in Notre Dame Bay

The Sailor's Alphabet

PEA 70 No. 657
Mrs. Gladys Snow
Cormack, June, 1958

Moderately fast



1. A for the anchor which hangs on our bow,
   B for the bow-sprits through the wild seas do plow,
   C for the capstan we turn round and round,
   And D the davits we lower our boats down.

   So merry, so merry, so merry are we,
   No mortals on earth are like sailors at sea,
   Blow high or blow low as the good ship sails on,
   Give the sailor his grog and there's nothing goes wrong.

2. E for the ensign which flies from our peak,
   F for the fo'c'sle where the sailors do sleep,
   G for the galley where the cook moves around,
   H for the halyards we move up and down.

3. I for the iron on our good ship's main boom,
   J for the jib which moves her along,
   K for the keelson, the keel is below,
   L for the lanyards we move to and fro.

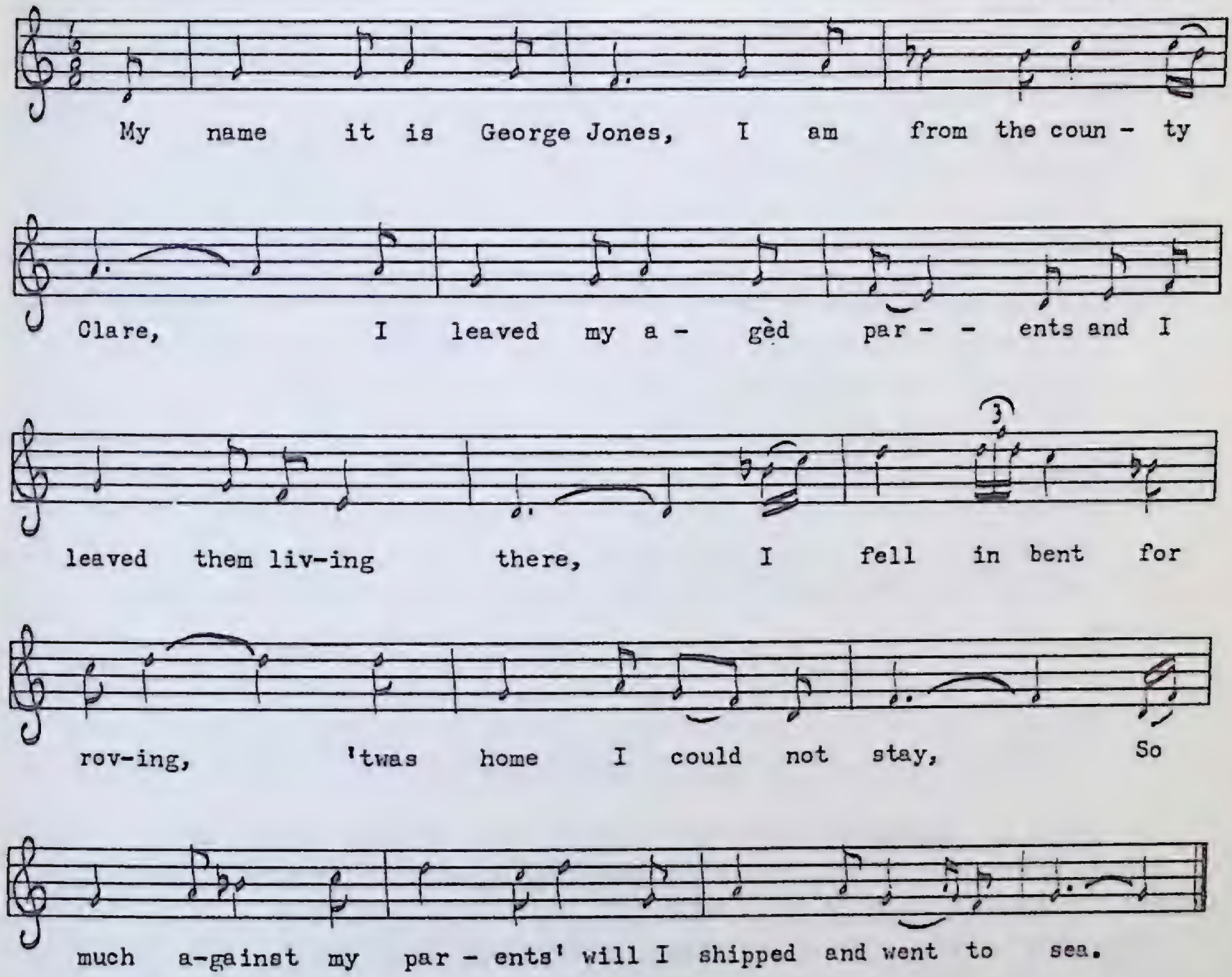
4. M for the mainmast so stout and so strong,
   N for the needle which never points wrong,
   O for the oars we row our boats out,
   P for the pumps which keep her afloat.

5. Q for the quarter-deck where the officers move around,
R for the rigging we run up and down,
S for the sailors which move her along,
T for the topsails we pull up and down.

6. U for the Union which flies from our peak,
V for the vittles which the sailors do eat,
W for the wheel where we all take our turn,
X, Y, and Z is the name on our stern.

The "Saladin" Mutiny

PEA 192 No. 1141
Mrs. Mary Ann Galpin
Codroy, July, 1960



1. My name it is George Jones, I am from the county Clare,
   I leaved my agèd parents and I leaved them living there,
   I fell in bent for roving, 'twas home I could not stay,
   So much against my parents' will I shipped and went to sea.
2. I shipped on board of the *Saladin,* I shudder at her name,
   She was a Valparaiso boat bound to the Spanish Main,
   I shipped as a cabin steward, that proved my fatal day,
   When a demon came on board of us and he led us all astray.
3. He agreed to work his passage, the ship was homeward bound
   With copper ore and silver she was worth manys a thousand pound,
   Besides, two cabin passengers on board of us they come,
   The one was Mister Fielding and the other one was his son.
4. Being on a Sunday morning I am sorry to relate
   We took them all by enterprise [surprise] and first we killed our mate,
   And next we killed the carpenter and overboard him threw,
   Our captain he did soon meet death with four more of our crew.

5. Being on a Sunday morning when that bloody deed was done,
Then Fielding came with a Bible and he swore in every one.
We were like a band of brethren that was sworn into a pledge,
If it had not have been for restrictury [?] that might have been the case.

6. All arms were then thrown overboard and none the same to keep,
He was our navigator upon the trackless deep,
Then when we next found Fielding the reason he lost his life,
He had a brace of loaded pistols and besides a carving knife.
Thinking he was for treachery Ed Gidding he reached the crow,
He was seized by Garvin Gallaway and overboard was thrown.

7. His son he begged for mercy for he was all alone,
But his sad tale was soon cut short and overboard was thrown,
We served him as his father who met a watery grave,
We buried son and father beneath the stormy waves.

8. The very next was agreed upon before the wind to keep,
We had the world before us, we were on the trackless deep,
We ofttimes kept before the wind as we could do no more,
And on the twenty-ninth of May we were shipwrecked on shore.

9. To Newgate we were taken, bound down in iron chain,
Confessing to our deadly crimes and all whom we had slain.
So fare you well my parents dear, I'll never see you no more,
So fare you well my own sweetheart, you're the girl that I adore.

Both this ballad and *Charles Augustus Anderson* tell the story of the mutiny aboard the English barque *Saladin* captained by Sandy Mackenzie, the soft-hearted skipper who took pity on a Mr. Fielding and his son in Valparaiso, Chile, where they were stranded without funds. The Fieldings led a mutiny with the purpose of seizing money from the ship's strong-box and later planned to abandon her off the coast of Newfoundland. The sailors, in turn, mutinied against the Fieldings and threw them overboard. The original plan of abandonment was carried forward, but without a skilled navigator the ship ran aground on the rocky shore of Guysborough County in Nova Scotia. The survivors finally confessed the whole bloody story, and the ringleaders were hanged in Halifax on July 30, 1844. For a Nova Scotia variant of this ballad see Roy Mackenzie's *George Jones.* In this Newfoundland variant the mutineers are taken to Newgate prison in London.

Si j'étais petite alouette grise

PEA 132 No. 912
Mme Gale
Searston, juillet 1959

Modéré, expressif

Si j'é - tais peu- t-être alou - et - te

gri - - se J'me po- se - rais sur le mât du na-

vi - re. Bon. va-t-en bien. Cou-cher tard, le - ver ma - tin.

Si j'étais peut-être [petite] alouette grise,
J' me poserais sur le mât du navire,
Bon, va-t'en bien,
Coucher tard, lever matin.

J' me poserais sur le mât du navire,
J'entenderais tous les mariniers dire:
Bon, va-t'en bien,
Coucher tard, lever matin.

«Sire, mon roi, donnez-moi votre fille.»

—Beau marinier, vous êtes point z-assez riche.

—Sire, mon roi, je suis bien que très riche.

J'ai trois navires sur la mer-e Baltique,
I' y a une chargée d'or, l'autre de perleries,
Et l'autre, c'est pour promener ma mie.

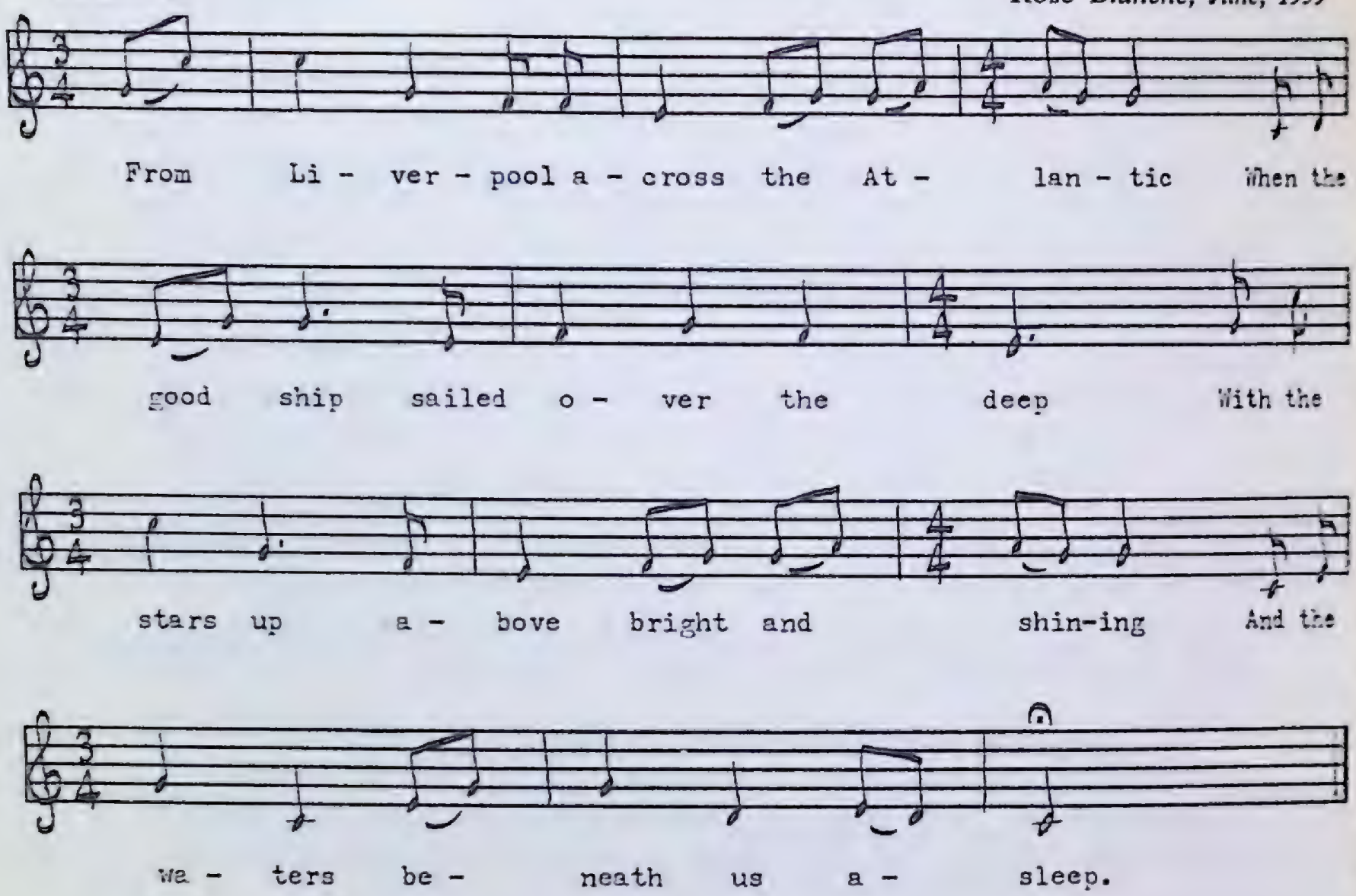
—Beau marinier, je vous donne ma fille.

—Sire, mon roi, je vous en remercie.

Que votre fille est z-une vraie toupie.

The Stowaway

PEA 125 No. 882
Kenneth Pink
Rose Blanche, June, 1959



1. From Liverpool across the Atlantic
   When the good ship sailed over the deep
   With the stars up above bright and shining
   And the waters beneath us asleep.

2. Not a bad-tempered man was among us,
   Not a jollier crew ever sailed,
   Except the first mate, a bit of a savage,
   Not a better seaman ever sailed.

3. One day he came up from below deck
   Clasping a lad by the arm,
   A poor little ragged young youngster
   Who had ought to been home with his mom.

4. Then the mate asked the boy pretty roughly,
   "How dare you to be stowed away
   A-cheating the owners and captain
   And sailing along without pay."

5. He said in a voice clear and whining,
   "My step-father brought me on board,
   He hid me away down below deck
   'Cause to keep me he could not afford."

6. "He told me this good ship would take me
To Halifax town oh so far,
He said now the Lord is your father
Who dwells where the good angels are."

7. "It's a lie," said the mate, "not your father,
But some of those bait-suckers here,
Some soft-headed, milk-hearted sailor,
Speak up, tell the truth, do you hear?"

8. The boy had a face bright and shining,
And a pair of blue eyes like a girl's,
He looked at this cruel first mate, lads,
And shook back his long shiny curls.

9. Then the mate drew a watch from his pocket
As if he was drawing a knife,
Said, "In ten minutes more you don't tell it,
Here's a rope and good-bye to your life."

10. Eight minutes passed by all in silence,
Then the mate said, "Speak up, say your say,"
With his eyes slowly filling with tear-drops
And flattering said, "May I pray?"

11. The little chap knelt on the deck there
With his hands tightly clasped o'er his breast,
He must ofttimes done it at home, lads,
At night time when going to rest.

12. When soft came those first words: 'Our Father'
Low and clear from his dear baby's lips,
At first they were heard just like thunder
By every true man on that ship.

13. Every word of the prayer, he went through it,
'Forever and ever, Amen.'
For all the bright gold of the Indies
We would not have hurt him again.

14. Off the deck was the lad sudden lifted
And clasped to the mate's rugged breast,
His husky voice whispered, "God bless you."
With his lips to his forehead he pressed.

15. "Do you believe me now?" said the youngster,
"Believe you?"—the mate kissed him once more—
"You have laid down your life for the truth, lad,
I will believe you for now and evermore."

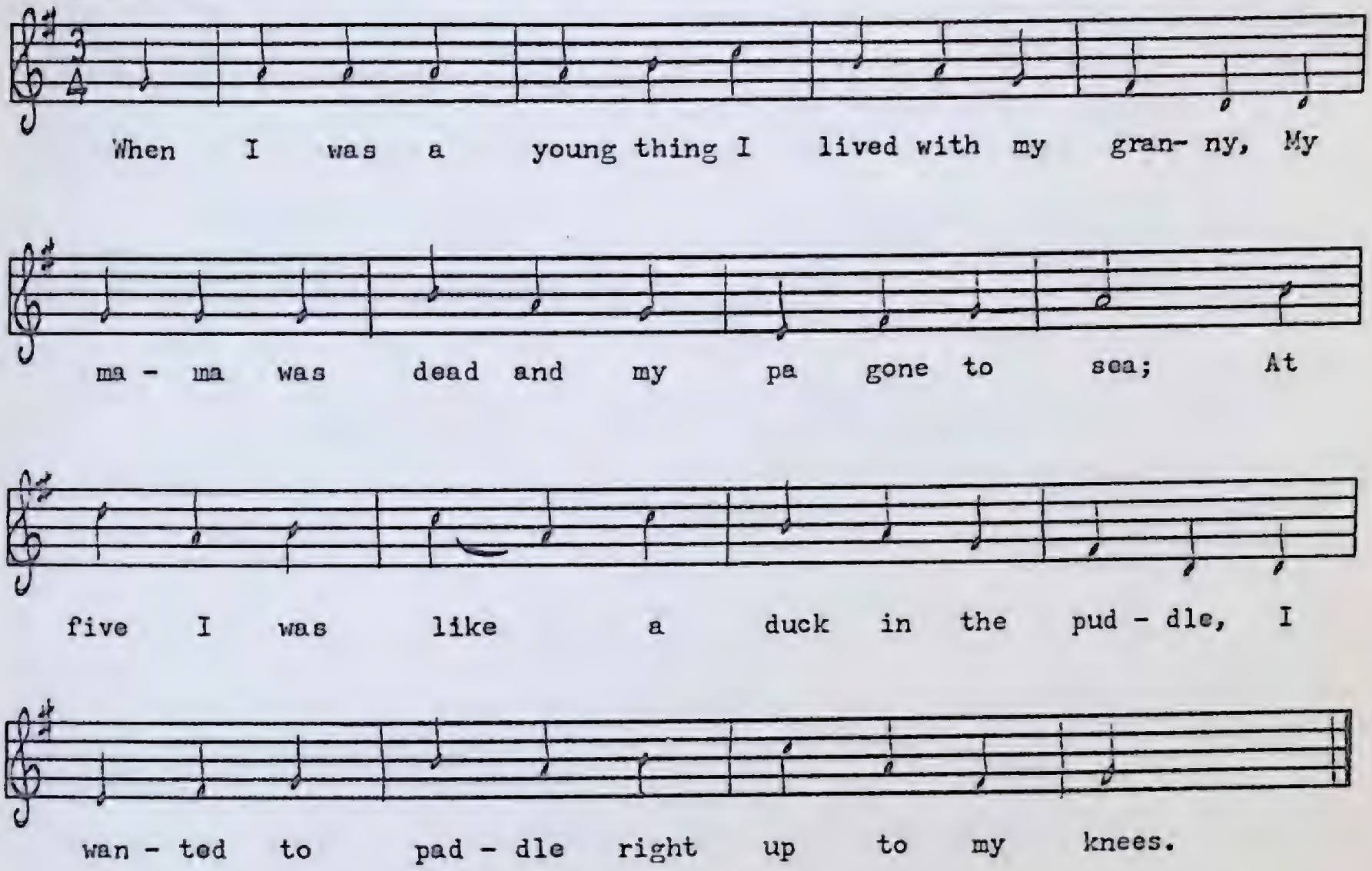
Although I was unable to find a printed source for this incredibly sentimental ballad, its 'literary' origin is unmistakable. The pseudo-religious prayer scene suggests that the ballad is the work of some over-zealous

missionary. Whenever one of these hell-fire evangelical sects moves into an outport, one of their first propaganda ploys is the distribution of edifying songs to supplant the sinful material the people and their ancestors have been singing for hundreds of years. Fortunately they seldom succeed. But when the religious life of a community has been completely taken over by one of these sects, traditional music disappears down the drain. When queried about the music their parents (and they themselves) used to sing, the people invariably reply: "Oh we never sing *those* songs any more." A twelve-verse variant of *The Stowaway* appears in the Greenleaf-Mansfield collection *Ballads and Sea Songs of Newfoundland*. The tune is different.

When I Was a Young Thing

PEA 111 No. 826
Everett Bennett
St. Paul's, August, 1958

Moderately fast



1. When I was a young thing I lived with my granny,
   My mama was dead and my pa gone to sea;
   At five I was like a duck in the puddle,
   I wanted to paddle right up to my knees.

2. Ofttimes I came home with my boots full of water,
   My granny she scold me and drive me to bed,
   At dreams I'd been roving about on the ocean,
   Enjoying my slumber in my nice cradle bed.

3. At seven I la'nched my first boat on the ocean,
   A dear little barque with a rudder and wheel,
   My heart gave a bounce when I saw her keel over,
   And turn up her sails to the summer-soft gale.

4. At nine I resolved that I would be a sailor,
   And follow my dada right across the whole main,
   And leave my old granny and all her fine dandies,
   Her peacocks and turkeys she keeps in the lane.

5. At ten I was ordered now unto a captain,
   He measured me now from the top to the toe,
   He said with a smile, "Jack, you'll make a fine sailor,
   With a tarpaulin jacket you'll cut a fine show."

6. That night I slept rather sound in my hammock,
I dreamt of old granny right away on the shore,
Soon I was aroused by the bo's'n's loud whistle,
All things around me seemed to whistle and roar.

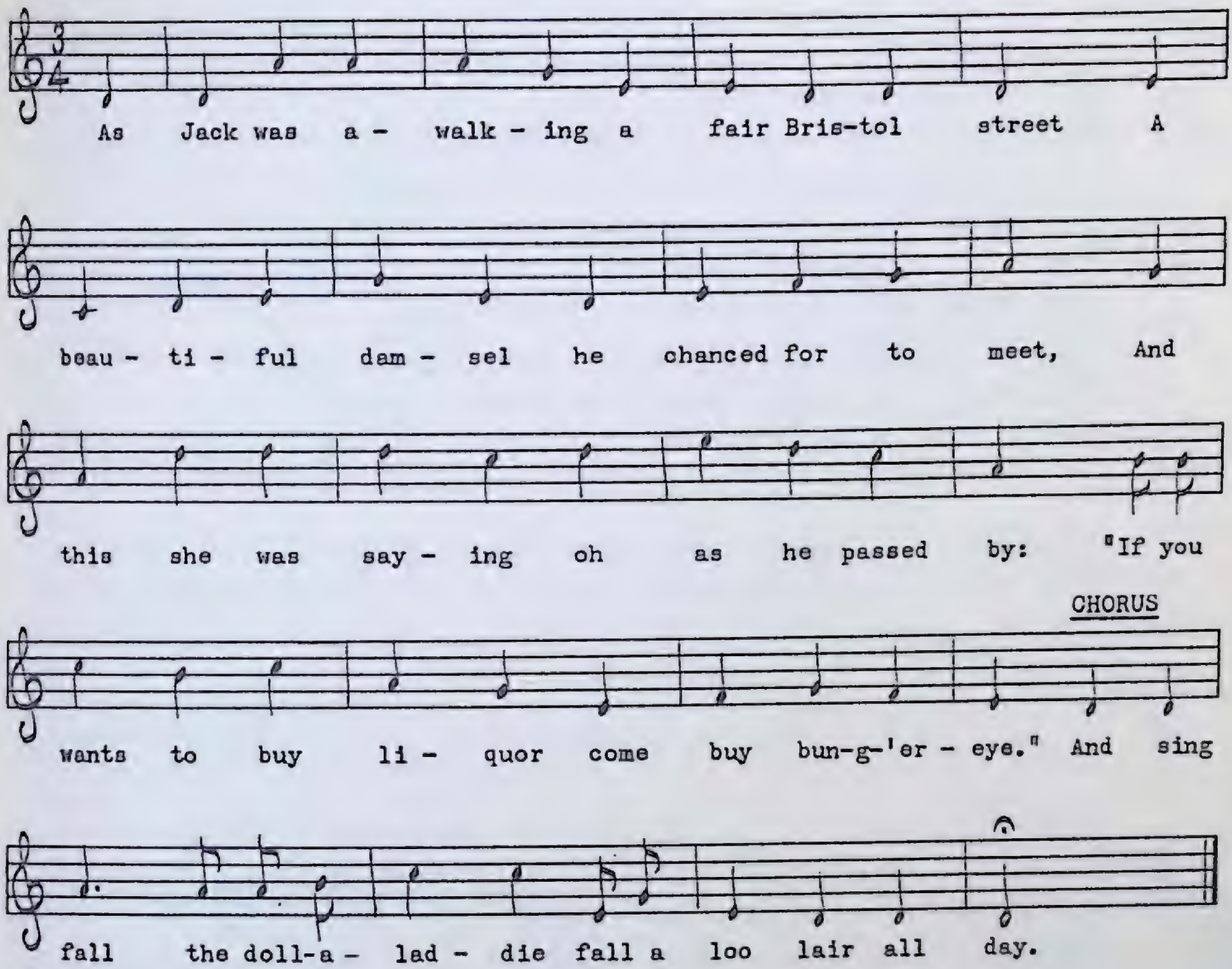
7. I jumped out of my hammock, my sea-legs forsook me,
I stumbled and scrambled right away to the deck,
Soon I was pitched headlong into the lee-scuttle,
Our ship was a-rolling and almost a wreck.

8. The wind came in gushes, rushed through our riggin',
Keep down on those bracelets let none of them slack;
Come aboard your fore-isle [?], tip gun-sail [?] and buntline,
Come steady, come steady, come aboard your fore-tack.

(For a tune similar to this see *The Track to Knob Lake.*)

Young Bung-'er-eye

PEA 15 No. 83
Gordon Willis
St. John's, July, 1952



1. As Jack was a-walking a fair Bristol street
   A beautiful damsel he chanced for to meet,
   And this she was saying oh as he passed by:
   "If you wants to buy liquor, come buy bung-'er-eye."
   And sing fall the doll-a-laddie, fall a loo lair all day.

2. To purchase the basket was Jack's next intent,
   To have a spree on it he was fully bent,
   And twenty bright shillings he paid there and then,
   He took up the basket and staggered along.

3. He staggered along till he came to his ship:
   "Get up, brother shipmates, and let's have a drink!
   Get up, brother shipmates, and drink when you're dry,
   The best of good liquor they call bung-'er-eye."

4. To open the basket was Jack's next intent,
To have a spree on it he was fully bent,
When he opened the basket he heard a child cry,
Rolled up in the blanket was young Bung-'er-eye!

5. His shipmates they laughed, Jack cussed and he swore:
"I never saw the babe or its mother before,
But since I'm the daddy sure I'll have to try
For to make a man out of young Bung-'er-eye."

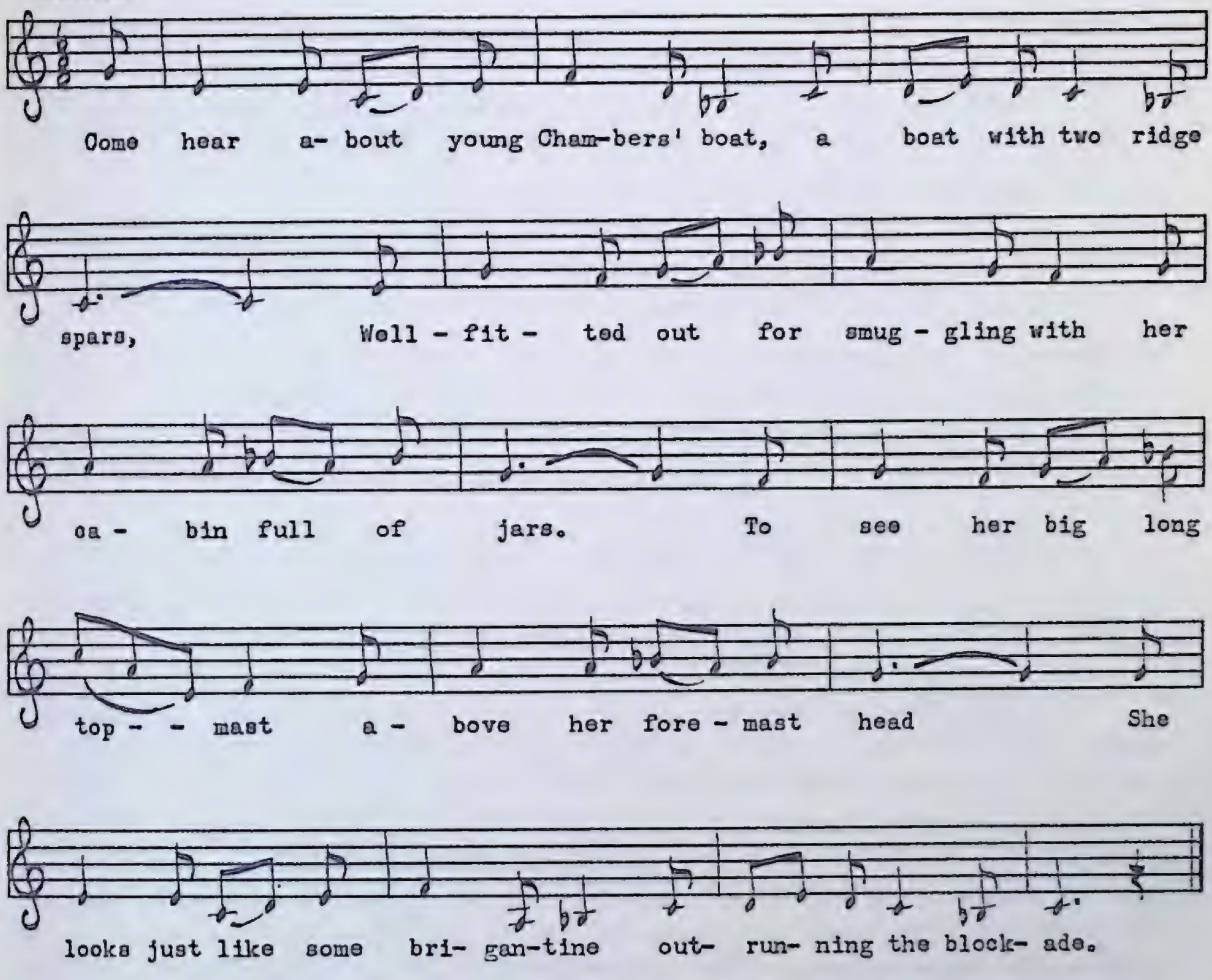
6. To get the child christened was Jack's next intent,
And off to the parson he instantly went.
"And now," says the parson, "we'll christen your b'y,
What is his name?"—Says Jack, "Bung-'er-eye!"

7. "Begar!" says the parson, "now that's a queer name."
"Begar sir!" says Jack, "it's a queer way he came,
When I was out walking, my sea stock to buy,
Got tricked in the liquor and bought Bung-'er-eye!"

'Bung-'er-eye' is usually pronounced 'bung-yer-eye' or 'bung-your-eye.' Mr. Willis uses a hard 'g.' It is an old sailing term for strong rum or any hard liquor.

Young Chambers

PEA 150 No. 986
Arthur Nicolle
Rocky Harbour, July, 1959



1. Come hear about young Chambers' boat, a boat with two ridge spars,
   Well-fitted out for smuggling with her cabin full of jars.
   To see her big long top-mast above her fore-mast head,
   She looks just like some brigantine outrunning the blockade.
2. We boldly leaved St. Peters, the wind it did blow fair,
   We sailed for three long days and nights without a thought or care,
   And passing by Green Island I think we'll have our grog,
   Here comes the *Lady Clover* appearing out of the fog.
3. They fired three shots across us, a signal to heave to,
   Our skipper stood on the round-house scarce knowing what to do,
   Our skipper stood on the round-house with the rum all in his cup.
   "Hard on your tiller," our skipper he cried, "and let your boat come up."
4. They then la'nched out their long-boats, they boarded us like dogs,
   Saying, "You're fitted for Bank fishery without a chart or log."
   He said, "I've got my fishing clearance," young Chambers he did say,
   "I don't require nothing else for here to Fortune Bay."

5. They fired their ropes around us, they fastened us secure,
And for the mouth of Harbour Breton for four long hours or more,
The wind sprang from the west'ard so violently did blow.
Here comes the *Lady Clover,* she's got a wreck in tow.

6. They carried us up to the jail-house, they readed down our case,
Saying, "Chambers you're a scandal, I can see it in your face,
We'll lock you now in jail, my boys, for four long months or more
To feed you well on Injun meal and bread out of the store."

7. For butter and molasses we did not get a mite,
But an old broken checker-board to cheer us through the night.
Then at four o'clock in the morning we're looking out for day,
We're heaving out of our hammocks for a cup of switchel tea.

8. And now the switchel tea is out we cannot get no more,
We chuck the tub against the pan behind the dungeon door.
And 'long comes the jail-keeper saying, "For that you'll get no more."
He turns around, he gives a frown, a padlock on the door.

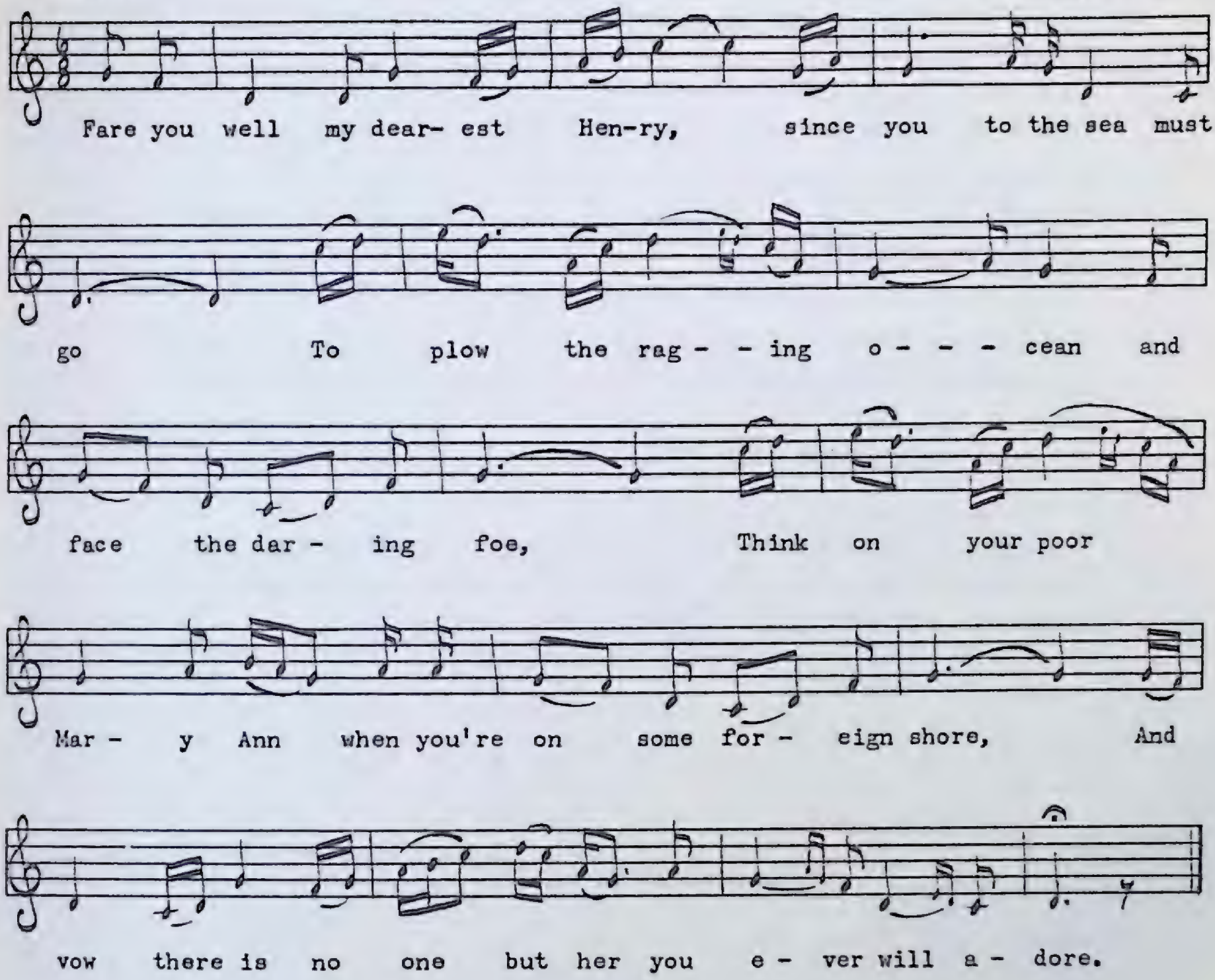
9. And now we're out of jail, my boys, to St. Peters we will steer,
We'll load her up with grog, my boys, and drink without a fear.
Here's a curse on those ten sons-o'-guns who brought me to the shore
To feed me well on Injun meal and bread out of the store.

Smuggling liquor from the French island of St. Pierre off Newfoundland's south coast has been a lucrative business for decades, especially during the days of American prohibition. Small operators like young Chambers do not bother with branded bottles; they bring their own empty jars and get them filled with alcohol or any bulk liquor the merchant happens to have on hand cheap. The 'switchel' tea (verses 7 and 8) the men get in jail is simply very weak tea unsweetened. It can also mean a mixture of cold water and molasses. The origin of this native smuggling ballad is unknown, though it obviously comes from the south coast.

Young Henry

MS 126
Allan Hoven
Fogo, July, 1952

Moderate



1. Fare you well my dearest Henry, since you to the sea must go
   To plow the raging ocean and face the daring foe,
   Think on your poor Mary Ann when you're on some foreign shore,
   And vow there is no one but her you ever will adore.

2. Go my jolly sailor lad, my heart will be with you,
   And may kind fortune spare your life in all danger you go through,
   And do your duty manfully and at work you guide your hand,
   And turn to bless your faithful lass, your only Mary Ann.

3. It was early the next morning just at the break of day
   When orders came on board for us, "My boys, make sail for sea."
   Our bo's'n piped, "All hands aloft, my boys, come haste away!"
   Our gallant ship her anchors tripped went plowing out to sea.

4. Away to a foreign land far away from home to steer,
Some thinking of their sweethearts, more of their parents dear,
But each unto their pretty girls they tossed a flowing cant,
"Well, hurrah my boys!" young Henry cried, "here's to my Mary Ann."

5. Away out on the ocean the sea ran mountains high,
Young Henry was the first aloft all danger to defy,
Respected by his officers and loved by all the crew,
Not a smarter sailor ever stepped or wore the jacket blue.

6. It was his happy fortune his captain's life to save,
When on the coast of Africa while struggling with the waves,
He cast himself into the deep, about the boat was tossed,
If the boat she stayed one moment more his life it would be lost.

7. We cruised about in different ports for three long years or more
Until orders came on board of us to sail for England's shore,
And to that land that gave us birth and all are held so dear,
All perils passed our ship at last and to our port did steer.

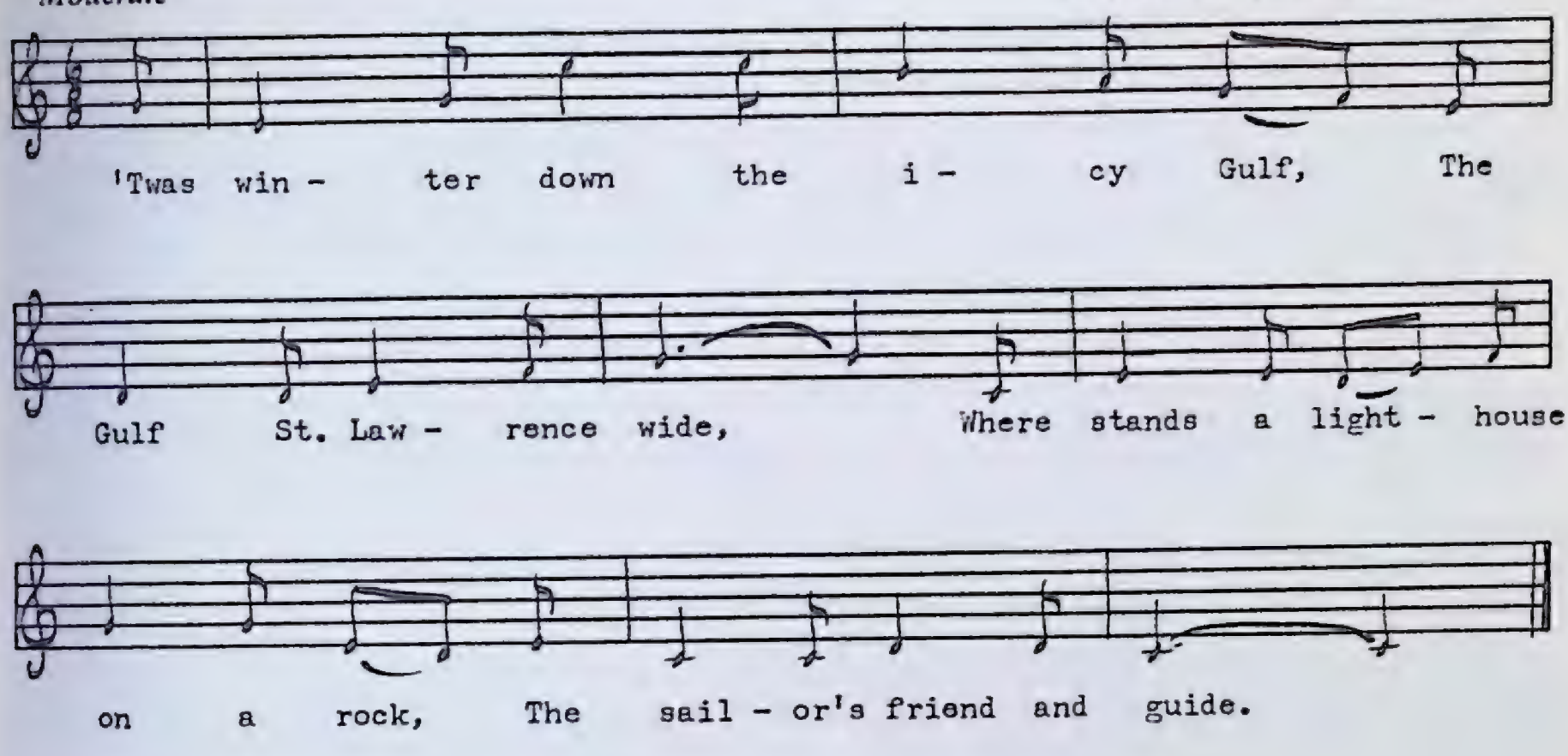
8. Our ship she lies in harbour and all her jolly crew
Did give three cheers when parting and each other bid adieu,
Our captain gave him fifty pounds as he took him by the hand,
And then young Henry married unto his Mary Ann.

Tragic Sea Ballads

Lighthouse at Ferryland

The Bird Rocks

PEA 70 No. 659
Mrs. Thomas Walters
Rocky Harbour, June, 1958



1. 'Twas winter down the icy Gulf,
   The Gulf St. Lawrence wide,
   Where stands a light-house on a rock,
   The sailor's friend and guide.

2. The keeper and his wife and son,
   A helper too had he,
   These four alone lived on that rock
   Surrounded by the sea.

3. One day these three brave men went out
   As they were wont to do
   On rugged sheets of frozen ice
   To capture seals a few.

4. But as they lingered o'er the seals
   At length they failed to see
   The wind had veered from south to east
   And drove the ice to sea.

5. The sheets of ice on which they stood
   Were drifted all unseen,
   And now they could not gain that rock
   For water flowed between.

6. They wove their hands in wild despair
   And did for rescue pray,
   But not a soul was near to help
   That freezing winter's day.

7. Alone within the light-house tower
The keeper's wife did see
Her loved ones carried to their doom
Toward the open sea.

8. Four months she lived on that lone rock
Grief-stricken yet so brave,
For nightly gleamed her beacon light
Across the gloomy wave.

9. At length the welcome spring appeared,
A steamship came around,
And when the skipper climbed the rock
But one brave soul he found.

10. She told her tale in plaintive tones,
The skipper's eyes grew dim,
He turned his eyes toward the sea,
His heart was touched within.

11. "What did you do," at last he said,
"When all was snatched from you?"
"I kept my light still burning sir,
'Twas all that I could do."

12. Oh may we like this faithful soul
In sorrow's darkest night
Still do our duty for our God
And show the world our light!

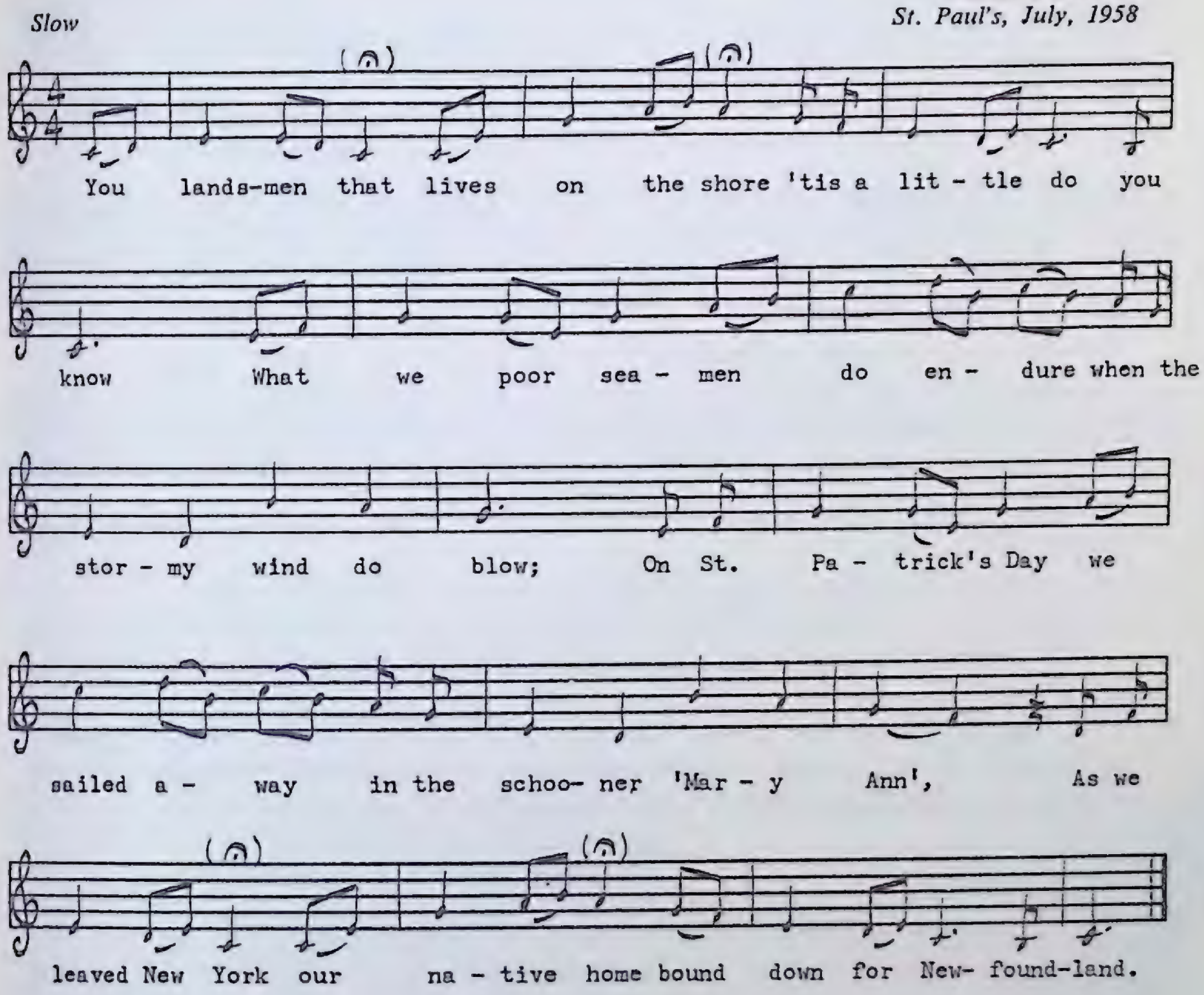
13. Then let us keep our lights aglow
'Till all life's storms is o'er,
And then we'll shine as God's fair jewels
On Eden's peaceful shore.

Mrs. Walters says the Bird Rocks are in the Gulf of St. Lawrence near the Magdalen Islands. She sang this song nearly thirty years earlier for Elizabeth Greenleaf, who included it in her *Ballads and Sea Songs of Newfoundland*. Since Mrs. Walters and her mother before her seem to be the only sources for this ballad, I am claiming it until further notice as a native Newfoundland song.

Bound Down for Newfoundland

(The Schooner 'Mary Ann')

PEA 82 No. 704
Clarence Bennett
St. Paul's, July, 1958



1. You landsmen that lives on the shore 'tis a little do you know
   What we poor seamen do endure when the stormy wind do blow,
   On St. Patrick's Day we sailed away in the schooner *Mary Ann,*
   As we leaved New York, our native home, bound down for
   Newfoundland.
2. When morning service being all said we quickly slipped our lines,
   The Liberty statue's in New York a distance far behind;
   We spread our canvas to the breeze as you may understand,
   As we bore away from our native home bound down for Newfoundland.
3. Our captain being a seaman bold, scarce eighteen years of age,
   Just wedded to a loving wife three weeks before he leaved;
   But little did she ever think as you may understand
   That her husband dear she would see no more when he leaved for
   Newfoundland.

4. We had not long been sailing when in his cabin lay,
Calling his mate up to his side and this to him did say,
"I am taken down in some disease as you may understand,
And to you my mate I have leaved full charge bound down for
Newfoundland."

5. "If you do gain some distant port on the Nova Scotia shore,
Give me a decent burial, of you I'll ask no more,
And if you returns to New York again my case you may let known,
That my dying soul will cause no more to that once happy home."

6. With heavy hearts we crowded on his orders to obey,
We made the land quite easy all on the self-same day,
And four o'clock in the afternoon all by God's just command
In a shock our captain died bound down for Newfoundland.

7. The doctors came on board of us our case for to make known,
Small-pox on board was raging the same to us they told
And on that following evening two more was sent on shore
May the Lord have mercy on their souls we'll never see them no more!

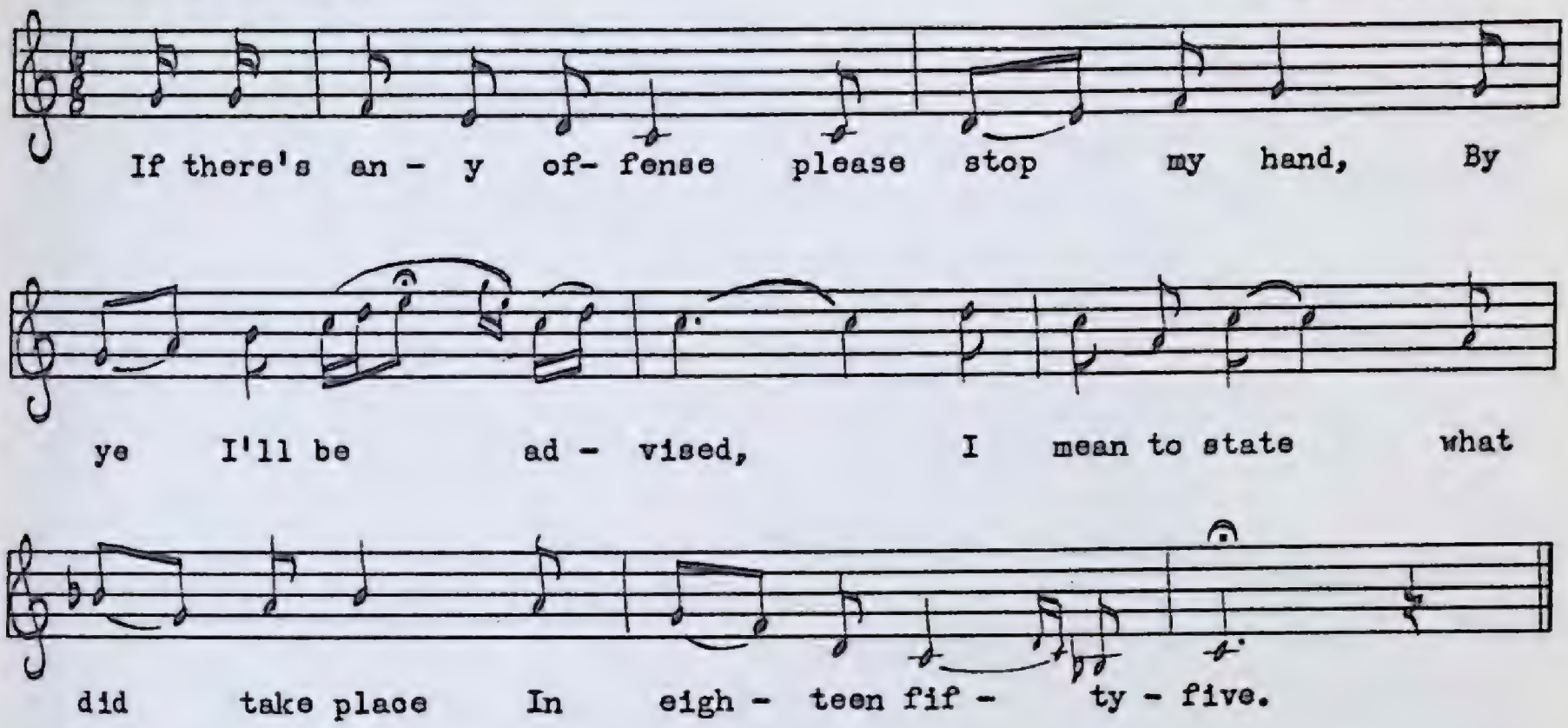
8. Out of eight bold youths that leaved New York only two of them
returned,
Their loving wives and mothers the loss of them to mourn;
But now I've returned to New York again all on my native shore,
I will learn to live a landman's life now and forevermore.

This American sea ballad about a small-pox epidemic at sea appears to be older than it actually is. The reference to the Statue of Liberty in verse 2 places its composition after 1886 when the statue was erected.

Bull Yorkens

MS 19
Ronald Hoven
Fogo, July, 1952

Moderately slow, free time



1. If there's any offense please stop my hand
   By ye I'll be advised,
   I mean to state what did take place
   In eighteen fifty-five.

2. Last Saturday being our thirtieth day
   Cast on the raging main,
   One single pound but a day
   Each man for to maintain.

3. We're running all night on close-reef sails
   Expecting to meet the land,
   What joys to see!—we're eagerly
   Waiting for to shake hands.

4. "No land, no light," Bull Yorkens cried,
   "No land there is in view,
   The daylight is approaching,
   And forward we'll heave to."

5. But when the daylight cleared away,
   A landed light we spied.
   "Make sail, my boys!" Bull Yorkens cried,
   "To get 'er in we'll try."

6. Two youths to loosen our forecourse,
   Their orders to obey,
   And one of them, poor fellow, fell
   From our fore-yard that day.

7. At the time he fell eight knots and a half
She was taken from the rail,
At mediant day our helmsman
A-starboard swung the wheel.

8. So nimbly in our fore-yard we spun,
And our boats we launched by hand,
At the time he fell eight minutes passed,
He was a floating man.

9. Those hardy tars to save their lives
They exerted all their skill,
But breakers white all foaming
The boats began to fill.

10. The breakers white all foaming
Which over us did come down,
'Twas every man's opinion
What was in the boat will drown.

11. Bull Yorkens walked the quarterdeck,
Unto his men did say:
"Let go your fore and main brace,
Let your main-yards square away!"

12. For leaving this poor lad behind,
A lad we all loved dear,
The ocean deep to take asleep,
We're four miles from Cape Spear.

13. Now the *Elizabeth* she is arrived
And anchored in St. John's,
The wharves they are all crowded
With women and with men.

14. Down came his old-aged father
A-wiping off his eyes,
And cried out broken-hearted,
"Where did you leave my child?"

15. He cried out broken-hearted,
"Where did you leave my child?
For his tender mother I am sure
Will certainly run wild."

16. Oh don't lament, you parents,
The losing of your son,
A proper prayer is offered up
For him that now is gone.

17. Likewise men and cabin boys,
Men, women and children,
A proper prayer for Andrew Shean,
May he rest in peace! Amen.

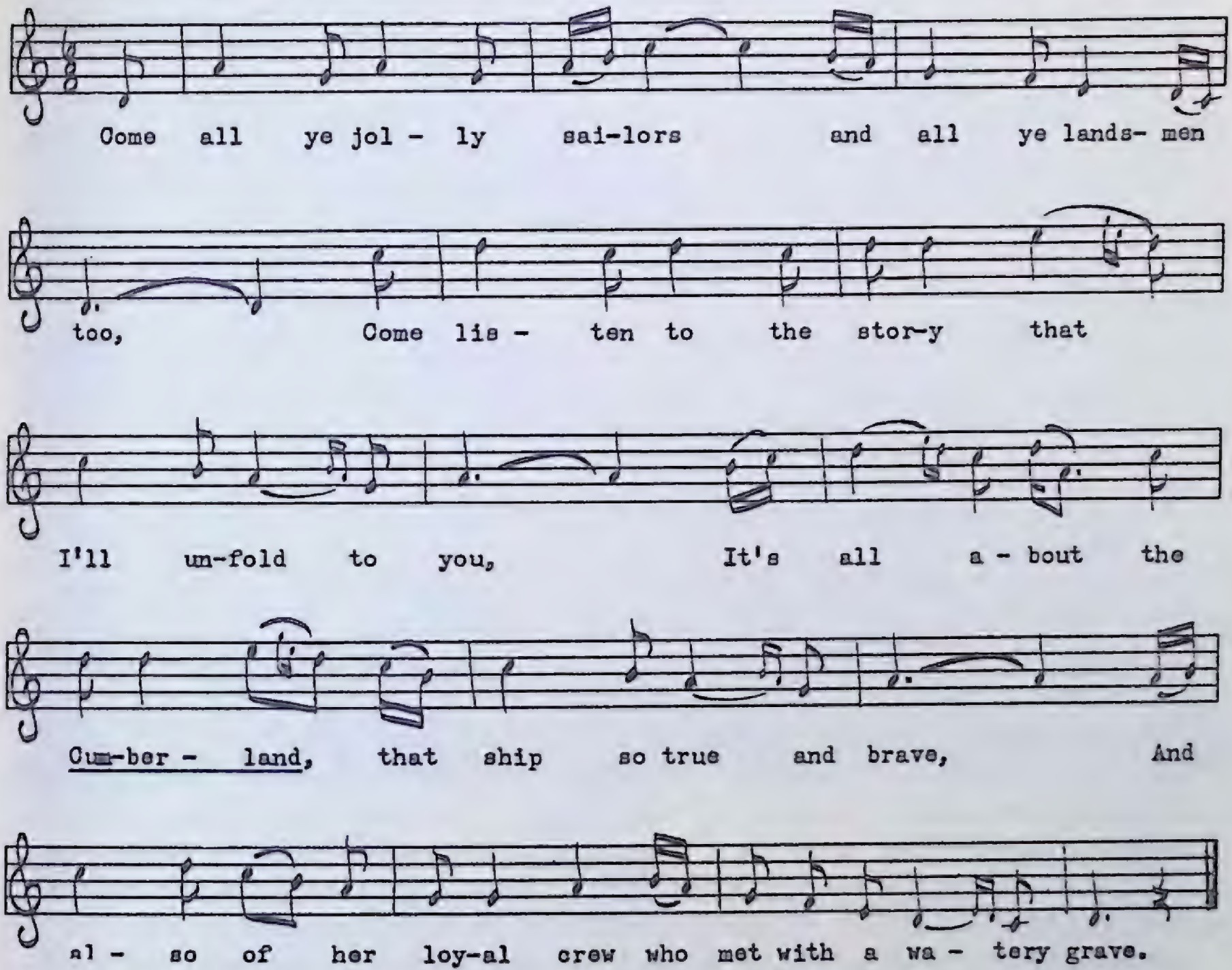
Since native songs and ballads composed before 1900 are fairly rare. this tragic sea ballad of 1855 is a real collector's item.

The "Cumberland" and the "Merrimac"

MS 24

Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Hoven
Fogo, July, 1952

Moderate, steady time



1. Come all ye jolly sailors and all ye landsmen too,
   Come listen to the story that I'll unfold to you,
   It's all about the *Cumberland,* that ship so true and brave,
   And also of her loyal crew who met with a watery grave.
2. Early in the morning just at the break of day,
   The good ship *Cumberland* at anchor she did lay,
   The man upon the look-out to those below did cry:
   "I think I see a house-top to the starboard it do lie."
3. Our captain seized his telescope and gazed far over the blue,
   And turning spoke as follows to his brave and hardy crew:
   "That thing that floats down yonder just like a turtle's back
   Is that infernal steamer which they call the *Merrimac.*"
4. Our decks were cleared for action, every gun was pointed through
   While the *Merrimac* came steaming across the waters blue,
   On and on she kept coming till no distance from us part,
   Then she sent a ball a-humming, stilled the beat of many a heart.

5. At last we bored her broadside into her ribs of steel,
But still no breech made in her, no damage did she feel,
Then that rebel pirate to her bold commander spoke,
"Haul down your flying colors or I'll sink your Yankee boat!"

6. Our captain's eyes did glisten, his cheeks grew white with rage,
And in a voice like thunder to the rebel pirate said:
"My men are brave and loyal, my flag shall ever stand,
Before I'll strike my colors you can sink us and be hanged!"

7. Then that steel-clad monster from one hundred yards or more,
With her whistle screaming our wooden side she bore,
She struck us right at midship, and the ram came crushing through,
And the water it came rushing in upon our gallant crew.

8. Turning to his gallant crew our brave commander says,
"I'll never strike my colors while our vessel rides the waves,
I'll go down with flags flying into a watery grave,
But you my loyal comrades may seek your lives to save."

9. They swore they'd never leave him but would man their guns without rest,
Fire broadside after broadside till the water reached their breast,
She sank far down, far down into the briny deep,
And the Stars and Stripes were flying from her maintop's highest peak.

The superb Dorian tune makes this rather rare American sea ballad one of the choicest items in the Newfoundland collection. The ballad describes the battle between two American Civil War boats, the Union's wooden *Cumberland* and the Confederacy's iron-clad secret weapon, the *Merrimac*. Though the crippled *Merrimac* won, it was defeated the following day by the Union's *Monitor*. Casualties on the *Cumberland* were high because she was transporting more than one hundred sick and wounded men who could not be removed before she sank.

Torbay, an outport just north of St. John's

The Flemings of Torbay

A

PEA 15 No. 88
Gordon Willis
St. John's, July, 1952

Moderate

A thril - ling tale we heard last week, it's in our memo - ry yet, Two fine young men from New - found-land snatched from the jaws of death; Two har - dy sons born in Tor-bay who went a - drift at sea, On the eigh-teenth day of A - pril from the schoo-ner Ju - bi - lee.

1. A thrilling tale we heard last week, it's in our memory yet,
   Two fine young men from Newfoundland, snatched from the jaws of death;
   Two hardy sons born in Torbay who went adrift at sea
   On the eighteenth day of April from the schooner *Jubilee.*

2. They went to prosecute the vikes [?] near Grand Bank's stormy shore,
   Where many's a hardy fisherman was never heard of more;
   For twelve long days on storms and seas those hardy fellows stood,
   So cold, heartsore and hungery, no water or no food.

3. Tossed on the seas all these long days, full bitter was each night,
   No friend to speak a kindly word, no sail to heave in sight;
   Exhausted, cold, and weary, those two poor brothers lay,
   For to gaze on sky and water throughout each dreary day.

4. The heroes of the story, the Flemings of Torbay,
Two fine young men from Newfoundland who in their dory lay;
Till at last a vessel hove in sight and saw the floating speck,
Oh the *Jessie Maurice* was her name, coal-laden for Quebec.

5. Our wheelsman, well-trained, he did spy clean through the misty haze
Those poor exhausted fishermen adrift so many days;
Our captain being a kindhearted man who just came on the deck,
Oh the order gave to hard a-port and shaped 'er for the wreck.

6. Two hours or more wild winds did roar as the *Jessie* sailed around
To see if any tidings of the dory could be found;
Her crew were stationed in the bow all anxious there to hail,
When our captain eyed her in the fog just aft to the weather rail.

7. Our brave commander right away gave orders then to la'nch
Our jolly boat that hung astern of good old oak so sta'nch;
Two tall bold seamen manned the oars all at the word 'to go.'
Our captain he stood in the bow to take the boat in tow.

8. Our captain gripped her painter to bring her to the barque,
While those on board lay still as death, their features cold and dark;
A bed was then made fast below, wherein those men were placed,
While tenderhearted mariners their work did nobly face.

9. No sign of life was in those men when they were placed in bed,
But still our captain held out hope their vital spark not fled;
We watched four days and sleepless nights to bring those men around,
Of when on the second day 'tis heard, 'twas just a feeble sound.

10. The first to speak was Peter, the elder of the two,
He told our captain who they were, a part of the *Jubilee's* crew;
And how in April off the Banks they chanced got drift away,
And they lay exposed in an open boat for manys a storm-tossed day.

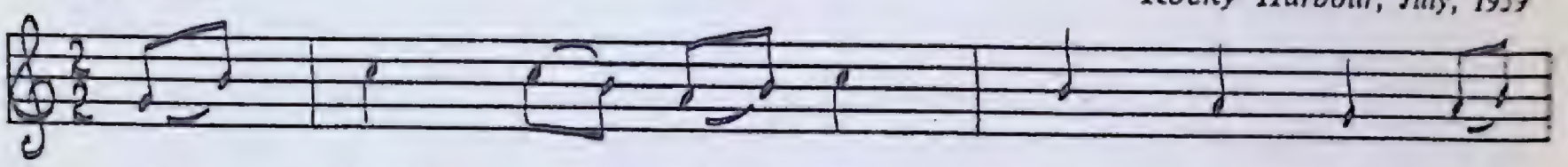
11. Our captain then her sternsail set and shaped her for Quebec,
We took on board the dory and all left of the wreck;
We watched those men oh with mother's care while in their berths
they lay,
And we saved the lives of two poor boys, once more to see Torbay.

12. The news was soon dispatched home to wives and children dear,
To say the *Jessie* picked them up and banished every fear,
Although they lay in hospital from loved ones far away,
Oh please God they'll soon return alright to gladden sad Torbay!

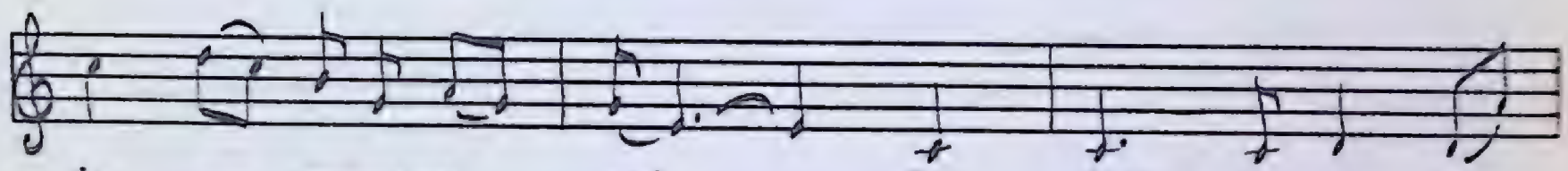
13. Long live the *Jessie's* gallant crew, likewise her captain bold,
Their names should be recorded now in letters of bright gold;
And sen them peace and happiness in every port they lay,
The plucky boys who saved the lives of the Flemings from Torbay.

PEA 149 No. 983
George Decker
Rocky Harbour, July, 1959

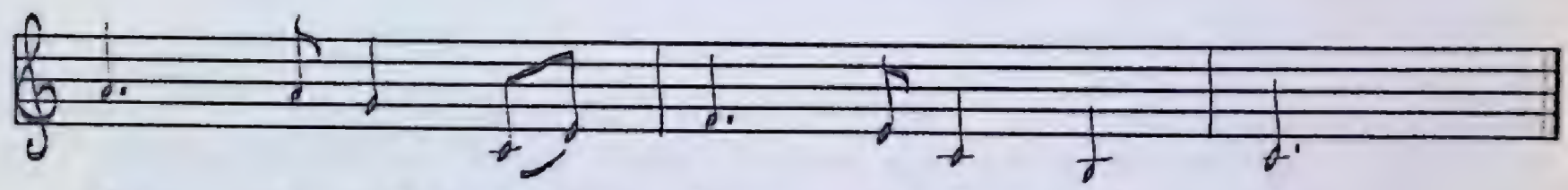
Moderate



A thrill - ing tale we heard last week is



in our mem-or-y yet, Two fish - er - men from



New - found-land snatched from the jaws of death.

1. A thrilling tale we heard last week is in our memory yet,
   Two fishermen from Newfoundland snatched from the jaws of death.
2. Two fine young men born in Torbay who went adrift at sea
   On the eighteenth day of April from the schooner *Jubilee.*
3. 'Twas twelve long days through storms and seas those two poor fellows stood,
   Both thirsty, sore, and hungry, no water nor no food.
4. Tossed on the seas all those long days, and bitter was each night,
   No friend to speak a kindly word, no sail to heave in sight.
5. Till at last a vessel hove in sight and saw the floating speck,
   The *Jessie Maurice* was her name, coal-laden for Quebec.
6. The captain, a kind-hearted man, he had just come on the deck,
   And gave the order to hard a-port and shape her for the wreck.
7. Two hours and more whilst winds did roar the *Jessie* sailed around
   To hear if any tidings of the dory could be found.
8. Two men were stationed on the bow all anxious for to hail
   When the captain eyed her in the fog just as the light did fail.
9. Two tall bold seamen manned the oars and at their work did go,
   With the captain standing on the bow to take the boat in tow.
10. He took on board the dory and all left of the wreck,
    He shipped his course and then he steered her straight towards Quebec.

11. He watched them with a mother's care to bring those men around
When on the second day was heard just a feeble sound.

12. The first one spoke was Peter, the oldest of the two,
And he told the captain who they were, a part of the *Jubilee's* crew,

13. And how in April off the Banks by chance did drift away,
And lay into an open boat for many a dreary day.

14. God bless the *Jessie's* gallant crew, long live her captain bold!
And their names shall be recorded in letters of bright gold.

15. And send them peace and happiness in every port they lay,
And the plucky boys that saved the lives of the Flemings of Torbay.

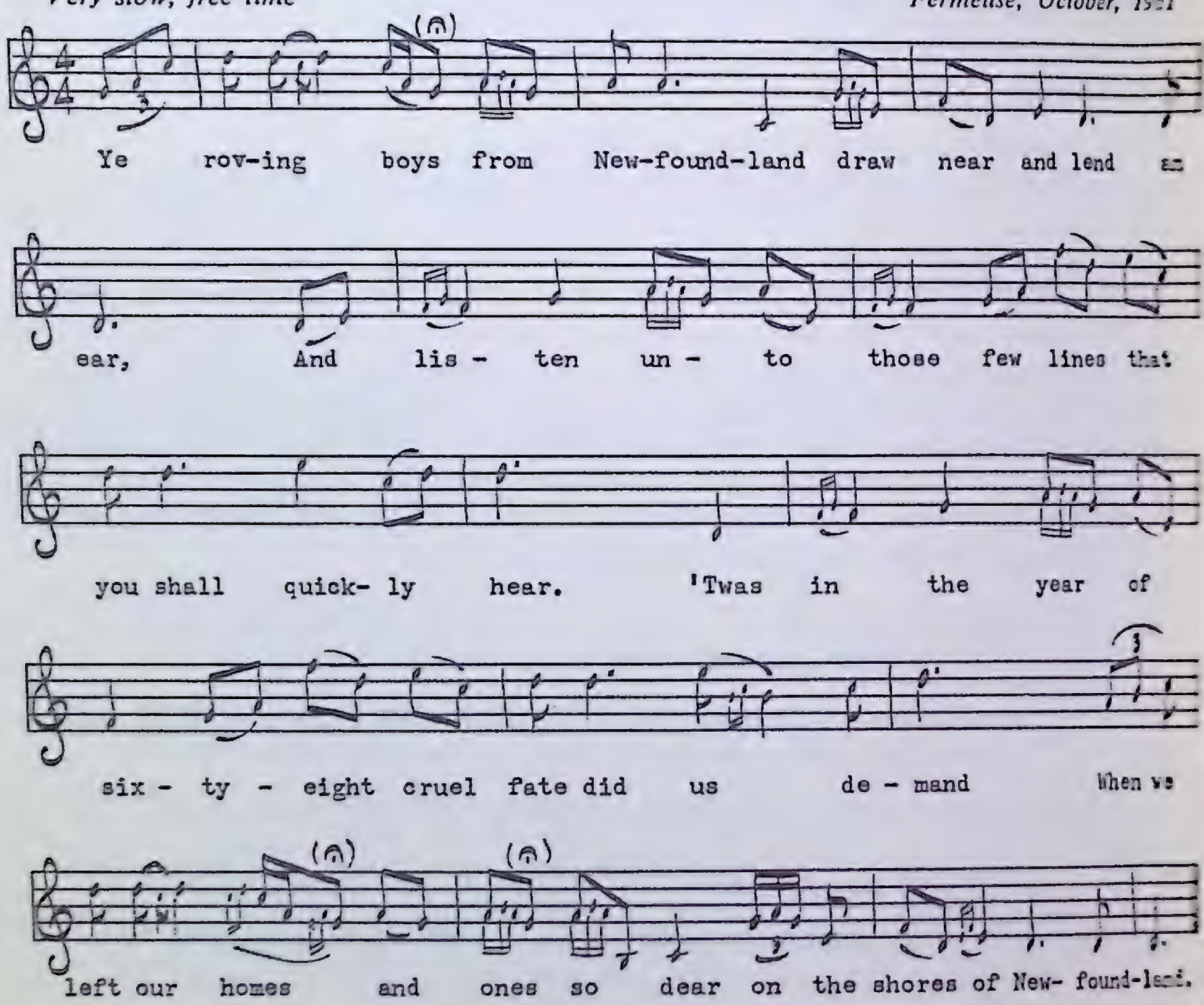
This native ballad is attributed to the late John Burke of St. John's. Helen Creighton noted the ballad in Nova Scotia, and in a research visit to the Archives of Halifax she came across the incident written up in the May 31, 1888 issue of the *Evening Mercury*. The story carried a Quebec dateline of May 18, 1888, just one month after the brothers were set adrift. In the interview one of the men said he was unconscious for five days, very close to the time mentioned in the ballad. Research among the archives of various newspapers in the Atlantic region would doubtless uncover further datings for the numerous ballads of this sort.

George's Banks

(The Shea Gang)

A

PEA 203 No. 1177
Patty Rossiter
Fermeuse, October, 1951



1. Ye roving boys of Newfoundland draw near and lend an ear,
   And listen unto those few lines that you shall quickly hear.
   'Twas in the year of sixty-eight cruel fate did us demand
   When we left our homes and ones so dear on the shores of Newfoundland.

2. We first set sail for Canada our fortune there to find,
   To work upon the railroad sure we felt well inclined;
   We were forced to lie on the cold ground where niggers could not stand,
   It was cruel Shea sent us away from our homes in Newfoundland.

3. There was fifty-five made up their minds to break and leave one day,
   For under these conditions no longer could we stay.
   We parted never to meet again as you may understand,
   For some of them will never return to their homes in Newfoundland.

4. I next set sail for Montreal my fortune there to try,
'Twas there I joined a riverboat, my wages they ran high.
I was robbed of all my earnings there which put me to a stand,
And made me regret the hour I left my home in Newfoundland.

5. I next set sail for Halifax, from there to Boston town,
And seeking for employment there I wandered up and down.
The work it being a-kind of scarce in Gloucester I did appear,
And I shipped on board the *Morning Bloom,* for George's Banks
did steer.

6. We anchored on those George's Banks November the twenty-two,
It's my intention to relate the hardships we went through;
A storm arose most furiously with bitter frost and snow,
And the wind was from the east-nor'east, most violently did blow.

7. Next morning a sight would grieve your eyes, most dismal for to view,
For the wind kept on increasing, more violently it blew;
Vessels from the noblest mold were sinking all around,
Full twenty-two with their jovial crew on George's that day went down.

8. You would pity those poor fishermen as you would pass them by,
Remark their wild looks of despair and hear their dismal cry.
And I often think upon that time and think I hear them yet,
For the hardships of those George's Banks I never will forget.

9. The hardships of those George's Banks no pen can write it down,
The howling winds and shifting sands with breakers all around.
I fished both east and west, my boys, in storms of wintertime,
But none can compare with George's Banks should all their force
combine.

10. But thanks be to kind Providence we got a veering wind,
We cut the cable from the bow, left George's Banks behind,
And by our captain's orders we quickly crowded sail,
And for two long days and nights, my boys, we ran 'er before the gale.

11. Our lead-line it had told us some land was drawing nigh,
About four o'clock in the morning a light we chanced to spy,
A revolving light, three flashes white, as you may understand,
It's that southerly point they call Cape Race on the coast of
Newfoundland.

12. The wind still from the south-southwest most violently she blew,
We tried 'er under double reefs but nothing could she do.
"Shake out all reefs!" our captain cries, "from the land we must get
clear."
And for four long hours on a bowline stretch under water she did tear.

13. 'Twas by our captain's orders we rounded our vessel to,
Out of eighteen hardy seamen bold remained but five and two;
The rest they were washed overboard as you may understand,
They met a cold and watery grave on the coast of Newfoundland.

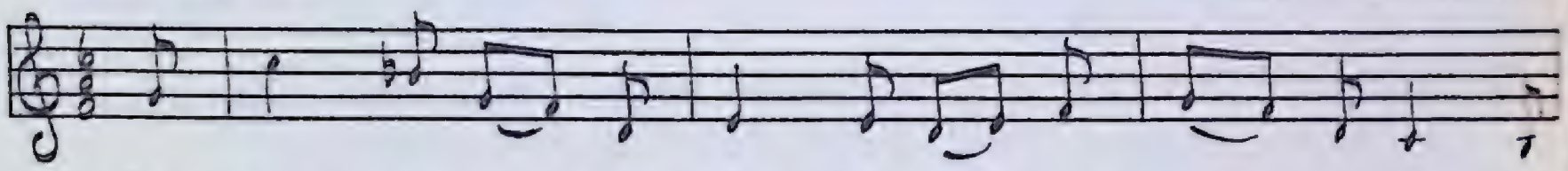
14. 'Twas early next evening we sighted in Cape Spear,
And for the port of St. John's town a shipwreck we did steer,
Where we found friends kind-hearted to listen to our sad tale,
While we relate the tidings of that cruel November gale.

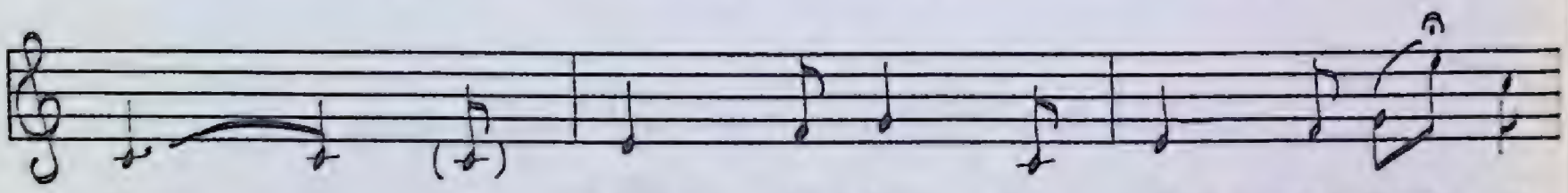
15. Now some of you young fellows that got a mind to roam,
To sail o'er the Atlantic and leave your native home,
But if you'll be advised by me I'll have you to understand
That you'll stay at home and never roam from your own dear
Newfoundland.

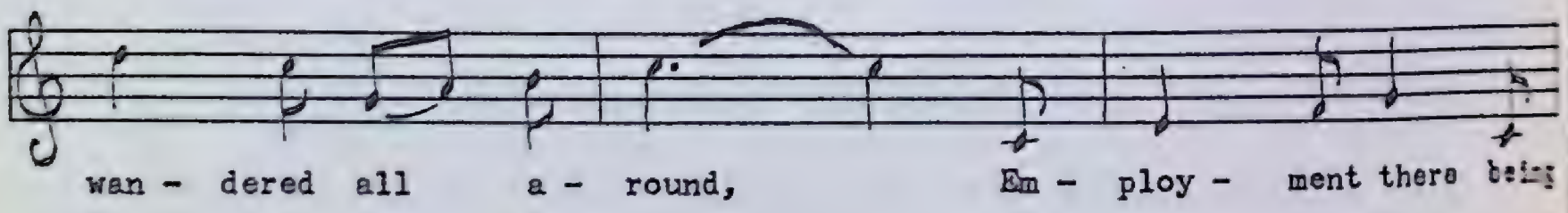
B

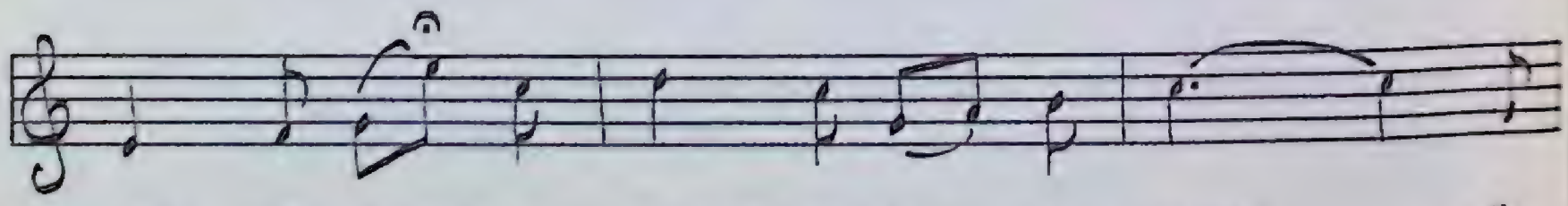
MS 42
William Holloway
King's Cove, July, 1952

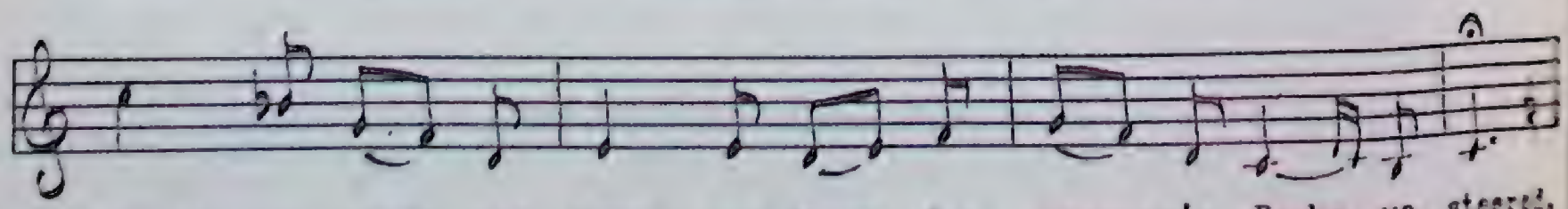
Moderately slow









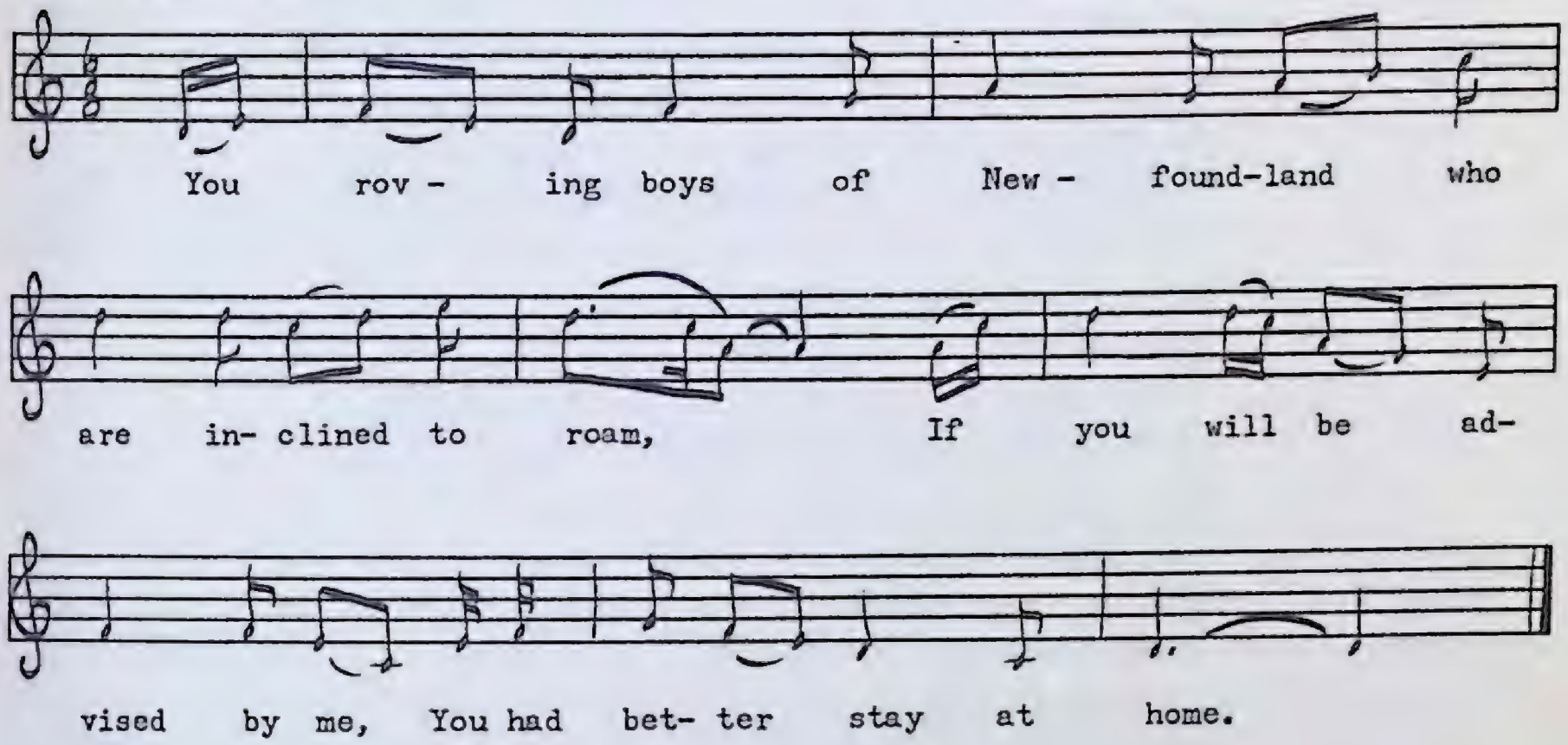


(*You Roving Boys of Newfoundland*)

C

PEA 166 No. 1052
George Decker
Rocky Harbour, August, 1959

Moderately slow



1. You roving boys of Newfoundland
   Who are inclined to roam,
   If you will be advised by me,
   You had better stay at home.

2. 'Twas in the year of sixty-eight
   By Shea we were trepanned.
   We then sot sail for Canaday
   And left dear Newfoundland.

3. To work all on those railroad tracks
   As you may understand,
   To sleep all on cold ground by night
   Which the natives could not stand.

4. There were sixty-two made up their minds
   That they would leave and ran,
   There were twenty-two that never returned
   To the shores of Newfoundland.

5. 'Twas off for Halifax then we steered
   And the next for Boston town,
   In searching for employment
   We wandered up and down.

6. Employment there was very scarce,
We wandered up and down,
Till we shipped on board of the *Morning Bloom,*
For George's she was bound.

7. We anchored on those George's Banks
November twenty-two,
The wind roared down from the east-northeast,
So violently it blew.

8. The wind blew from the east-northeast
As you may understand,
When vessels of a number small
Were losing man by man.

9. When vessels of a number small
Were sinking all around,
There were twenty-two of our joyful crew
On George's they went down.

10. But soon we had a change of heart
And Providence proved kind,
We cut our cable from the bow,
Leaved George's Banks behind.

11. We cut our cable from the bow
And shortly crowded sail,
For three long days and three long nights
We ran before the gale.

12. Then our log did plainly show us
That land was drawing nigh,
We saw a light revolving white
All on a mountain high.

13. Our log he plainly told us
Our course for to retrace,
For by that light that shone so bright
In the southern bight of Cape Race.

14. 'Twas by our captain's order:
"Come bring your vessel to,"
We tried her under double-reefs,
But nothing could she do.

15. "Shake out your reefs!" our captain he cried,
"For the land we must keep clear."
For four long hours on a bowline stretch
Under water she did tear.

16. Out of eighteen hardy fishermen
Remained but five and two,
The rest of them were washed overboard
And met a watery tomb.

17. 'Twas early the next morning
Cape Spear we chanced to spy,
'Twas there in St. John's harbour
Our friends to us did fly.

18. 'Twas there in St. John's harbour
Our friends did weep and wail,
To listen to our sad story of
That cruel November gale.

19. You roving boys of Newfoundland
Who are inclined to roam,
If you will be advised by me,
You had better stay at home.

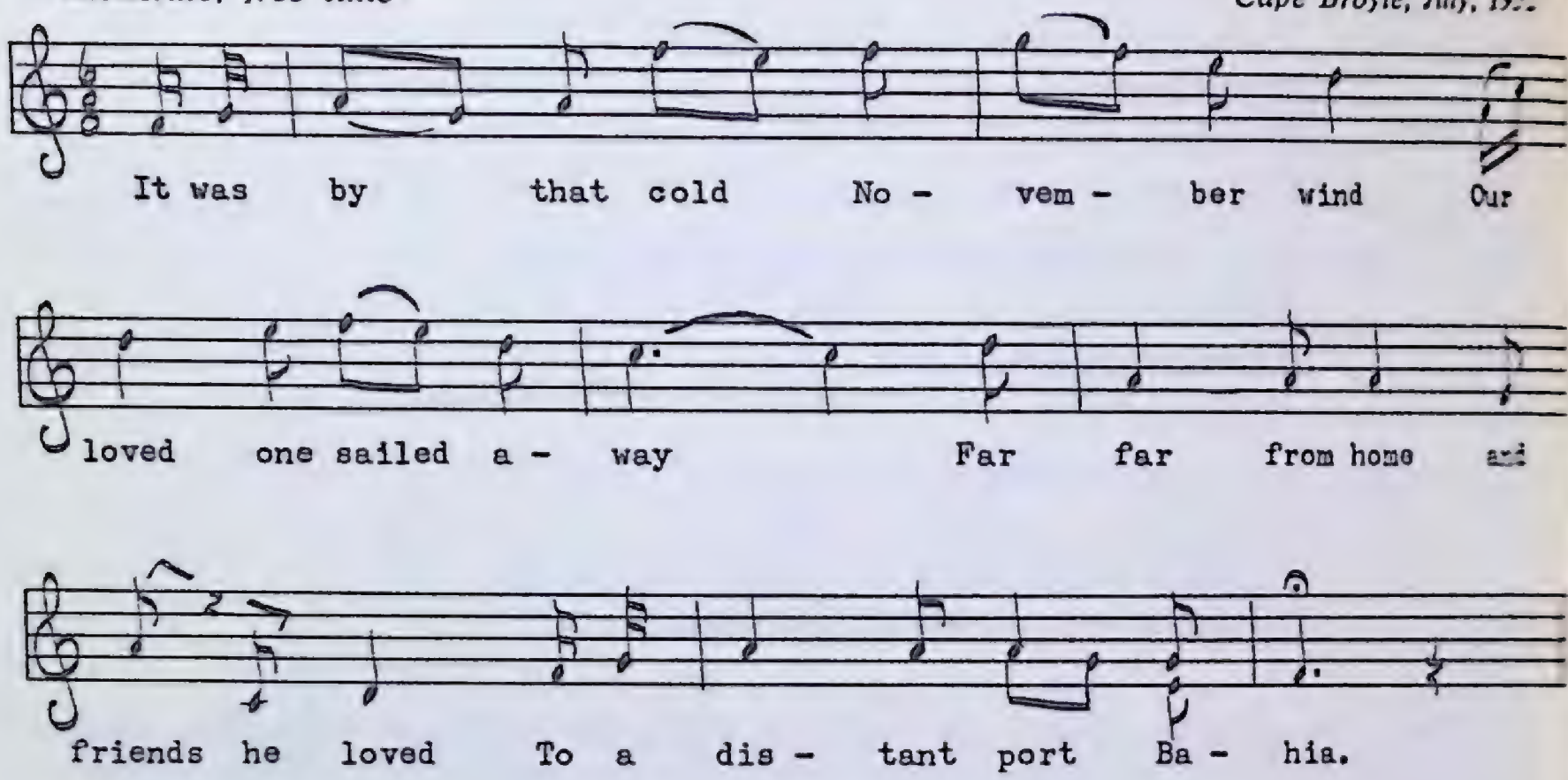
20. If you will be advised by me
And listen to word of man,
You had better stay at home, my boys,
On the shores of Newfoundland.

This is one of the classic sea ballads of Newfoundland, superbly sung in variant *A* by Patty Rossiter in the old fioritura style. The fifteen verses last nearly fifteen minutes. The first part of the song refers to the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway through the west when men were recruited ('trepanned' in verse 2 of *C* is a more accurate word) from as far away as Newfoundland. Howard Morry of Ferryland, himself now seventy-seven, remembers the oldtimers speaking of the incredible hardships Shea's gang were forced to endure when pushing the railroad through the Crow's Nest Pass. Many men were supposed to have died of malnutrition and exposure—George Decker's variant *C* mentions "twenty-two that never returned." Those that survived found their way back to the east coast to find employment as fishermen. The remainder of the ballad tells of the hard conditions fishing on George's Banks off the New England coast. The text of *B* is similar to *A*, though not so complete. Modally different, their melodic contours nevertheless suggest a common ancestor. The tune of *C* is completely different.

The "Golden Hind"

PEA 16 No. 97
Jim Rice
Cape Broyle, July, 1952

Moderate, free time



1. It was by that cold November wind,
   Our loved one sailed away,
   Far far from home and friends he loved
   To a distant port Bahia.

2. The day was fine and seas ran smooth
   When he bid his friends goodbye,
   And quickly glided o'er the sea
   In the good ship *Golden Hind.*

3. They reached that port and soon declared
   While friends at home did roam,
   Expecting them a cargo from
   Barbados to bring home.

4. Days and weeks passed by, no tidings came,
   Anxiety to renew,
   At last they're surely doomed, the facts
   That the ship is overdue.

5. Hard winds prevailed, and blinding snow
   Which bit them in the face,
   At last glad sight to those on board,
   They're sighted off Cape Race.

6. Jim spoke of going to Bay Bulls
   As they drew nearer the land,
   His watchful eye already knew
   That a storm was near at hand.

7. Our captain tried to end the voyage,
To get to St. John's town,
When suddenly a storm arose,
And the ship she soon hove down.

8. With blinding snow and bitter sleet,
That bit them in the face,
They were driven from the Motion Head
To the southward of Cape Race.

9. That sleet is frozen to the ropes,
Our mate and crew do try
To break the ice when suddenly
Poor Jim dropped down to die.

10. At last fine weather came too late,
The ship sailed down the shore,
No flag was flying to the main
As on each voyage before.

11. Our friends on shore forgot the flag
As the ship she did pass down,
Expecting to hear from their loved ones dear,
When she arrived in town.

12. The news has come, alas, what news!
It bends down every head,
The *Golden Hind* arrived in town
With our beloved Harding dead.

13. All expirated by that dreadful news
His loving wife she lay
A praying to God to take her too
With him who's passed away.

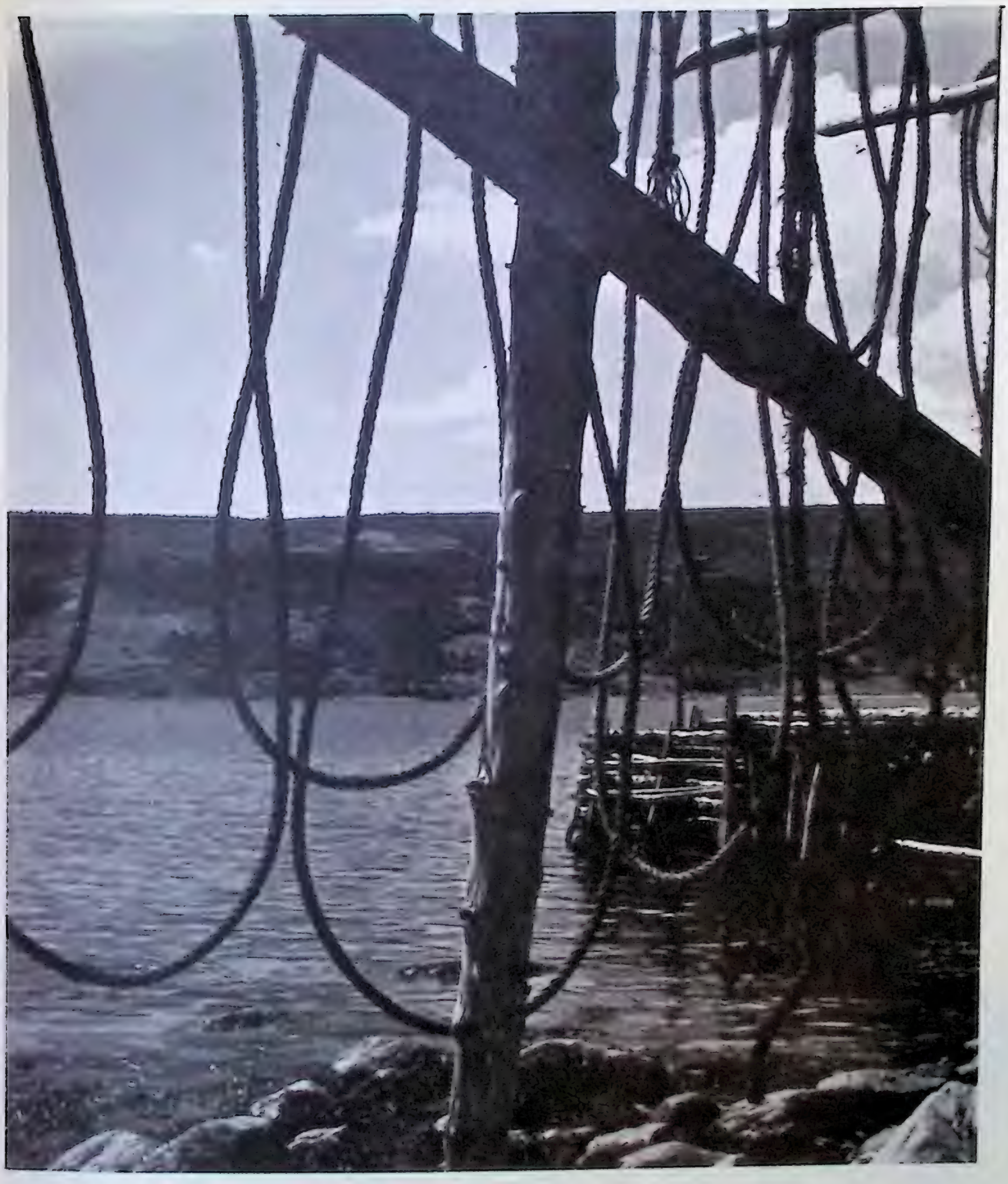
14. He leaves a loving wife behind
With six small children dear,
He leaves his parents nearly crushed
When the dreadful news did hear.

15. Six sisters married, living still,
In their native land, their homes;
Two brothers with their parents dear,
Their hearts are filled with gloom.

16. And one tossed on the briny sea
Some isle near sunny Spain
Is doomed to hear this dreadful news
When he returns again.

17. But God has called him for His own,
He does things for the best;
I hope that his immortal soul
Will find eternal rest.

The distant port in verse 1 (pronounced "Bahay") I have assumed to be the large Brazilian port Bahia. This native ballad is one of the best of the Newfoundland collection. The singer's style is very free; notes are lengthened or shortened to suit the sense of the text.



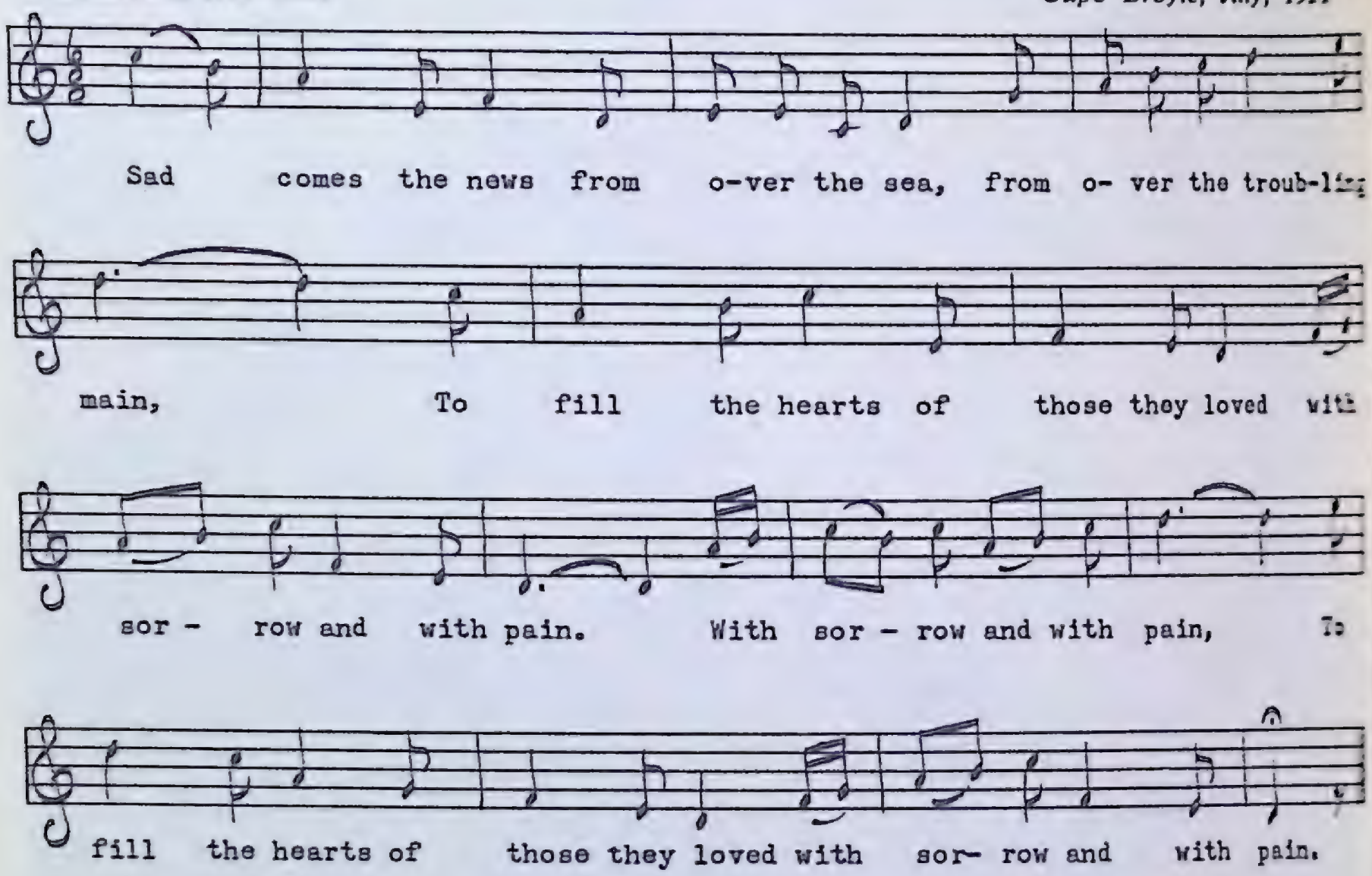
Harbour scene at Cape Broyle

The "Greenland" Disaster

PEA 5 No. 34

Jim Rice
Cape Broyle, July, 1951

Moderate, free time



1. Sad comes the news from over the sea, from over the troubling main,
   To fill the hearts of those they loved with sorrow and with pain.
   With sorrow and with pain,
   To fill the hearts of those they loved with sorrow and with pain.

2. Oh it's less than three short weeks today they left their native shore,
   But all, alas, they never returned to see their friends no more.
   To see their friends no more,
   But all, alas, they never returned to see their friends no more.

3. The *Greenland* sailed the tenth of March, her crew in spirits gay
   Stood brisk upon the barricade as she steamed out that day.
   As she steamed out that day,
   Stood brisk upon the barricade as she steamed out that day.

4. And with a crew of fine young men who left in spirits light,
   Not thinking that they should pass off on that fearful cold March night.
   On that fearful cold March night,
   Not thinking that they should pass off on that fearful cold March night.

5. They struck the seals St. Patrick's day and then the work began,
   With thirteen thousand hoist on board, seven thousand more did pan.
   Seven thousand more did pan,
   With thirteen thousand hoist on board, seven thousand more did pan.

6. On to the thirty-first of March, four watches less that day,
A blinding snow storm soon came on and they got cast away.
And they got cast away,
A blinding snow storm soon came on and they got cast away.

7. There's two young Quidi Vidi boys, there's Chillie and Court Down,
There's William Collins from Torbay, and two from St. John's town.
And two from St. John's town,
There's William Collins from Torbay, and two from St. John's town.

8. The others from the northern bays and six from Harbour Grace
Who on that wild and terrible night a fearful death did face.
A fearful death did face,
Who on that wild and terrible night a fearful death did face.

9. But may the great Almighty God their troubles soon make light,
And ease the broken hearts of those who lost their friends that night.
Who lost their friends that night,
And ease the broken hearts of those who lost their friends that night.

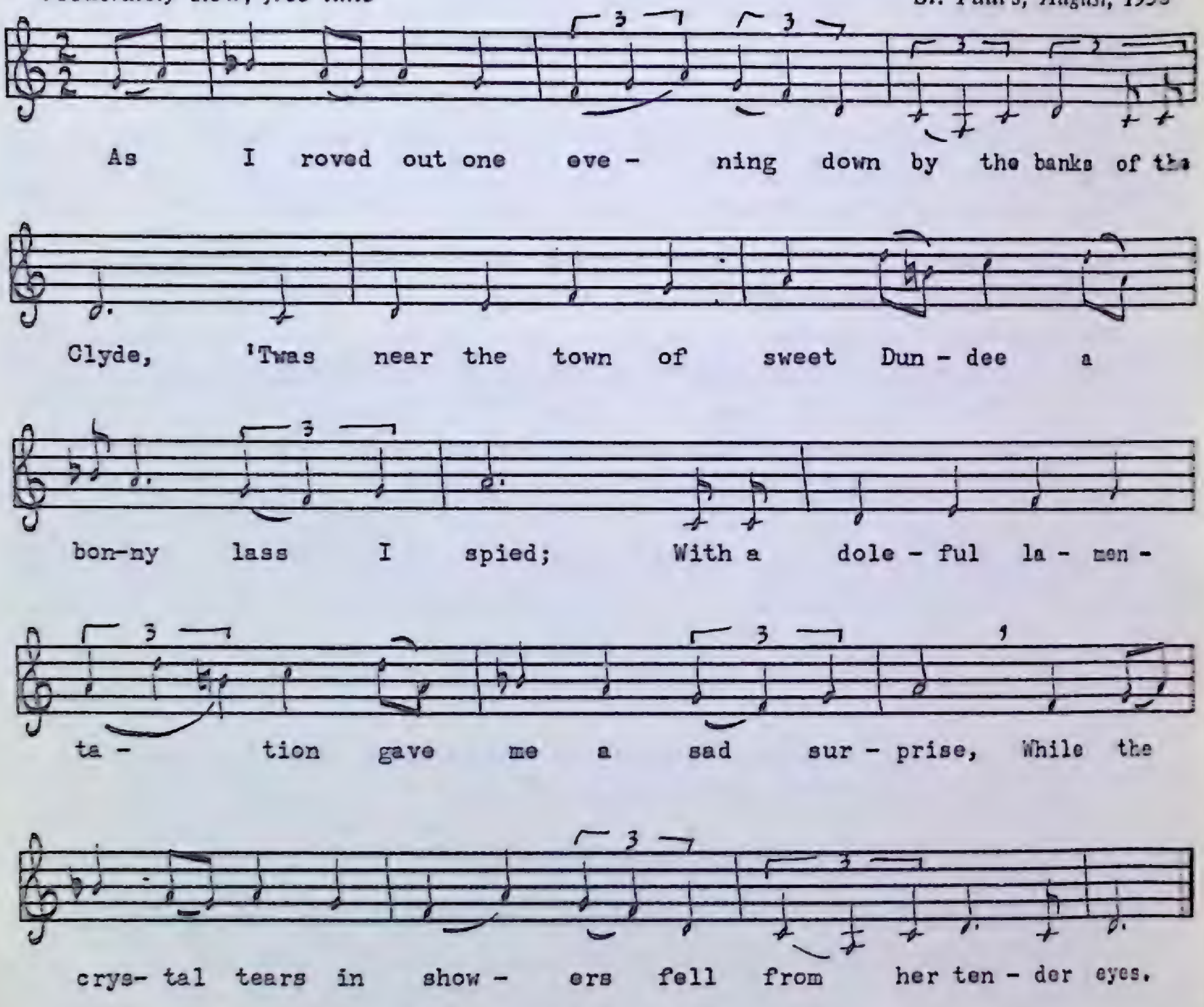
This ballad about the loss of a famous sealing vessel, the *Greenland,* is one of the best native songs found in Newfoundland. It is unusual to find the old device of internal repetition used in more modern ballads of this sort. The fine old tune is in the Dorian mode.

Liza Gray

(The "Lady of the Lake")

A

PEA 97 No. 765 and MS
Everett Bennett
St. Paul's, August, 1958



1. As I roved out one evening down by the banks of the Clyde,
'Twas near the town of sweet Dundee a bonny lass I spied;
With a doleful lamentation gave me a sad surprise,
While the crystal tears in showers fell from her tender eyes.

2. I boldly steppèd up to her and this to her did say,
"Why sits you here my bonny lass beneath this willow tree?"
She sobbed, she sighed, made this reply, "I'm afraid I'll rue the day,
Since my Willie Brown leaved Greenock town to cross the raging sea."

3. "If William Brown was your love's name I knew that young man well;
Before our ship in pieces split those words I heard him tell:
'Oh fare you well Miss Liza Gray, I'm afraid your heart will break,
When you hears tell that I am lost in the *Lady of the Lake.*'

4. "The foaming of the ocean five hundred miles from shore,
The nor'west winds, mountains of ice down on our vessel bore;
The *Lady of the Lake* that night was in two pieces rent,
And all excepting thirty-four down to the bottom went.

5. "Oh William Brown among the rest was tossed all on the sea,
Before the ship in pieces split those words I heard him say:
'Oh fare you well Miss Liza Gray, I'm afraid your heart will break,
When you hears tell that I am lost in the *Lady of the Lake*'."

6. "I pray young man for all you say, come tell to me it's true,
Then all my days to a single life I'll never bid adieu,
Then all my days a single life I do intend to lead,
So I pray young man don't trouble me beneath this willow tree."

7. "Arise, arise, Miss Liza Gray, all sorrows now give o'er,
See how kind fortune's favored me and brought me safe on shore;
Here is the token you gave me when we leaved Greenock quay,
And it bears the bonny likeness of you sweet Liza Gray."

B

MS 68
Michael Mathews
Duntara, July, 1951

Moderately fast

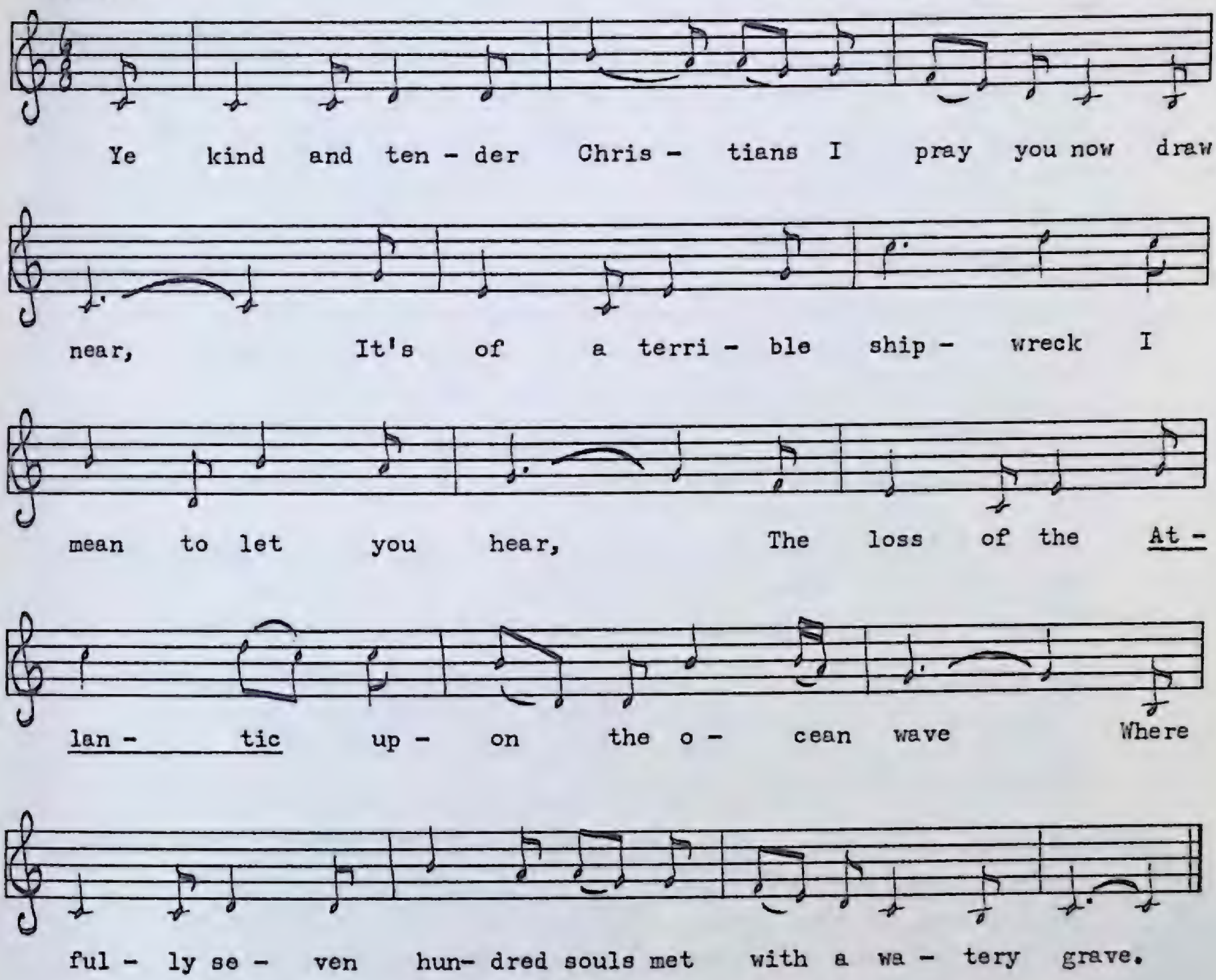
As I roved out one morn - ing down by a ri - ver-
side, I o - ver-heard a maid com-plain, those
words I heard her cry: "How hap - py, hap - py
would I be if my Wil - lie I could see, But
all his charms lie soft - ly on the bot- tom of the sea."

The *Lady of the Lake* was bound from Belfast to Quebec when she struck an iceberg off the coast of Newfoundland on May 11, 1833. Of the 230 on board, only the captain and those in his life-boat survived. According to this Newfoundland variant, Willie Brown must have been one of the captain's passengers. Variant *B* has the better tune, but unfortunately the text was somewhat mixed up. The ballad was popular in north England and south Scotland for many decades, probably because of the broadsides of the story printed in that area (*See* J. Cadman, Manchester, No. 350; and Bebbington, Manchester, No. 172).

The Loss of the "Atlantic"

A

PEA 176 No. 1091
Joshua Osborne
Seal Cove, White Bay, June, 1960



1. Ye kind and tender Christians I pray you now draw near,
   It's of a terrible shipwreck I mean to let you hear,
   The loss of the *Atlantic* upon the ocean wave
   Where fully seven hundred souls met with a watery grave.

2. 'Twas on the twentieth day of March our gallant ship did sail,
   Bound for the harbor of New York, she had a pleasant gale.
   We called next day at Queenstown as we always had before
   And took on board three hundred souls, their loss we now deplore.

3. We steamed away for seven days without either dread or fear,
   Our brave and honored captain his course right well did steer,
   Until he found to his dismay his coal was rather low,
   He changed his course for Halifax which proved our overthrow.

4. 'Twas on the first of April in the morning at three o'clock,
When all on board were sunk in sleep she ran upon a rock,
To hear the cries of wild despair 'twould make you for to weep,
And those loud cries of anguish as they sank into the deep.

5. Oh heavens, 'twas an awful sight the struggle there for life,
The mother parted from the child, the husband from the wife,
The billows raged, the breakers roared, and o'er the vessel tore,
And washed o'erboard those human beings to sink and rise no more.

6. So hard it is for to describe all that they suffered there,
The men and women rushed on deck with wild cries of despair,
And some climbed up the rigging, for so we had been told,
And after hours of suffering they died there with the cold.

7. One man escaped into a boat, with terror looked behind,
And trembling there upon the deck he saw his wife so kind.
"Without my wife I cannot live so with her I will die,
And I hope we soon will meet again before the Lord on high."

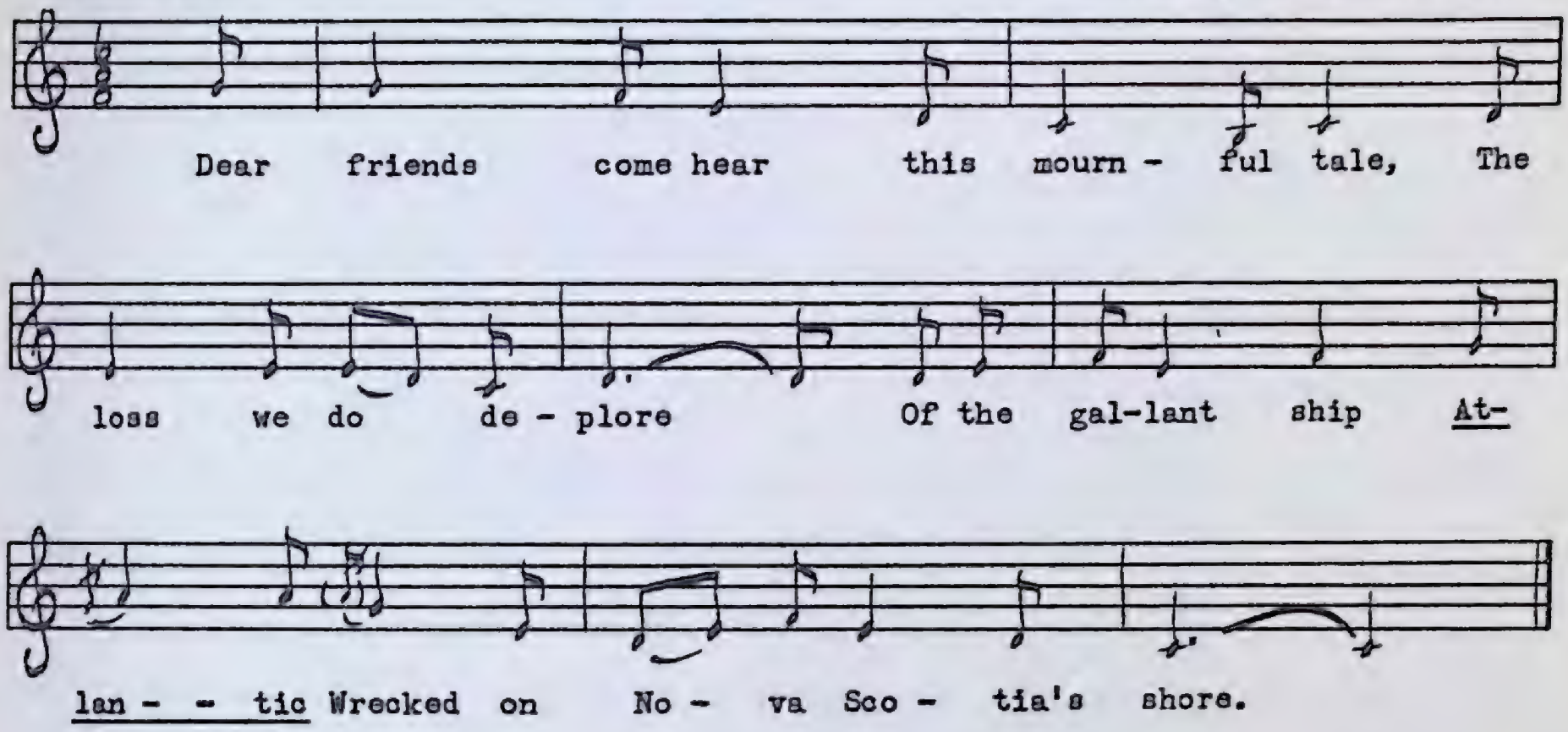
8. And when the news had reached New York 'twould grieve your heart full sore
To see the people cry and weep for their friends they'll see no more,
The office of the White Star in crowds they did surround
To see if news from those they loved could anywhere be found.

9. To see the agèd mother it would melt your heart with pain:
"Where is my loving daughter, shall I ne'er see her again?"
And the tender-hearted sister with sorrow she did cry:
"Must my kind and loving brother in the ocean's bosom lie?"

10. The poor old feeble father with grief he tore his hair:
"Must I ne'er see forevermore my sons and daughters fair?"
Now to conclude my dreary song I've one more thing to say,
Ye kind and tender Christians I hope you'll for them pray.

B

PEA 194 No. 1147
Mrs. Mary Ann Galpin
Codroy, September, 1961



1. Dear friends come hear this mournful tale,
   The loss we do deplore
   Of the gallant ship *Atlantic*
   Wrecked on Nova Scotia's shore.

2. With near one thousand souls on board
   The captain he had no fear,
   For he heeded not that rocky coast
   That he was drawing near.

3. Until at length it was too late
   When that final shock was given,
   That noble ship to pieces went,
   In midships she was riven.

4. The sun sank down behind the hills,
   Night spread her wings around,
   That night it will remembered be
   For manys a year to come.

5. A lady with her baby in arms
   That reached the deck we're told,
   She had nothing but her nightdress on
   To shelter her from the cold.

6. To save her life her slender form
   Was fastened to the mast,
   And ten long hours she there remained
   Before she breathed her last.

7. Before she died her little babe
Got sweeped into the sea.
What suffering must that mother bore
In those hours of agony.

8. Then Mister Street was a gentleman,
He was frantic with despair,
From his cabin came and in his arms
He held his little daughter dear.

9. Unto the steward he did say:
"Charlie, pray take my child
That I might go my wife to save
For the billows are raging wild."

10. The father did the mother seek
But neither the one came back,
For the briny waves had swept them both
From off of that sinking wreck.

11. And as the steward took the child
He saw her face so fair,
His thoughts ran quickly to his home
For he had one like her there.

12. She called out 'Papa!' for a short time
But her papa never came,
She died just after in my arms
As the billows were raging round.

13. Her little soul to heaven flew
To call her papa there,
It's hand in hand I hope they'll walk
Through heavenlye mansions clear.

14. There was one who was rescued from the wreck
John Henley, a brave lad,
He boldly struggled to the deck
His face bereaved and sad.

15. His father and mother and brothers three
All sank to rise no more,
But he got help from some strong men,
He got safely on the shore.

16. And when he arrived in Halifax
A warm welcome they did give,
'Twas there they led him gently home
With his sister dear to live.

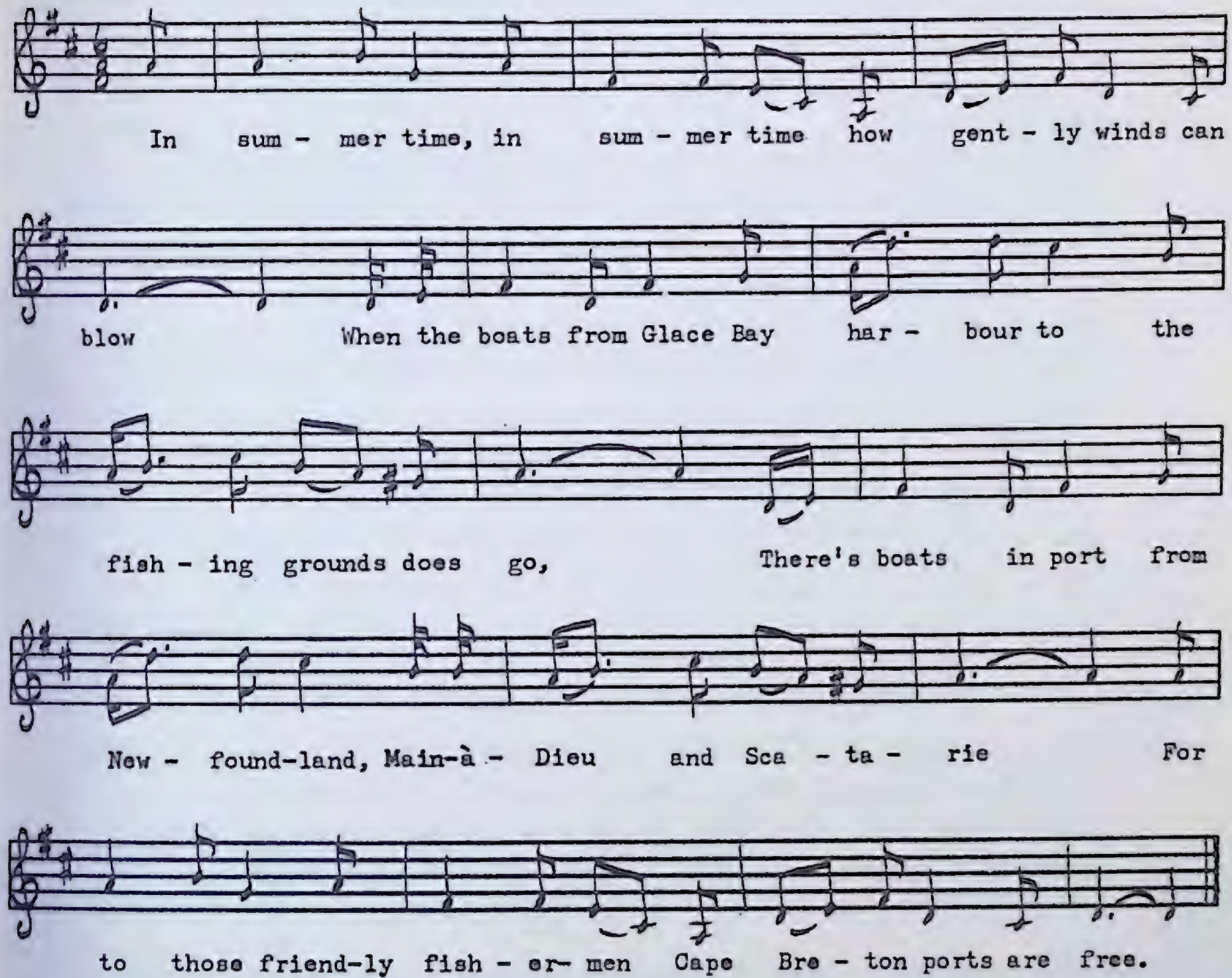
17. And then a noble clergyman
He swam over to the shore,
Then he quickly sent a line on board
For to help the others sore.

The *Atlantic* was a famous four-masted iron vessel of the White Star fleet wrecked off the coast of Nova Scotia on March 31 and April 1 of 1873. Variant *A* gives 700 as the number of lives lost, but the records show a loss of 535. Variant *B* is a more intimate record of the disaster and has a better tune. A third variant, not reproduced, is similar to *A* but has an even more undistinguished tune.

Kenneth Pink, Rose Blanche

The Loss of the "Barbara Ann Ronney"

PEA 124 No. 881
Kenneth Pink
Rose Blanche, June, 1959



1. In summertime, in summertime how gently winds can blow
   When the boats from Glace Bay harbour to the fishing grounds does go,
   There's boats in port from Newfoundland, Main-à-Dieu and Scatarie,
   For to those friendly fishermen Cape Breton ports are free.

2. It was in the spring of fifty-one Walter Bond was in command
   Of the sturdy *Barbara Ann Ronney* from Petites in Newfoundland,
   Five sharemen were on board of the boat and fished out from the bay,
   And when the season ended they prepared to sail away.

3. Six men were on the boat that day with Captain Walter Bond,
   Charlie and Kenneth Courtney from Petites they do belong,
   Ward Major and Richard Goss were from the valleys too,
   And Russell Ballard from Grand Bruit were the members of the crew.

4. Tom Bennett said to Captain Bond, "I'll come on board and stay,
We shall go home together and spend our Christmas day."
And while they put their freight on board their thoughts went over the foam,
For deep in every sailor's heart there lies the love of home.

5. "A merry merry Christmas, b'ys, and a happy New Year"—
As they gaily waved to friends on shore as they passed the Glace Bay pier,
"A merry Christmas to you all, we'll be back again in May."
They loaded the *Barbara Ann Ronney*, from the harbour sailed away.

6. The seagulls circled overhead and the skies were dull and gray,
The radio foretold a storm this chill December's day,
And friends along the waterfront can fully understand
Why the boat went into Ingonish on 'er way to Newfoundland.

7. "Oh mother dear," the children cried, "where is our father's boat?
He said that he was coming home the last time that he wrote."
Grief-stricken was the mother's heart, the father and his crew,
For they're cradled in their ocean beds beneath the ocean blue.

8. In wintertime, in wintertime how fiercely winds can blow,
When the heavy seas will lash the shores as many poor sailors know,
On the eighteenth of December the winter hurricane blew,
And we all feared for the safety of the captain and his crew.

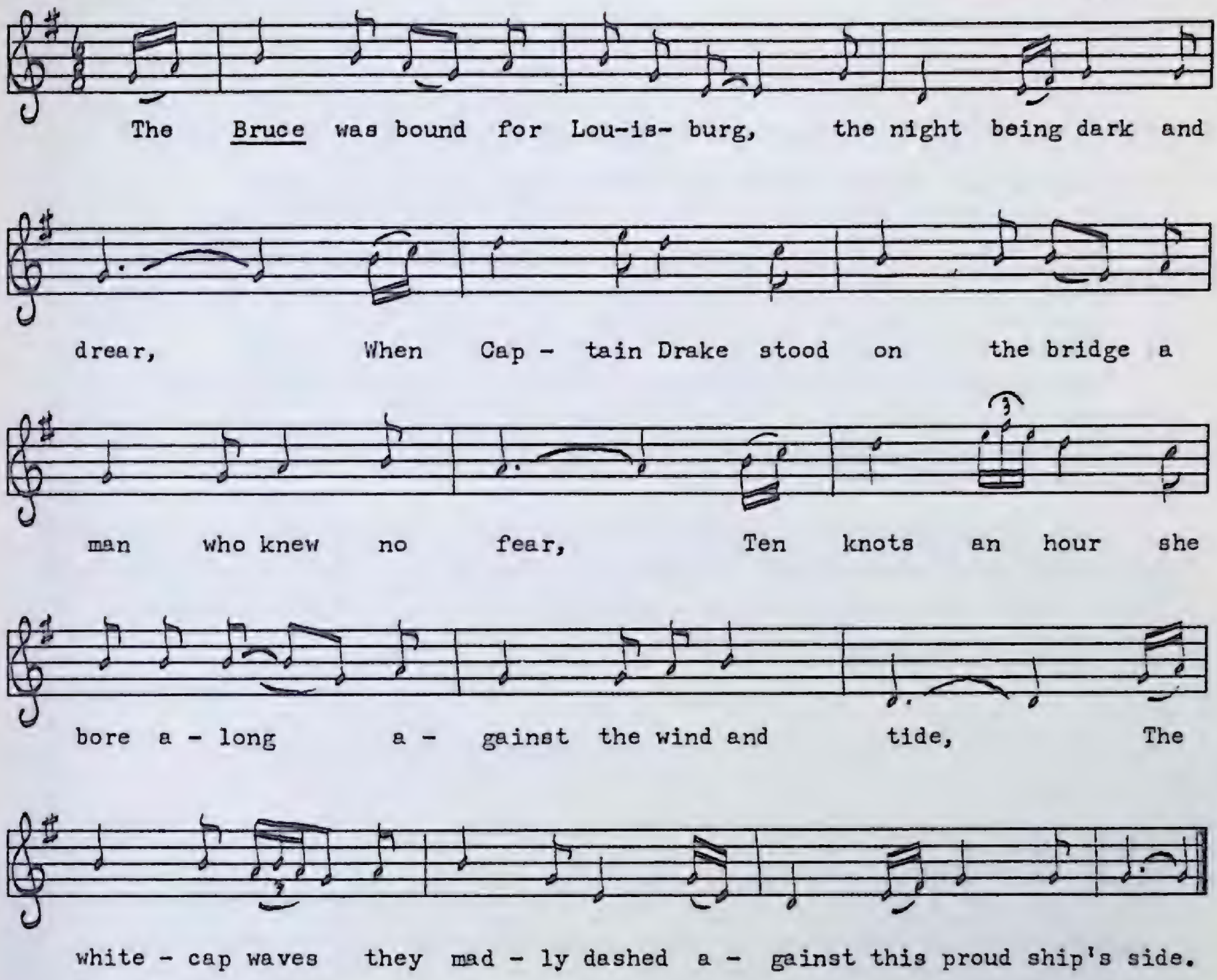
9. Oh many are the secrets that are hidden by the sea,
And men entrusted by her crew she guards most tenderly,
It's only the stars that shine above and the restless ocean know
Where the *Barbara Ann Ronney* foundered when those winter winds did blow.

This ballad is a good illustration of how the creative and re-creative folk process still continues in Newfoundland. The ballad was composed about ten years ago in Petites on the south coast, though Ken Pink was not sure of the composer's name. As I was unable to travel to Petites to check out the personal names (including the name of the boat), I have written them as they were pronounced. Main-à-Dieu, Scatarie, and Ingonish are on the east coast of Cape Breton Island, and Grand Bruit is on the south coast of Newfoundland. For background on the custom of 'sharemen' fishing in verse 2, see *A Crowd of Bold Sharemen.*

The Loss of the "Bruce"

PEA 188 No. 1133
Jim Dalton
Codroy, July, 1960

Moderately slow



1. The *Bruce* was bound for Louisburg, the night being dark and drear,
   When Captain Drake stood on the bridge a man who knew no fear,
   Ten knots an hour she bore along against the wind and tide,
   The white-cap waves they madly dashed against this proud ship's side.

2. The helmsman with heart and cheer so brave and strong as steel
   Stood like a sentinel at his post beside the *Bruce's* wheel,
   The passengers were all below and all were of good cheer,
   They never dreamt that danger grave was lurking very near.

3. But accidents will happen quick as you will understand,
   There's no occasion to be safe upon the sea or land,
   No gentle warning to prepare, no tender call so brief,
   The *Bruce* with mail and passengers she ran upon a reef.

4. And then a great confusion aboard the ship held sway,
The helpless female passengers could only kneel and pray,
Their weeping children clinging close beside their mother's form,
It was a pitiful picture there that night with sea and storm.

5. The boats were ordered to be lowered, and the volunteers to aid
Were all true Newfoundlanders, they never were afraid,
Were all true Newfoundlanders, their hearts were kind and true,
When danger stares you in the face they'll risk their lives for you.

6. And by the *Bruce's* noble crew the passengers were saved,
Except death to one poor fellow I'll agree that he was brave,
Young Pike all from his native home intended for to roam
Was snatched all from the strangers' hands and buried in the foam.

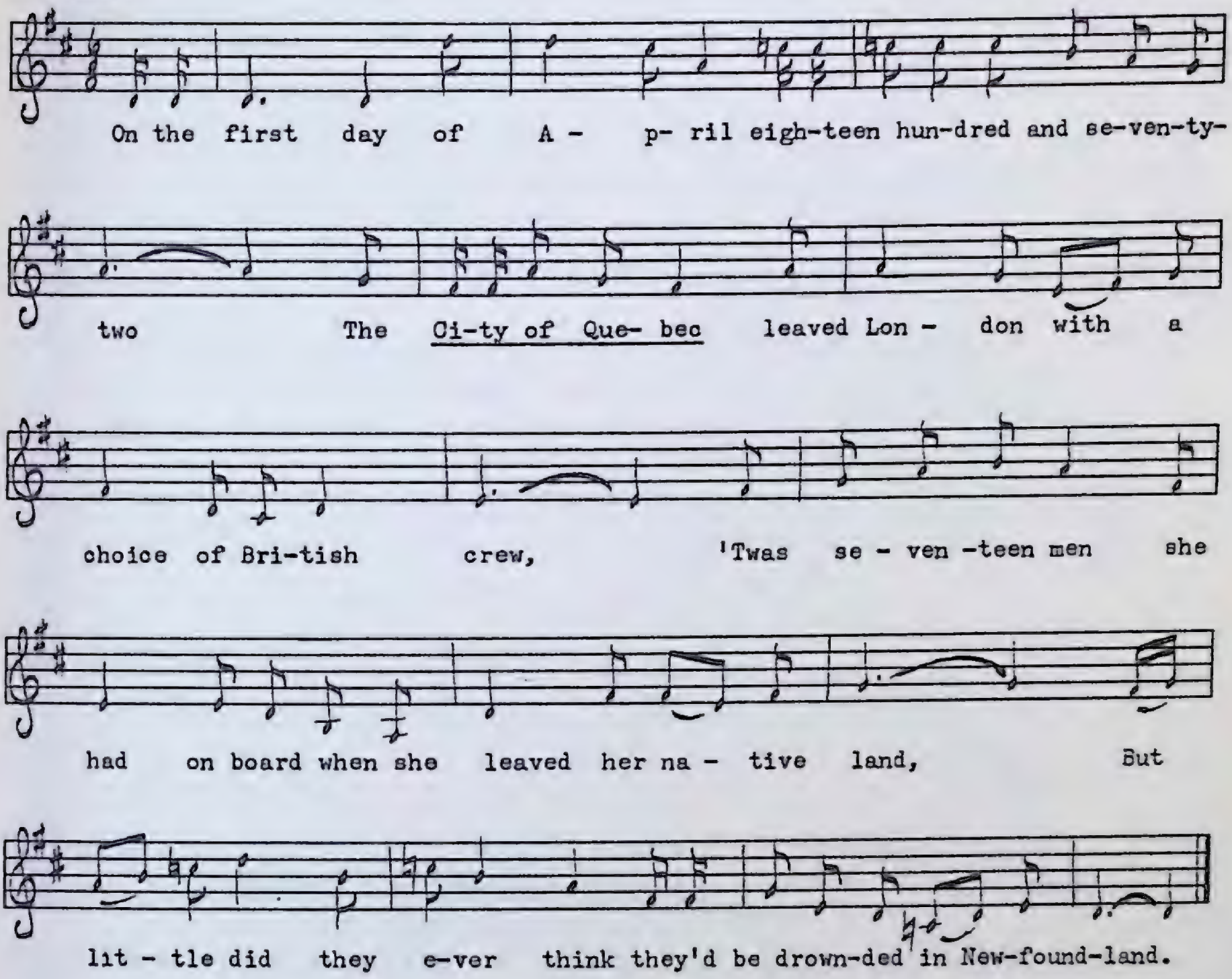
7. Alas unto his wife and friends they're sad as we all know,
Alas great God who dwells above from Whom all blessings flow,
He gives the power of request all with His mighty hand,
And places him with the fishermen of dear old Newfoundland.

Jim Dalton learned this native ballad from his mother, who told him the disaster took place about 1910 on a reef five or six miles out of Louisburg, Nova Scotia. The exact date and location of the shipwreck remain to be authenticated.

The Loss of the "City of Quebec"

PEA 195 No. 1148
Mrs. Mary Ann Galpin
Codroy, September, 1961

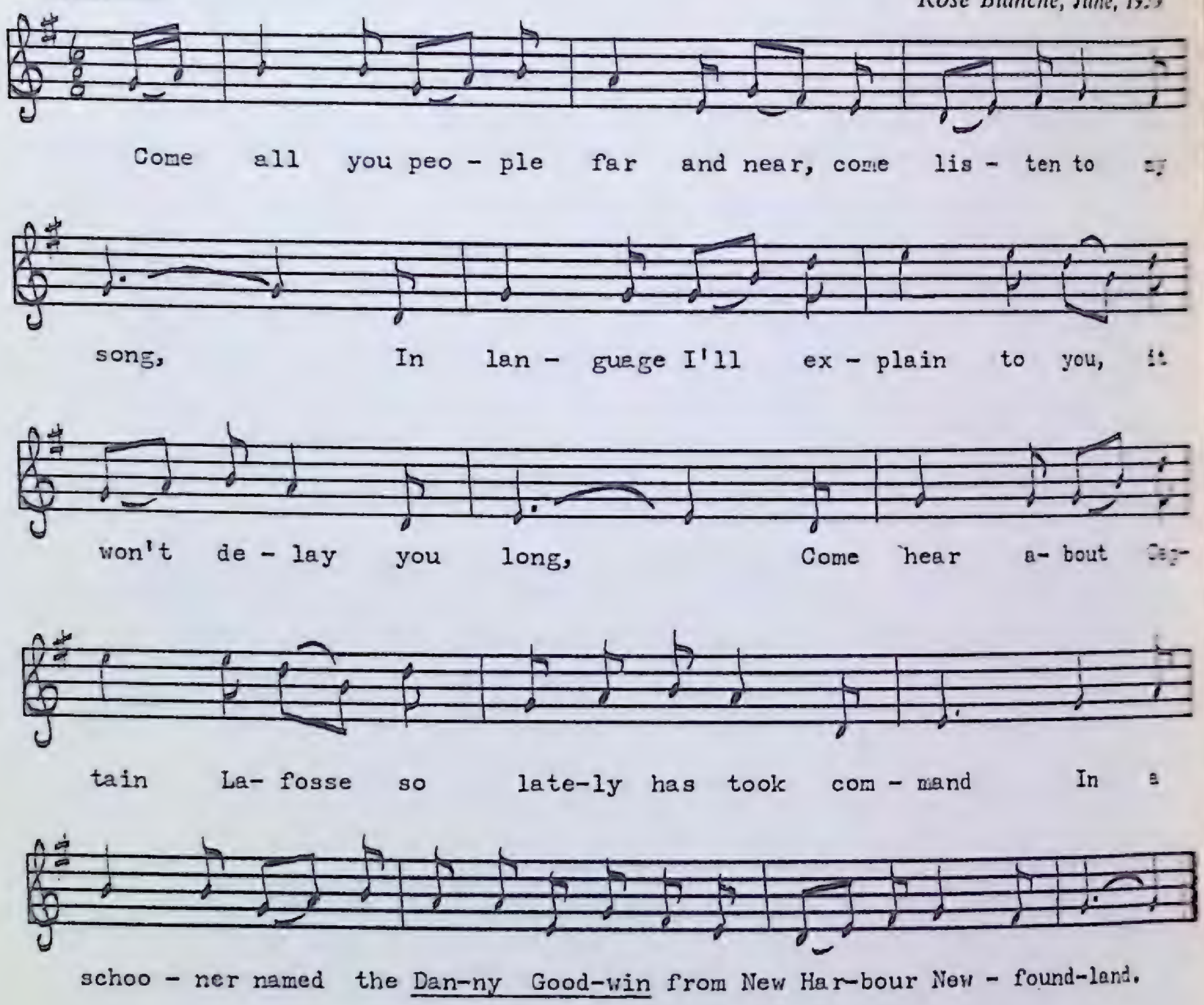
Moderate



Unfortunately Mrs. Galpin could remember just the first verse of what promises to be an interesting ballad of local composition. Mrs. Galpin says the *City of Quebec* was wrecked on a reef off the south coast of Newfoundland near Isle aux Morts, where she lived in her youth. If 1872 is the correct date given in the song, she was two or three months old at the time.

The Loss of the "Danny Goodwin"

PEA 125 No. [illegible]
Kenneth Pick
Rose Blanche, June, 1955



1. Come all you people far and near, come listen to my song,
   In language I'll explain to you, it won't delay you long,
   Come hear about Captain Lafosse so lately has took command
   In a schooner named the *Danny Goodwin* from New Harbour,
   Newfoundland.

2. They sailed away from New Harbour, to the western shore did go,
   To risk their lives in dories through frost and wind and snow,
   Saying good-bye to friends at home and all whom they adored
   Never dreaming that they would meet their doom upon the western shore.

3. It was on a Monday morning they got her under way,
   The sixth day of December, a creak-cold winter's day,
   She carried a crew of six fishermen, and dories he had two,
   The *Danny* being a noble boat, built over spankin's new.

4. On Rose Blanche bank that morning, 'twas there he brought her to,
His dories they were lowered away as he oftentimes used to do,
Before those trawls were taken back a heavy storm did rise,
It was a hard and a trialing time on those poor fishing b'ys.

5. The wind sprang from the east-southeast and bitterly did blow,
The sea it was rolling mountains high in a blinding drift of snow,
No one can tell if she came to land or under close-reef sail,
Or if she got disabled in the dreadful winter's gale.

6. A captain from another boat those words we heard him say,
"He did not have his dories when we got under way,
He might have got his dories, yet we do not understand,
Perhaps he got them safe on board and shaped her up for the land."

7. To come to land that evening in a blinding drift of snow,
This captain was a stranger and those harbours did not know.
No doubt he might have come to land or else here on the shore,
Perhaps he drifted far out to sea to never return no more.

8. This blow was hard for friends at home and sad news for to hear,
The loss of sons and husbands, the ones they loved so dear,
Likewise their aged mothers oh bitterly will cry
To see their sons all leaving their homes and wishing them all good-bye.

9. There are five poor widows left behind who bitterly will cry,
All thinking of their loved ones who in the deep do lie,
But we must all remember they fought hard for their lives,
To sea they had to go and leave their children and their wives.

10. So now my song is to an end, I have nothing more to say,
Trying to earn a living those b'ys were called away,
Their wives and little children they'll never see no more,
But now they gave up all hopes to land on the western shore.

There are three 'New Harbours' in Newfoundland, but Ken Pink tells me the one in this ballad is on the south coast east of Rose Blanche. The waters off the south coast are particularly treacherous, and a large percentage of south coast traditional material is concerned with shipwrecks.

The Loss of the "Eliza"

A

PEA 207 No. 1183
Patrick Rossiter
Fermeuse, October, 1961

Moderately slow, steady time

The brave E - li - za spread her sails that morn - ing in the bay, And soon be- fore a fresh-en- ing breeze was speed - ing on her way, Fort Am - herst heard their youth - ful crew sing chee-ri-ly as they passed, But at Fort Am - herst lit-tle knew that sail - ing was their last.

1. The brave *Eliza* spread her sails that morning in the bay,
   And soon before a freshening breeze was speeding on her way,
   Fort Amherst heard their youthful crew sing cheerily as they passed,
   But at Fort Amherst little knew that sailing was their last.

2. Only the sea birds overhead encircling in the blue
   Screamed down the wind in fear as if there's some strange terror new
   Far far ahead on the ocean bed where spectres lie in wait
   For to ensnare some passing ship, another prize to take.

3. Yet cheerily the *Eliza's* crew intoned their sailing song,
   And merrily their good ship bounds o'er sunlit waves along,
   The dark (bright) spray sparkling round her bow gives promise
   fair that day.
   How false that promise now we know in sad St. Mary's Bay!

4. Now storms have come to Newfoundland by stealth and treachery,
The foul nor'easter's chilly hand is black with tragedy,
So the brave schooner *Eliza* on this October day
Must match her own unequal strength with furrows (herons) that cross her way.

5. Quick sped the gallant schooner *Eliza* up the shore,
Close to the wind she's hauling like many a time before,
With captain Jim Ahearn to keep her tiller true,
His brother and young Bunyan are sturdy sailors too.

6. They have bettered many a tempest wave through nights of stress and dread
To reach their destination home, St. Mary's Riverhead,
But many a hardy sailor has sailed far far seas to come
To grief when near some beacon clear that lights the way to home.

7. Torrential rain strikes on the main like to a hand of hate,
The waters near grow white with fear at what may be in wait.
Then burst the gale on spar and sail, the shocked *Eliza* reeled,
And shuddered like something of life that sees its doom revealed.

8. With riven sail before the gale the staunch *Eliza* flew
With sturdy hearts who done their part of her courageous crew
As fiercely raged the storm-swept waves and darker growed the skies;
But none can tell just what befell that crew of gallant b'ys.

9. Right valiantly they fought the sea for they were heroes bred
Where sea-bred fisher sires reside, St. Mary's Riverhead.
Dark night and storm enwrap her form, the warning billows roar,
The hurricane her timbers strain, she'll sail in pride no more.

10. Death's Angel creeps along the deep, the strength of man is vain,
God's will be done, my son, my son, I will never see again!
Then it was learned in Riverhead the schooner had set sail
All deeply laden fore and aft and ran into the gale.

11. Long hours of deep anxiety were by a maiden spent,
Whose fingers trembled on the keys of every message sent,
Asking for tidings of her beloved who with her two brothers share
The terrors of that night of woe, that night that breathes despair.

12. Deep shadows now o'ershade her brow, Cape Race's message tells:
'A ship, dismasted, drifts to sea before tempestuous swells.'
And all around her office howl, e'en at this very door,
The shrieking wind cries through the night: "You will see them nevermore!"

13. And sad to say 'tis told today throughout our little town
That not one word was ever heard where this good ship went down,
Their light seen on the darkening main by Captain Welsh and crew
From off the trasher's storm-swept (dauntless) deck is all we ever knew.

14. Gay Captain Jim we'll think of him oft when the neighbours meet,
When tales of bravery are told of many a fishing fleet,
But one will grieve with an aching heart, his promised bride to be.
"Oh cruel deep, why will you keep my love, my love from me?"

15. Our Peter sang of things that breathed along the sunny strand
When seaward winds sweep soothing here to bless our Newfoundland,
But we will hear his voice no more nor know his welcome tread
At homes that loved his presence in St. Mary's Riverhead.

16. The glad-eyed b'y young Jack Ahearn, 'twas his first summer's cruise,
We did entreat to keep him home, words proved of little use.
Our son by ocean's mighty song is lulled to infant sleep
And mysteries fly as the years go by into our spirits deep.

17. Still like the sea-wind's wizard voice is to our childhood mind,
That something strange lay hid within that we must wait to find.
God help those waiting ones at home who mourn their sailors dead,
God's hand come down upon our town, St. Mary's Riverhead!

This shipwreck ballad of fairly recent composition is one of the best, if not *the* best to come out of Newfoundland. It is also one of the very few native ballads carrying supernatural portents (the herons) in the manner of the older traditional ballads. As a matter of fact, it has three supernatural agencies: the spectres lying in wait (verse 2), the herons (verse 4), Death's Angel creeping along the deep (verse 10). The internal rhyming scheme combined with frequently apt imagery ("The waters near grow white with fear") give the verse an impact seldom found in this sort of ballad. When I first heard it, I immediately thought of the narrative and epic poetry of the Canadian traditionalist poet E. J. Pratt. And the resemblance is not coincidental, for Dr. Pratt came from an outport in Newfoundland, Western Bay. As a boy he was no doubt familiar with the thrilling tales the fishermen sang and told of life aboard the schooners in the treacherous North Atlantic, tales which inevitably had an influence on his own poetry. *The Loss of the Eliza* does not, of course, have the professional finish of a poem like *The Cruise of the Cachelot*. Nevertheless, I am sure there are some lines, or even complete verses in it that Dr. Pratt would have found worthy of his own pen. The tune is also first-rate. The two variants are reproduced to illustrate the divergent styles of two singers using the same material. Mrs. Ghaney sang it with metronomical precision, never losing a fraction of a beat even between verses. Though not so ornate as Mr. Rossiter's, her tune has some fascinating chromatic ambiguities. Verses 10, 11, and 12 are from her 12-verse version, as are the alternative words in brackets. It would be difficult to trace at this late date, but Mr. Rossiter heard that the ballad was composed by a schoolteacher whose fiancé was the captain of the *Eliza*. Verse 14 makes the story sound quite plausible.

B

(The Herons)

PEA 17 No. 104
Mrs. Anastasia Ghaney
Fermeuse, July, 1952

Moderately fast, strict time

(♯) variable (♯)

3. Yet chee - ri-ly the E - li - za's crew in - toned their sail - ing

song, And mer - ri- ly the good ship bounds her

song with flight a - long, The bright spray spark-ling a -

round her bow gives pro - mise fair that day. How

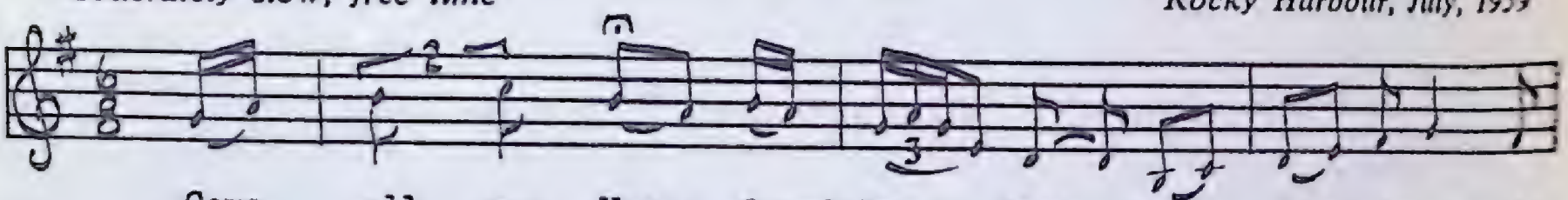
(♯) (♯)

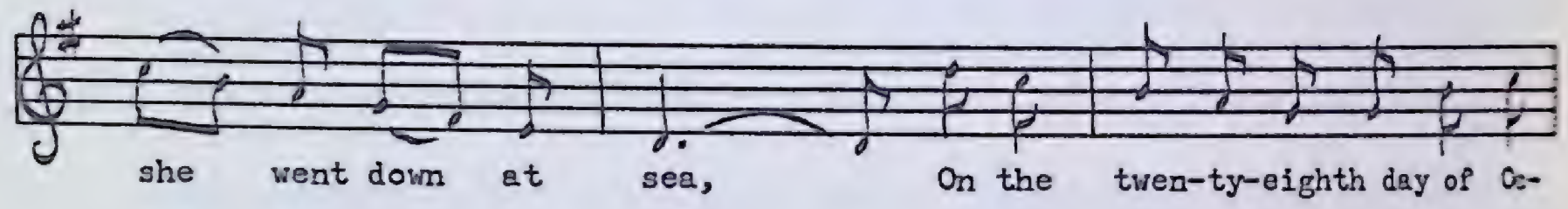
false that pro - mise now we know in sad St. Mar - y's Bay!

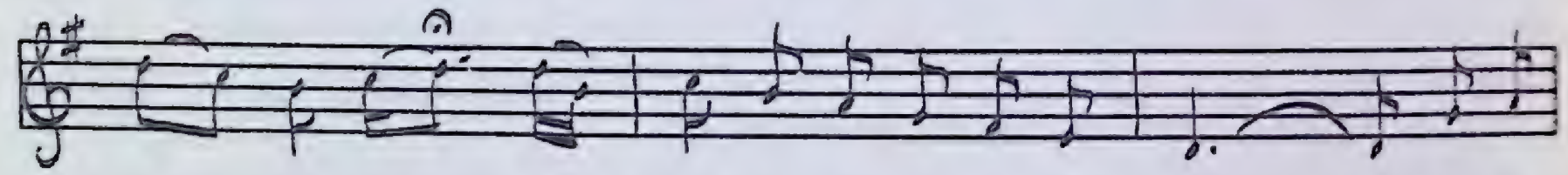
The Loss of the "Jewel"

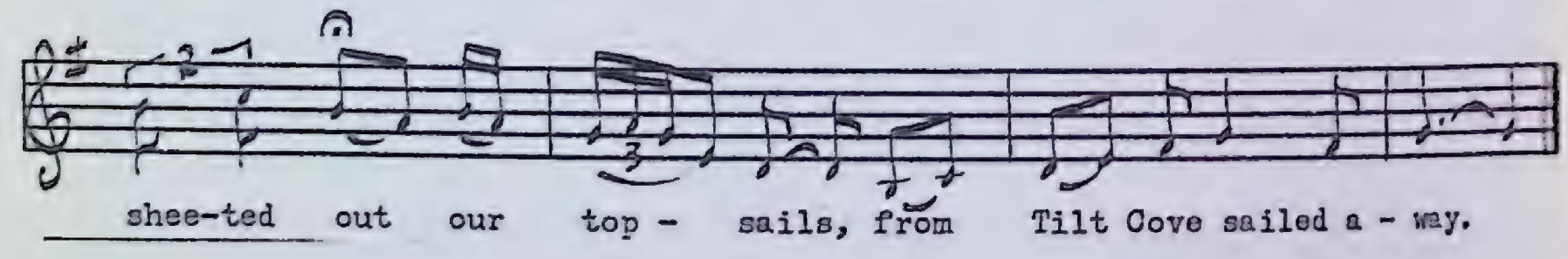
PEA 146 No. 972
George Decker
Rocky Harbour, July, 1959

Moderately slow, free time









1. Come all you Newfoundlanders and listen unto me,
   I'll tell you of the *Jewel* as she went down at sea,
   On the twenty-eighth day of October last, right well I remember the day,
   When we sheeted out our topsails, from Tilt Cove sailed away.

2. We had not long been sailing when it blew a heavy gale,
   Our captain cried, "Go aloft, my boys, and clew up every sail."
   The word was given, quite soon was done by ten brave seamen bold,
   And they belonged to Newfoundland where the winter winds blow cold.

3. As we were lashed onto the pumps our hearts with fear did fret
   To see our large fore-topsail yard come crashing through our deck.
   Our captain he ran with an axe in hand to cut the yard away,
   And we stopped our leaks with canvas that wild and stormy day.

4. We shipped a heavy sea, my boys, it washed away our boat,
We cut her clear of the wreck that day while the tempest loud did roar,
And we settled our thoughts on home and friends we may not see no more.

5. As we were lashed onto our pumps our hearts were filled with glee
To see a full-rigged ship, my boys, appearing under our lee,
We hoist a signal for distress, our Union upside-down,
When they put out their boats to save us for fear that she'd go down.

6. Oh now we're on board the *Albatross,* from Greenland she did come,
Bound down to Philadelphia far from our native home,
And if ever I live to get home again I will go to work on shore,
And I'll tell the tale of the midnight gale and I'll go to the seas no more.

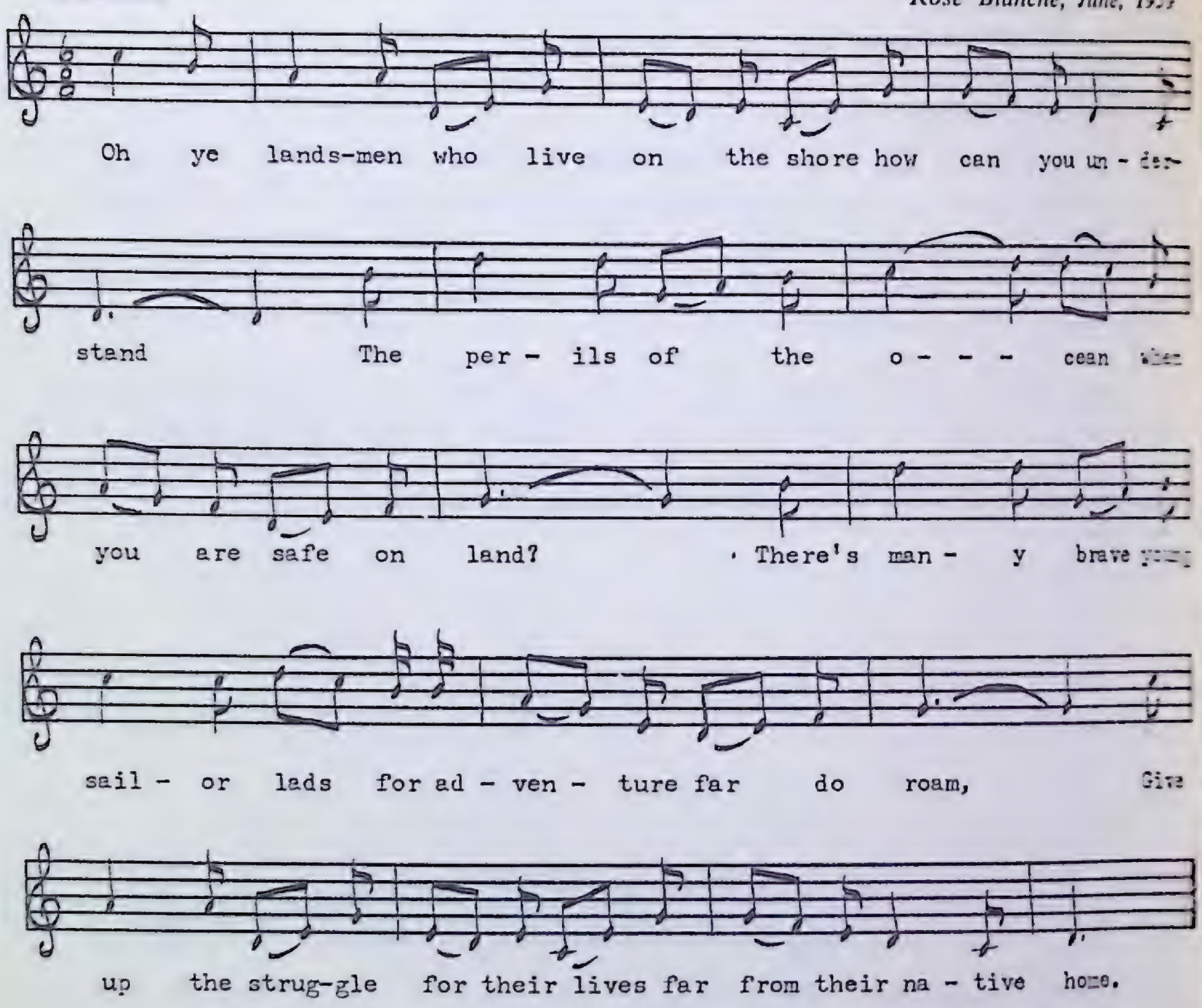
This native ballad would appear to date from the sailing days of the nineteenth century. To "clew up" (verse 2) means to pull up the corner (i.e., the clew) of a square sail in preparation for furling. There are two 'Tilt Coves' in Newfoundland, both in the north in Notre Dame Bay.

The Loss of the "John Harvey"

PEA 127 No. [illegible]

Kenneth Pi[illegible]

Rose Blanche, June, 195[illegible]



1. Oh ye landsmen who live on the shore how can you understand
The perils of the ocean when you are safe on land?
There's many brave young sailor lads for adventure far do roam,
Give up the struggle for their lives far from their native home.

2. The wind it blew a hurricane, the worst one of the year,
The *John Harvey* sailed from Gloucester for the island of St. Pierre
With a load of general cargo when loud the winds did roar,
And on the tenth of January our vessel went ashore.

3. Our skipper he gave orders the vessel to dismast,
The boats were frozen to her deck, the sea swept fore and aft.
Said Captain Kerley to his men, "My b'ys it is no use,
I fear that we are doomed to die on the shores of Gabarus."

4. Then young John Keeping a line he took and tied it around his waist,
Said he, "We'll swim for the nearest shore the icy foam to face."
Oh bitterly cold was that winter's night when the sea rose mountains high,
All tossed and battered by the wind was that brave Belleoram b'y.

5. The wind it blew a hurricane, the night was bitterly cold,
It would chill the heart of a sailor lad, a hero young and bold,
All tossed and battered by the wind when at last the shore did reach,
And with his badly frozen hands made a line fast to the beach.

6. The crew of the *Harvey* got ashore, there were six of them all told,
The loss of the *John Harvey* and a Keeping b'y so bold,
But Keeping and his brave young Foote, by exhaustion overcome,
Died on the shores of Gabarus far from their native home.

7. The survivors walked to some fishing shacks that stood upon the shore,
Much hampered by their heavy boots and the oilskins that they wore,
They had no match to light a fire, how awful was their plight
As they struggled for existence on that cold and wintry night.

8. Help soon came from Gabarus, to them the tale was told
Of the loss of the *John Harvey* and a Keeping b'y so bold.
God's blessing rest upon them, they did all they could do
To comfort and aid the survivors of the *Harvey's* shipwrecked crew.

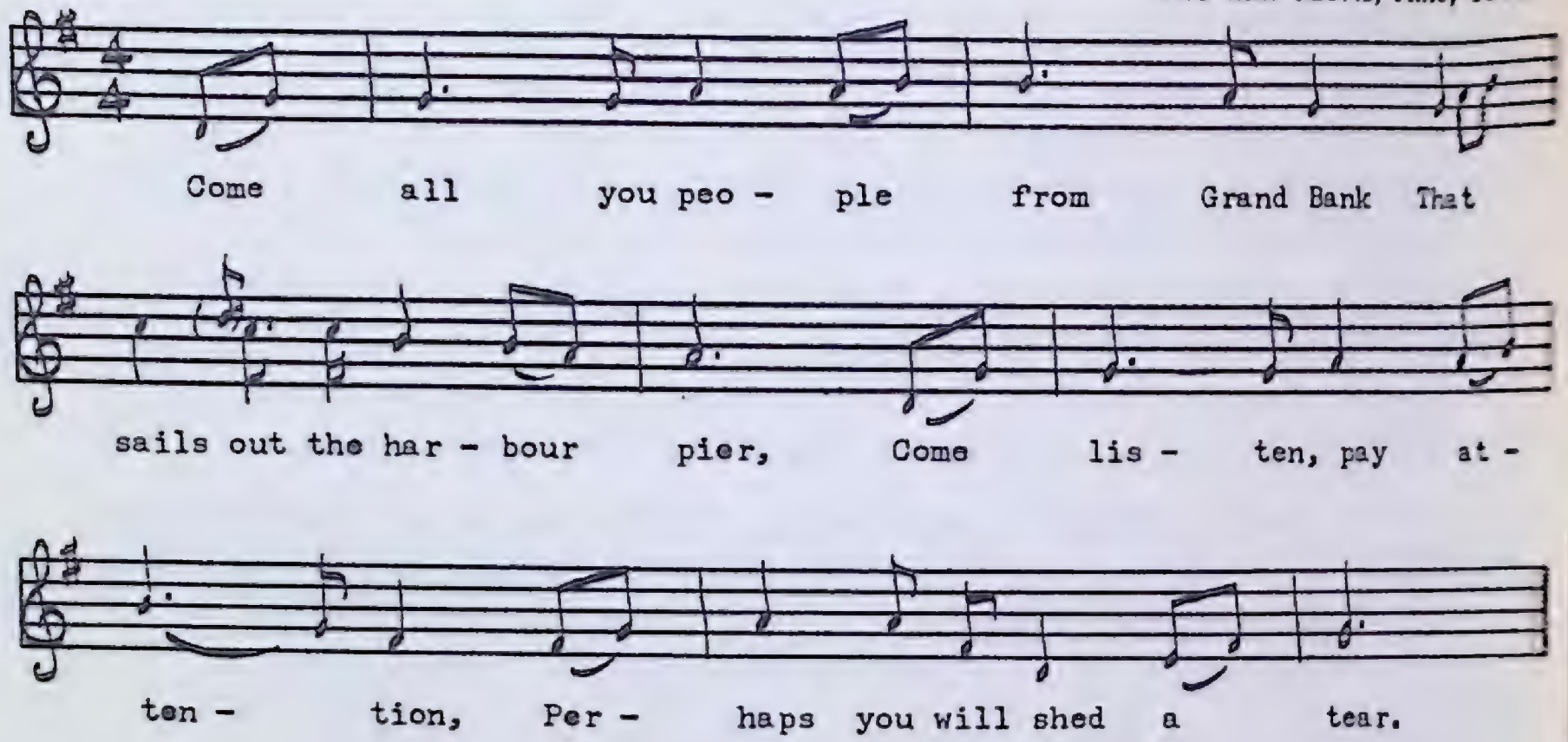
9. Captain Kerley and his hardy b'ys formed a sad disheartened band,
With the bodies of those comrades went back to Newfoundland.
As they followed the casket to the train the tears fell from their eyes
When they thought of the noble actions of those brave Belleoram b'ys.

10. Good people of Belleoram with you I'll sympathize,
Don't fret nor mourn for those brave b'ys for heaven was their prize,
And all ye brave young sailor lads think of those noble youths
Who died far away from their native home on the shores of Gabarus.

Another example of the numerous native shipwreck ballads from the south coast of Newfoundland. Small boats like the *John Harvey* often get contracts to carry general cargo from Canadian and American ports to places in Newfoundland and the offshore French islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon. Belleoram is in Fortune Bay on Newfoundland's south coast, and Gabarus is on the east coast of Cape Breton. 'Keeping' is a common south coast name. The tune of this ballad is of more than passing interest. Though ostensibly Dorian, the strong Mixolydian bias of the two inner phrases makes it rather unstable.

The Loss of the "Jubal Cain"

PEA 119 No. 851
Mrs. Wallace Kinslow
Isle aux Morts, June, 1959



1. Come all you people from Grand Bank
   That sails out the harbour pier,
   Come listen, pay attention,
   Perhaps you will shed a tear.

2. 'Twas of the schooner *Jubal Cain*
   Of which no doubt you've heard,
   She was lost on Nova Scotia's shore,
   She had eight men on board.

3. 'Twas on the tenth of January
   When the *Jubal Cain* set sail,
   She leaved the port of Halifax
   And began her sad tale.

4. The vessel only three years old
   And her cargo being well secured,
   She was built and owned at Grand Bank,
   She had eight men on board.

5. Four of them were single men
   But the saddest thing of all,
   The other four left widows
   With sixteen children small.

6. Eight days being passed and nothing was heard
   From the schooner *Jubal Cain,*
   But everyone felt anxious
   In hopes to see her again.

7. Five more days had passed away
With the wind and frost and snow,
There came a welcome message saying
The first reports were known.

8. Three more days had passed away
When the owner a wire received:
'The *Jubal Cain* and all hands as well
Reported lost at sea.'

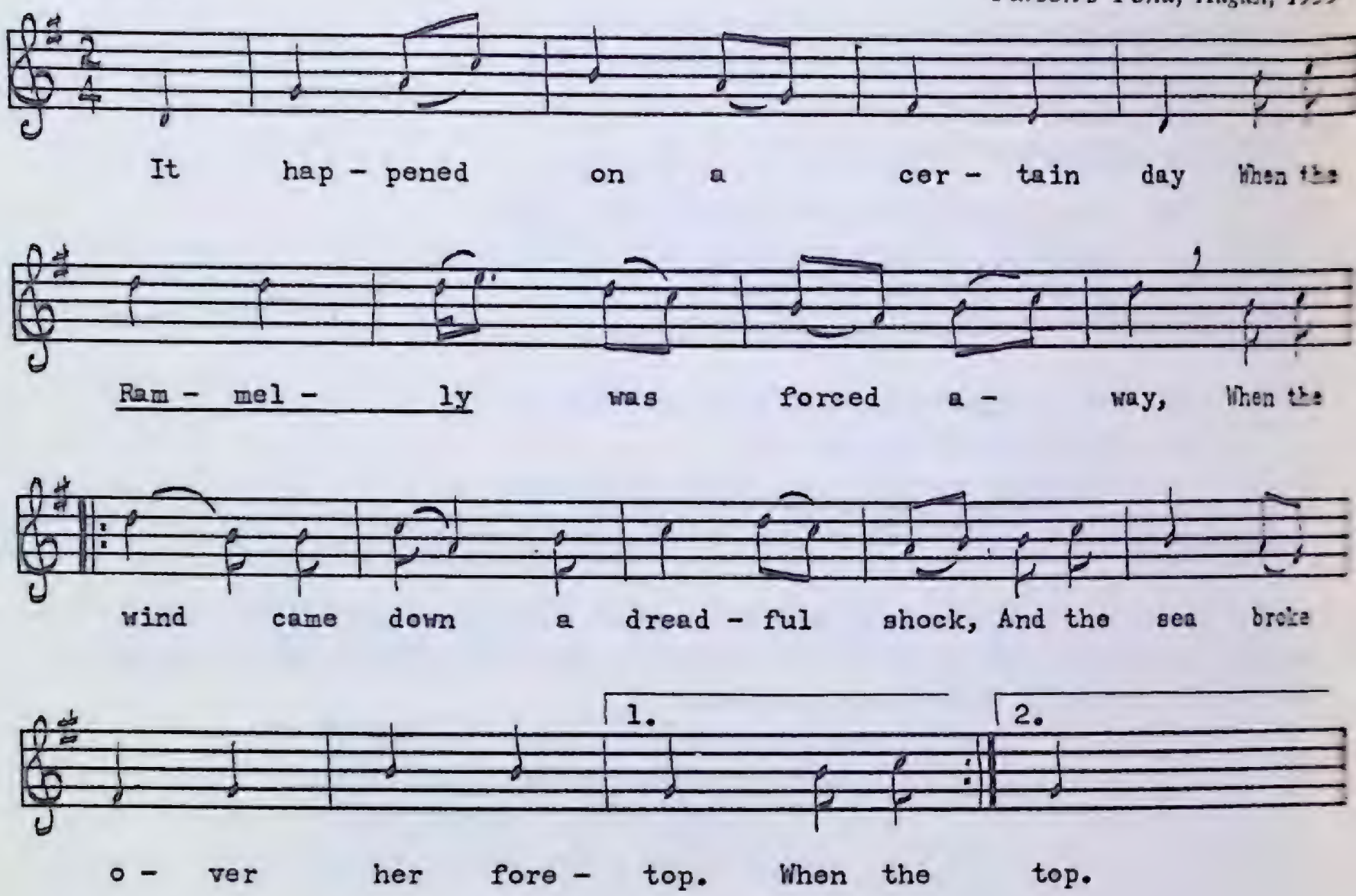
9. We sympathized with those at home
And our loved ones that are gone,
We prayed that in the future
They'll have no right to mourn.

10. When the Master called our men
Not one of us can say,
No doubt we'll know what happened
To the faithful *Jubal Cain.*

Grand Bank is the largest community in the Burin peninsula on Newfoundland's south coast, near the French islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon. The ballad is of fairly recent composition.

The Loss of the "Rammelly"

PEA 152 No. 993
Charlotte and James Decker
Parson's Pond, August, 1959



1. It happened on a certain day
When the *Rammelly* was forced away,
When the wind came down a dreadful shock,
And the sea broke over her fore-top. } (*twice*)

2. Helms a-lee, our ship won't stay,
It carried our fore-mast clean away,
She won't stay nor yet won't wear,
Nor gather any headway for to steer. } (*twice*)

3. Our captain he cried, "Bold Britons all,
Come listen awhile as I do call,
La'nch out your boats your lives to save
Or else the sea will prove your grave." } (*twice*)

4. Overboard our boats they tossed,
Some got in and some got lost,
There were some in one and some more in another,
The ones down below they all got smothered. } (*twice*)

5. When this sad news from Plymouth came
The *Rammelly* was lost and all her men,
There were only nine left to tell the tale
How she behavèd in the gale. } (*twice*)

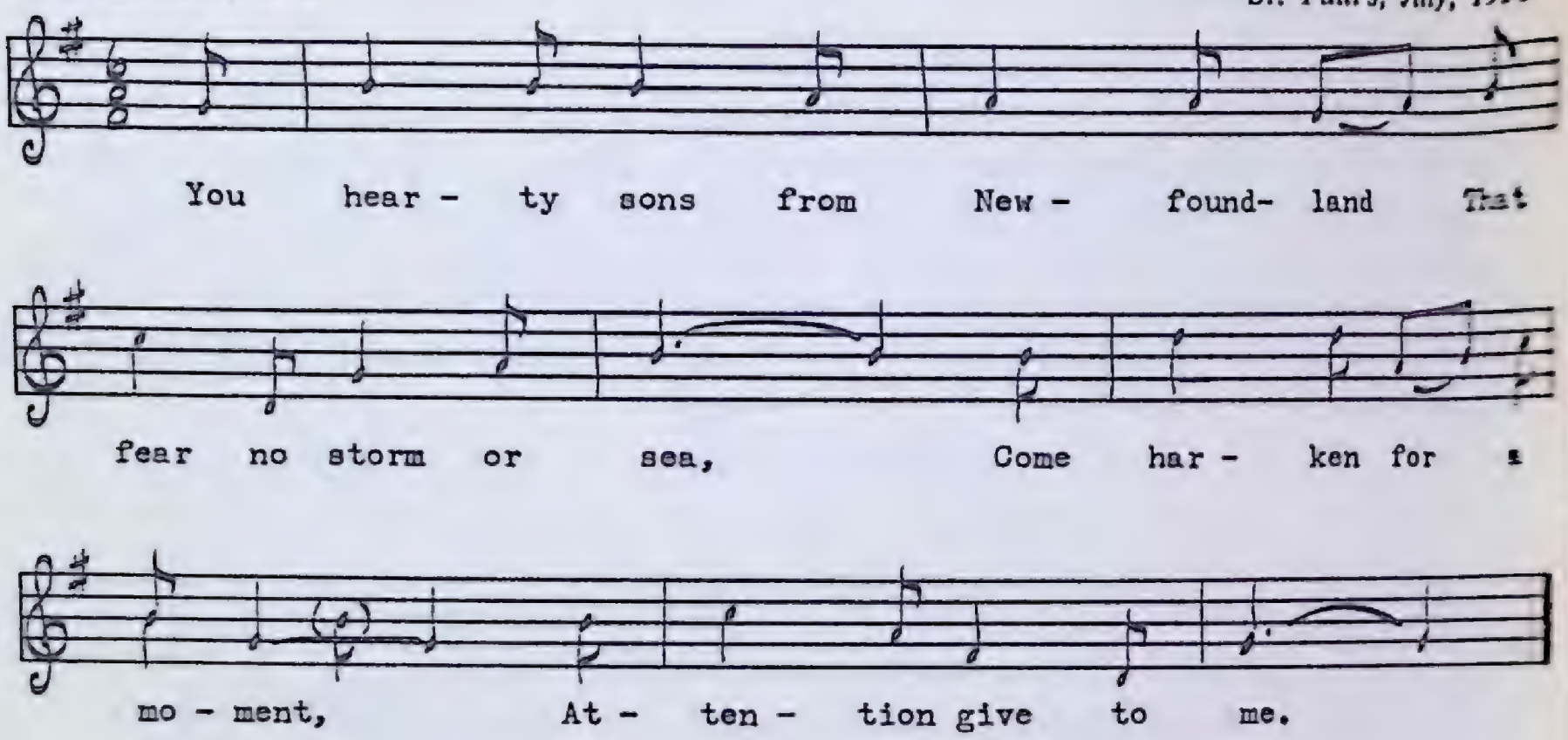
6. Come all you pretty fair maids and weep with me
Who lost your loves in the *Rammelly*.
May the Lord restore them when they cry, } (*twice*)
And send them glory from on high!

This rare old English shipwreck ballad may be regarded as the prototype of all the later sea-disaster ballads composed in Newfoundland and the Maritimes in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. The *Ramillies* was an English ship wrecked off the coast of Devon in 1760. Of the several hundred passengers on board, only twenty-six survived. In Nova Scotia, Roy Mackenzie noted a version without tune which is related to this Newfoundland variant. He is responsible for uncovering the above background information.

The Loss of the "Regalis"

PEA 82 No. 7[illegible]
Everett Bennett
St. Paul's, July, 195[illegible]

Moderately slow



1. You hearty sons from Newfoundland
   That fear no storm or sea,
   Come harken for a moment,
   Attention give to me.

2. While I'll explain in language plain
   That fills us with dismay,
   How the *Regalis* she got lost
   In Petty Harbour Bay.

3. On Sunday morn with happy hearts
   And calm and cheerful smile,
   We cast our lines and got up steam
   And steered from old Belle Isle.

4. And as we steamed up near Cape Race
   It blew a heavy breeze,
   Her main-shaft broke and leaved her
   Disabled on the sea.

5. Word to the Cape was quick dispatched
   And sent without delay:
   'Some helpless ship lays moorèd,
   Disabled in the bay.'

6. Tug *John Green* then got up steam
   And for the ship did go,
   He got on board of us, sir,
   The *Regalis* for to tow.

7. He towed her in about a mile
While wind and seas did roar,
And soon her tow-line parted
And she drift' towards the shore.

8. The lookout on the tug *John Green*
And those on board did shout.
The port light on the *Regalis*
Did suddenly go out.

9. Tug *John Green* for many an hour
The bay did cruise all 'round,
But no sign of the *Regalis*
Could anywhere be found.

10. And when that he bore up for home
He seen it was no use,
The dangers of the tug being swamped,
She then gave up her cruise.

11. To carry the sad and gloomy news
To friends in St. John's town,
Our captain Taylor and his crew
On Sunday night went down.

12. May God the ruler of the wind,
The tempest and the deep
Give light unto those hearts we love,
Their widows left in grief!

The Loss of the "Riseover"

MS 71
Chris Coss
Barred Island, July, 1952

Moderate

At - ten - tion all ye fi - sher-men come lis - ten un - to me While I re- late the dan - - gers at-tend - ing those at sea, For e - ver-y year some home is sad we hear from day to day Some fa - ther or some lov - ing son is quick-ly snatched a - way.

1. Attention all ye fishermen come listen unto me,
   While I relate the dangers attending those at sea,
   For every year some home is sad, we hear from day to day,
   Some father or some loving son is quickly snatched away.

2. The *Riseover* left Northern Bay, with lumber she did sail,
   For she being deeply laden and filled up to the rail,
   For St. John's she was bound, b'ys, her anchors they did weigh,
   And with a sweet and pleasant breeze this schooner sailed away.

3. But only when a few hours out a heavy breeze did blow,
   That evening it got bitter cold with blinding sleet and snow,
   And near the middle of the night an awful sea did rise,
   It was a hard and trying time on those poor sailor b'ys.

4. To save their lives a raft was made and this was quickly manned
By those poor shipwrecked fishermen in hopes to make the land,
And as the raft got near the shore it quickly broke in two,
And carried off two fishermen of the *Riseover's* crew.

5. The fishermen who reached the shore, their hearts were filled with joy,
But turnèd into sadness when they heard their comrades cry,
And as they watched them drive the sea as they stood on the shore,
They saw them wave their fond adieu and they were seen no more.

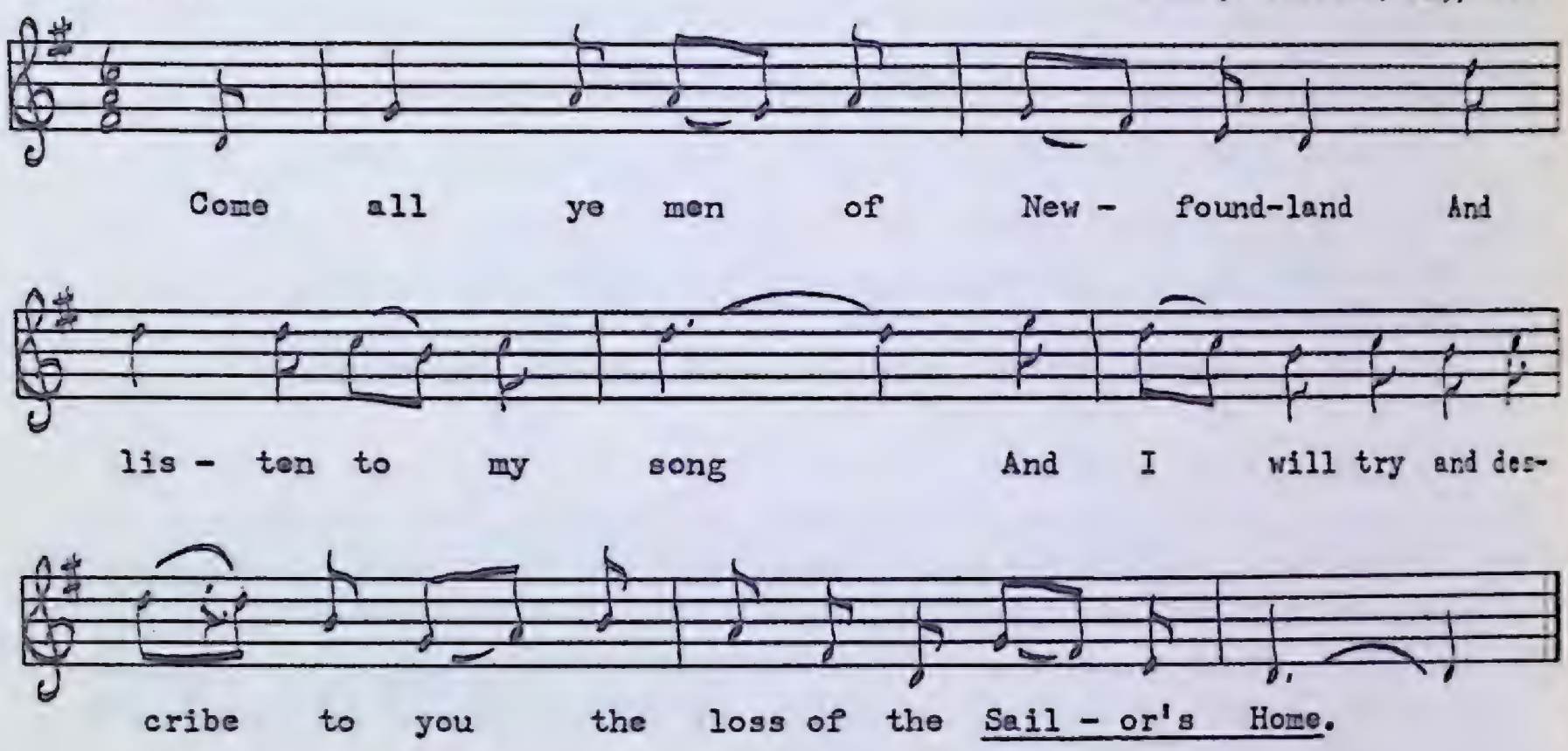
6. The *Fogota* she was put to sea to search the coast all 'round,
But no sign of the missing men could anywhere be found,
John Pomeroy and poor Sparkes put up a noble fight,
And lost their lives like heroes, in a gale on Sunday night.

Of all the native songs Chris Cobb sang for me, *The Loss of the 'Riseover'* is one of the few he had not composed himself. For examples of his own compositions see *Brown Flour, Culling Fish, Our Island Is Covered with Fog, The Fisherman's Alphabet,* and *Olden Days.* The modal tune could be considered either Dorian or Mixolydian, depending upon whether the missing third is felt as natural or sharp. Northern Bay is an outport in eastern Newfoundland in Conception Bay.

The Loss of the "Sailor's Home"

PEA 144 No. 967
George Decker
Rocky Harbour, July, 1959

Moderate



1. Come all ye men of Newfoundland
   And listen to my song,
   And I will try and describe to you
   The loss of the *Sailor's Home.*

2. We were anchored home in Fortune Bay,
   Being late up in the fall,
   Bound across the Gulf for a load of coal
   To the Isle of Cape Breton.

3. We loaded down in Sydney,
   We waited there for a day,
   On the twenty-fifth of December
   We put her out to sea.

4. We ran our course 'bout east-by-south
   For seventy miles or more,
   To the northwest sailed to trip her out
   And the wind began to roar.

5. The sea was foaming over her,
   She looked just like a wreck,
   When one more fiercer than all the rest
   Came tumbling down on deck.

6. It washed away our wheel-gear,
   It washed away our cook,
   It washed away our captain,
   And we all hope forsook.

7. We jumped into the rigging
And each one of us prayed
To the God that rides upon the storm
Our anxious lives to save.

8. We knew there was water in her,
She was deeper than before,
We found in her forecastle
'Twas a foot upon the floor.

9. We then got out a bucket,
We tried to bail her out,
We kept her free for a little while
But very soon gave out.

10. No food, no sleep, no water,
Had we for three nights and days,
We thought it was over with us
As we leaned into the seas.

11. We got the jib upon her,
And then our riding sail,
Too weak to hoist our fore-sail
In that tremendous gale.

12. She then worked off a little,
She sunk beneath the foam,
And that was the last we saw of her,
The schooner *Sailor's Home.*

13. She was quickly in the breakers
All with a dismal shock,
When we three after each other
Jumped out upon a rock.

14. The mountain seemed so lofty,
Our feet and fingers stiff,
We thought it was only vanity
To try and scale the cliff.

15. But the stoutest man among us
Against the cliff stood tight,
Another man on his shoulders
Got up on top all right.

16. He then lowered down a scravit, [?]
He tied another on,
And we two made an effort
To get up to the other man.

17. At last we all got up there
Out in the drifting snow,
We started for the country,
But where we did not know.

18. The walking it was awful,
The snow was up to our knees,
We thought we'd have to give it up
And lay down there and freeze.

19. Then the stoutest man among us
To reach a hilltop tried
And right before all in the snow
A fisherman's hut he spied.

20. He then told his companions
And with an effort made
To reach that hut and there we found
Some fish and a loaf of bread.

21. Some matches and some kindling,
Some water and a box,
A blanket and a pair of drawers,
A shirt and a pair of socks.

22. We then lit up a fire
And boiled a kettle too,
We drank a cup of coffee
Which warmed us through and through.

23. Oh then we felt a little better,
We sent one man out 'round,
He soon came back with the joyful news
We were in Miquelon town.

24. We went up to the Frenchmen,
We made our troubles known,
They came down with a stretcher,
Brought up the other man.

25. They sent away to St. Peter's
The steamer for to come,
She took us to the hospital
And from there they sent us home.

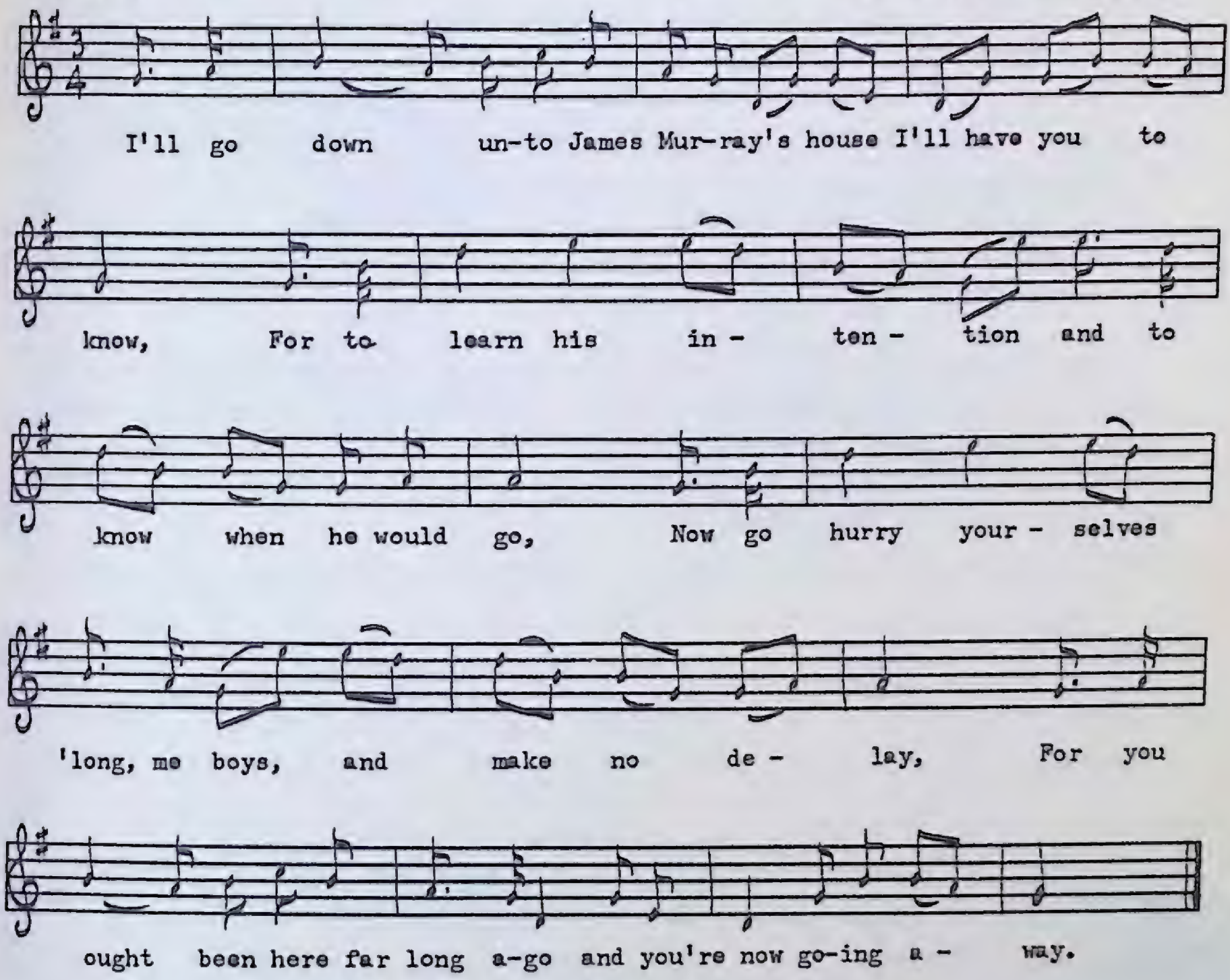
26. When we arrived at Fortune
The people all came down
To hear how we lost the *Sailor's Home*
And how the rest were drowned.

Many of these native shipwreck ballads have originated on the south coast of Newfoundland where the waters and coastline are particularly treacherous. In this ballad a group of sailors from Fortune are wrecked very near home on the French island of Miquelon. The tune is a very good illustration of the Hypoionian mode, a rather uncommon treatment of the major scale where the melody ends on the dominant.

The Loss of the "Shamrock"

PEA 148 No. 981
George Decker
Rocky Harbour, July, 1959

Moderate



1. I'll go down unto James Murray's house I'll have you to know,
   For to learn his intention and to know when he would go,
   Now go hurry yourselves 'long, me boys, and make no delay,
   For you ought been here far long ago and you're now going away.
2. His mother she advised him with the tears in her eyes
   That he stop until Monday, "Dear James, my dear boy,
   Oh stop until Monday, you'll have much better light,
   For it looks wild and gloomy for to put out tonight."
3. No advice would he take but on board went away,
   They hoisted their main-sail and their anchors did weigh,
   On the eighteenth of September, on Friday sailed away.
4. Oh Saturday being the nineteenth so I've heard people say,
   When a boat of James Murray's was seen in our bay
   With her sails double-reefed and her main-sail all tore,
   She was seen on that hour and was never seen no more.

5. My name is James Farrell, my age twenty-two,
Last winter, dear mother, I spent home with you,
Last winter, dear mother, I spent in content
Till I sailed in the *Shamrock*, to the bottom she went.

6. There was a man in our bay, Thomas Ridgeley by name,
He has done a bad action though he's not to be blamed,
He has done a bad action though it wasn't through pride,
Not to pick up those two poor boys when they floated 'long side.

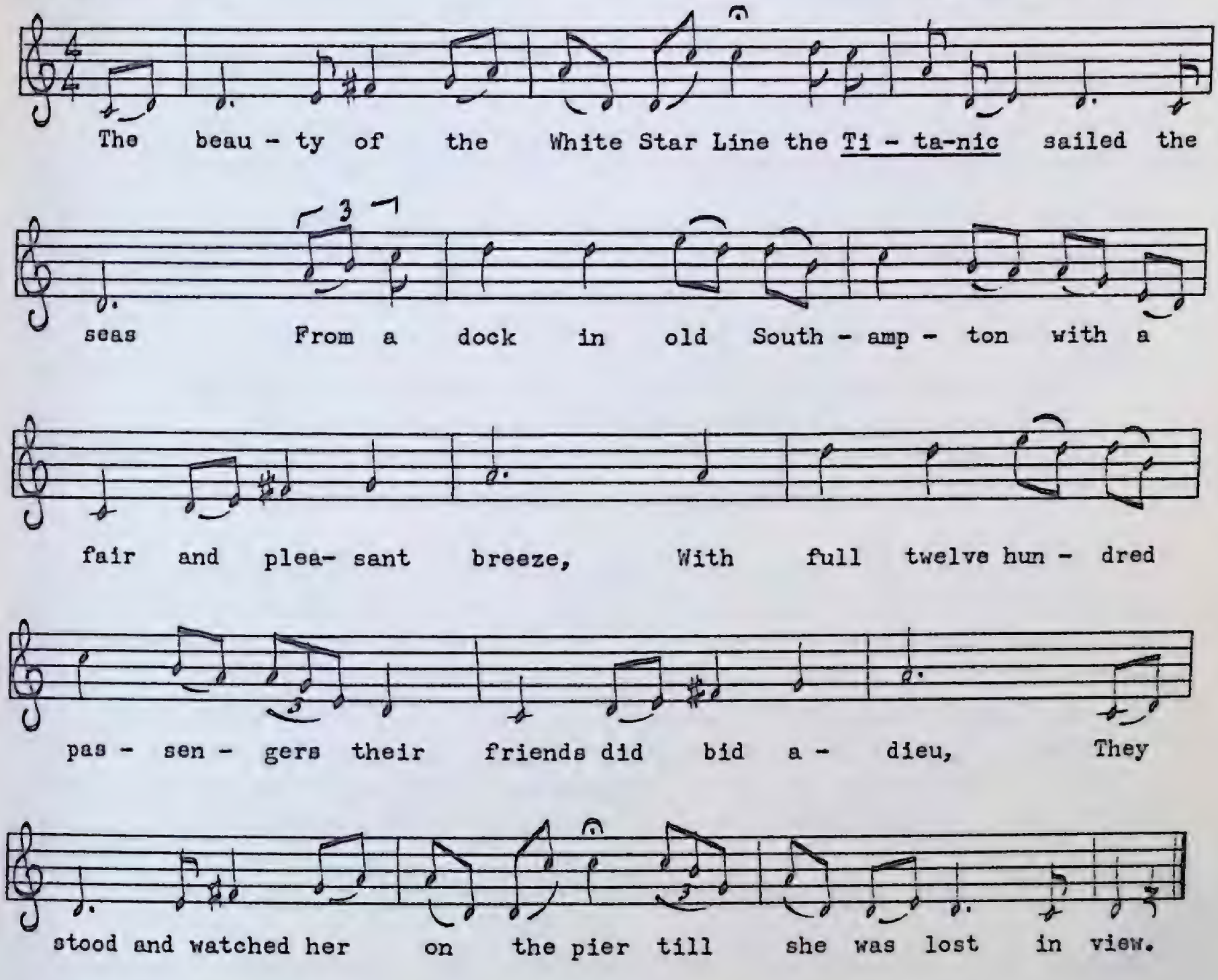
7. I owe him no malice nor I owe him no spite,
Ye people who scorn him 'twould serve him just right,
For what would their poor mothers give, for what would they crave,
'Twas the bodies of their children to be buried in their grave.

Mr. Decker says this native ballad was old when he learned it in his youth, over sixty years ago, and so there is no danger of reviving unpleasant memories among the principals of the story. In any event, it would be difficult to get 'clearance' from surviving relatives to use the song because no place-names are mentioned.

The Loss of the "Titanic"

PEA 2 No. 13
Ned Rice
Cape Broyle, July, 1951

Slow, steady time



1. The beauty of the White Star Line, the *Titanic,* sailed the seas
From a dock in old Southampton with a fair and pleasant breeze,
With full twelve hundred passengers their friends did bid adieu,
They stood and watched her on the pier till she was lost in view,

2. Some wealthy New York millionaires, their names are handed down,
To join her in Southampton from their homes in New York town,
Some emigrants of every race, twelve hundred souls or more,
Some hailed from sunny Italy, some more from Aryan shore.

3. We shipped our course for Newfoundland and headed for Cape Race,
Like every ocean liner from their home ports to take;
And Captain Smith stood on the bridge his orders to obey,
Not thinking any danger was, he plowed the seas that day.

4. And when she steamed in near Cape Race, on that wild and rugged shore,
   She struck what's called a growler and sank to rise no more,
   The life-boats they were quickly launched by seamen true and brave,
   The women first put in the boats their precious lives to save.

5. To save the females from the wreck the crew worked all their might,
   The cries of helpless children on the sinking ship that night;
   The millionaires stood manly pluck and boldly stepped aside,
   To let the weak ones take the boat, like heroes brave they died.

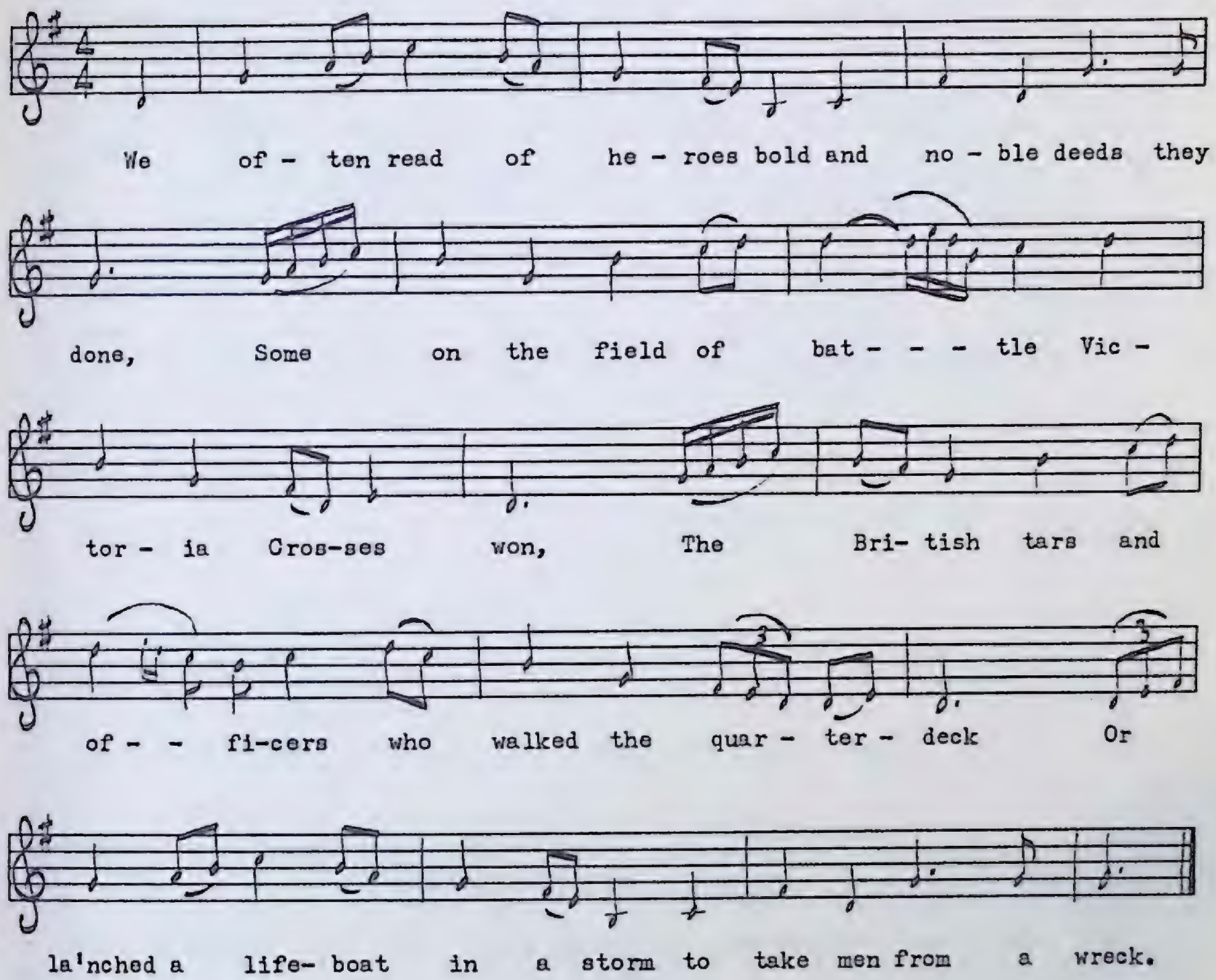
6. You men of wealth and luxury who showed no sign of fear,
   But like brave heroes stood their post when death was drawing near;
   They showed the stuff that made a man and calmly did death face,
   With all the pluck and energy of the Anglo-Saxon race.

7. Their names shall live in history, brave heroes one and all,
   Those true-born British heroes did again their duty call;
   And Captain Smith and his brave crew, they never left the deck,
   But saved the helpless passengers and went down with the wreck.

Those who are familiar with the motion picture and television versions of this disaster may be interested to see how a familiar story appears in traditional ballad form. Unfortunately, the text of this variant is rather poor—what with all those New York millionaires calmly facing death "with all the pluck and energy of the Anglo-Saxon race." The slow pulse of the fine Mixolydian tune, however, manages to suggest the size and majesty of the *Titanic* far better than any verbal description could, and it is for this reason the ballad is reproduced. A 'growler' (verse 4) is an iceberg.

The "Newfoundland" Disaster

PEA 172 No. 1080
Joshua Osborne
Seal Cove, White Bay, June, 1960



1. We often read of heroes bold and noble deeds they done,
   Some on the field of battle Victoria Crosses won,
   The British tars and officers who walked the quarter-deck
   Oft la'nched a life-boat in a storm to take men from a wreck.

2. The hero that we speak about his praises for to tell
   Is plucky Captain Randall commander of the *Bill,*
   Who put his ship about that day to rescue he did go
   And saved the lives of twenty-five out on the northern floe.

3. For two long days and dreary nights these poor lads had to stand
   Caught in a blinding snow-storm, the crew of the *Newfoundland,*
   Fatigued with hunger, thirst, and cold and no relief in sight,
   When seventy-seven brave lads succumbed upon the ice that night.

4. On Thursday morn with tottering steps the few that did remain
Made for the *Bill* as best they could, the ship did try to gain,
And Captain Randall from the bridge these poor lads he did sight
Who told their sad and dismal tale how for their lives did fight.

5. The captain then gave up the voyage, for St. John's he did steer,
To bring the dead and the dying to the ones they loved most dear,
The kindness they received on board no human tongue could tell,
Of these kind-hearted sailors and the captain of the *Bill.*

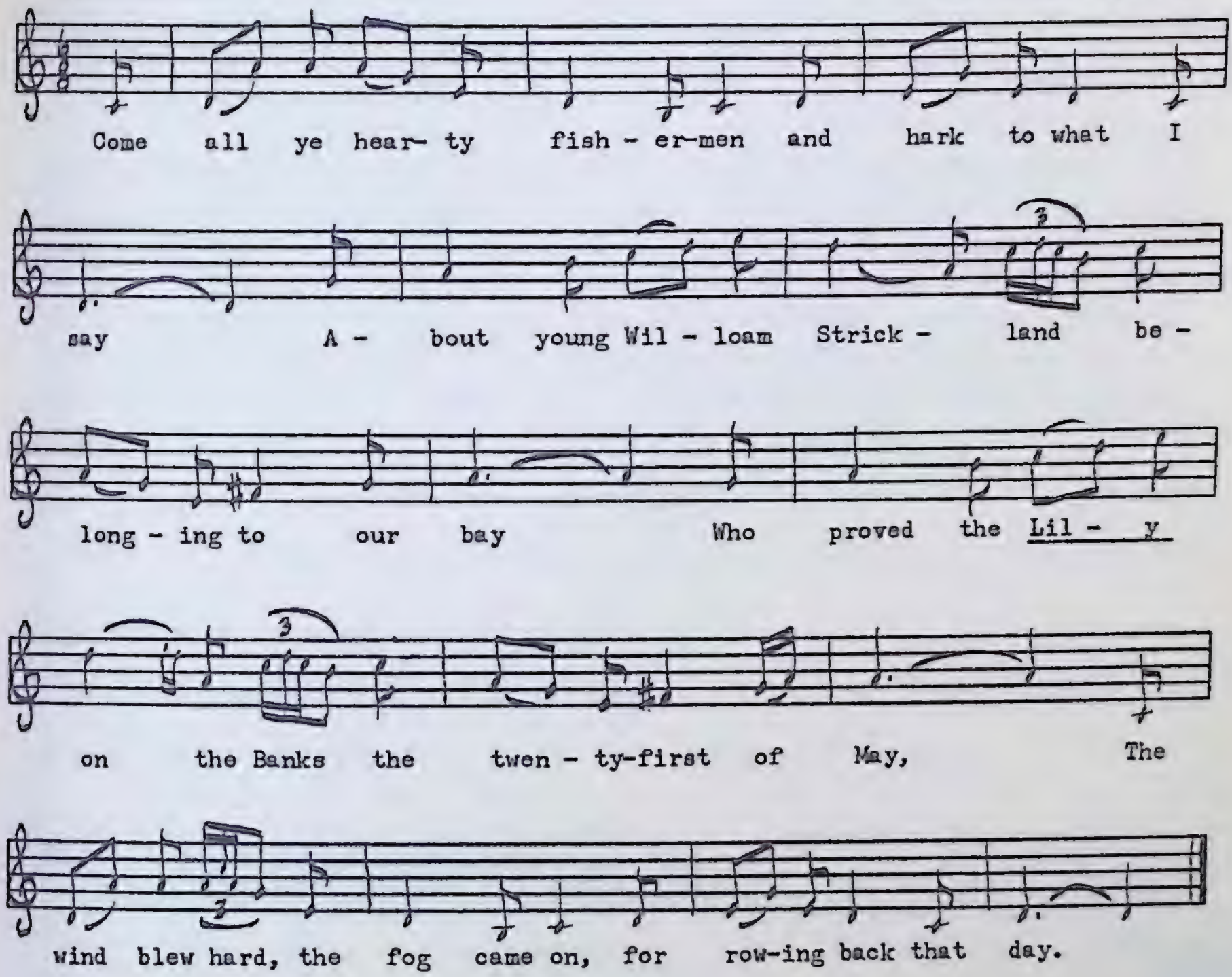
6. In after years his name will live and hang on memory's wall
To show their children's children the heroes of them all,
And his kind-hearted sailors their great and daring band
Who saved the sole survivors of the steamship *Newfoundland.*

The events described in this native ballad took place in 1914.

Peter's Banks

PEA 151 No. 989
Everett Bennett
St. Paul's, July, 1959

Moderately slow



1. Come all ye hearty fishermen and hark to what I say
About young William Strickland belonging to our bay
Who proved the *Lily* on the Banks the twenty-first of May,
The wind blew hard, the fog came on, for rowing back that day.

2. We'll go out on St. Peter's Banks, myself and Goddard went,
To overhaul our trawls that day it was our full intent,
The wind blew hard, the fog came on, and what a dreadful sight,
For six long weary lonesome days and many a weary night.

3. No food or water for six days till one poor man got weak,
He lay down in his dory, with hunger could not speak,
And after suffering there so long and weaker every day,
'Twas on one Sunday afternoon poor Goddard passed away.

4. Poor William Strickland all alone in his dory down did lie,
   And just as he gave up all hopes and lay down for to die
   A fishing skiff from Ramea, a castaway did fly,

5. Took William Strickland out of boat and used him kind and well,
   And carried him into Ramea all for the tale to tell,
   To see his home and friends once more and bid his Maker thanks,
   Snatched from the very jaws of death by fishing on the Banks.

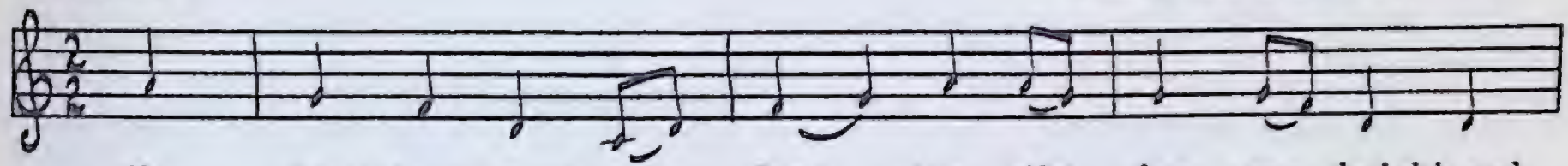
Peter's Banks is a fishing area off the south coast of Newfoundland near the French island of St. Pierre. Ramea is an island port also off the south coast. Although the third tone of the mode does not occur in the first phrase of the tune, a definite Dorian feeling is established at the beginning. This is dispelled, however, when the third tone turns out to be sharpened in the second and third phrases, establishing the tune as Mixolydian. Everett Bennett's variant is the only record I have found of this native south coast ballad.

The Sally's Cove Tragedy

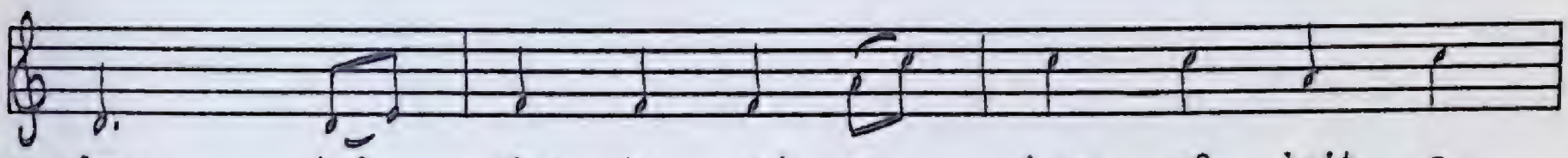
PEA 149 No. 982

George Decker (composer)
Rocky Harbour, July, 1959

Moderate



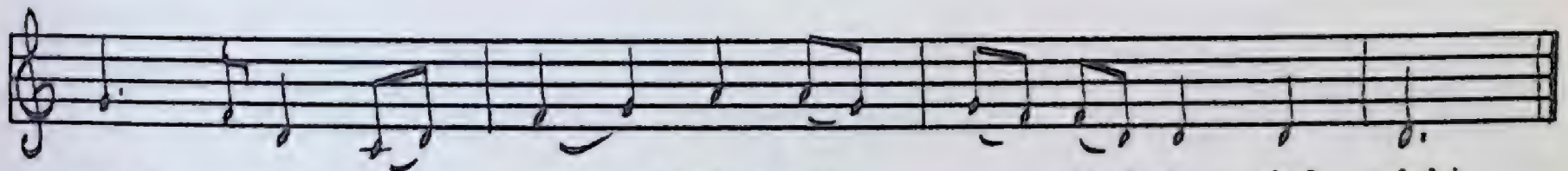
We leaved our homes on Tues - day, the day was bright and



clear, And for to get a turn of bait a -

way all hands did steer, Our hearts being young as the

day passed on and eve - ry - thing went right Till we



camped up-on the moun - tains all on that fa - tal night.

1. We leaved our homes on Tuesday, the day was bright and clear,
   And for to get a turn of bait away all hands did steer,
   Our hearts being young as the day passed on and everything went right
   Till we camped upon the mountains all on that fatal night.

2. 'Twas early the next morning the weather it grew clear,
   We then rolled up our luggage and our journey we did steer,
   Everything went right all that long day as you may understand,
   We were nearly chilled from wind and rain but never lost a man.

3. 'Twas early the next morning our foreman he did say:
   "Come bundle up your luggage, boys, we must retreat our way."
   The rain and fog lay thick all round, the winds did howl and mourn,
   Two of those boys that leaved their homes they'll nevermore return.

4. The first one died, it was young Russ, and he was twelve years old,
The other was young Dennis most dreadful to behold,
His age, it was about sixteen as you may understand,
He was his father's only son, a promising young man.

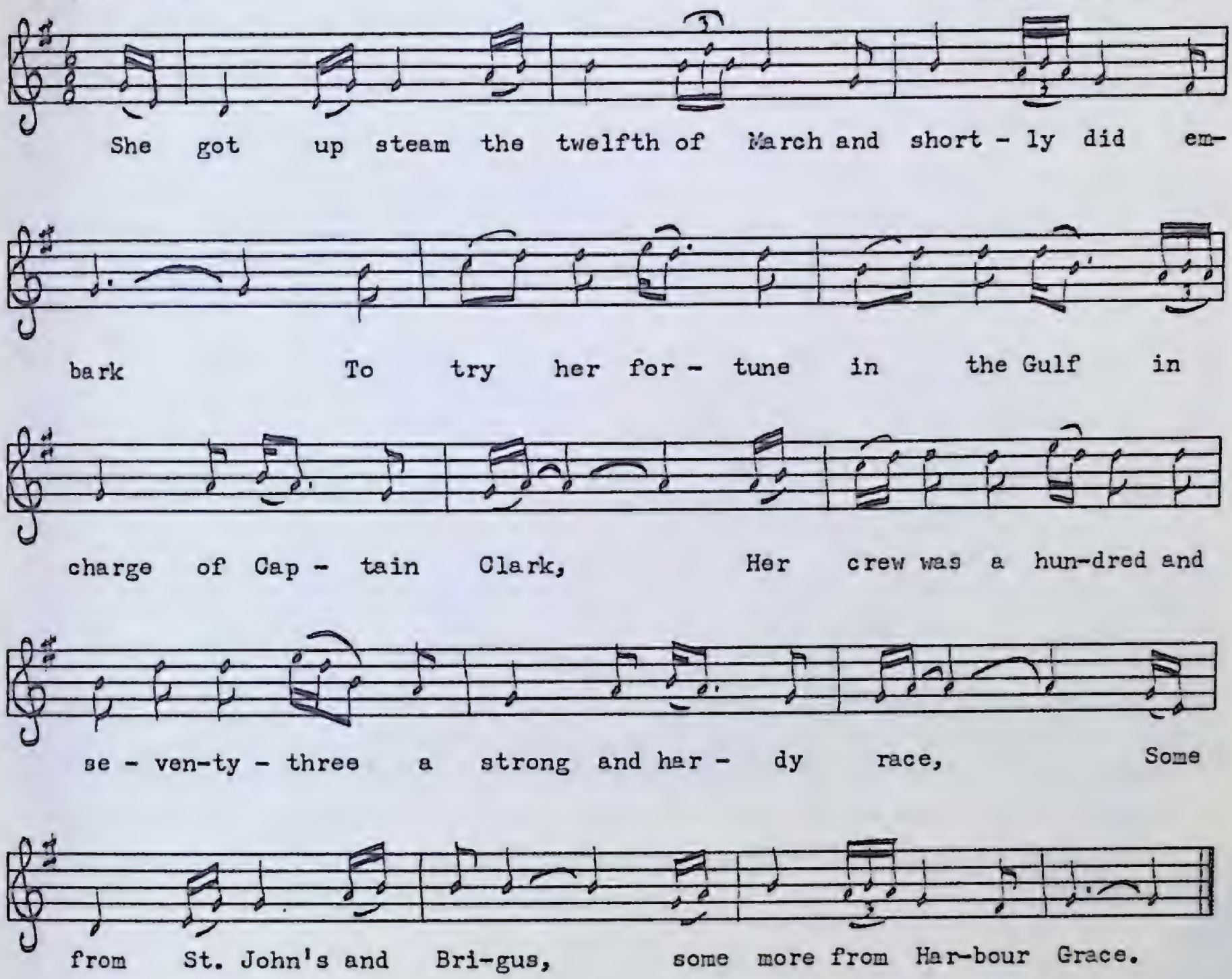
5. What those poor boys did suffer no one will ever behold,
Without fire, food, or water in that bitter piercing cold,
Their limbs no more did strength contain and too weak for to cry,
Their lives departed from them and they lay down to die.

6. A gallant man had raised these boys to you I will make clear,
His name was Eli Roberts, he was our comrade dear,
He was a man both kind in heart and tender in love,
He is an honest fisherman that lives in Sally's Cove.

George Decker told me he composed this ballad forty or fifty years ago. The sixth degree of the good modal tune is missing, producing a gapped scale that could be either Dorian (B natural) or Aeolian (B flat).

The "Southern Cross"

PEA 186 No. 1129
Jack Dalton
Codroy, July, 1960



1. She got up steam the twelfth of March and shortly did embark
   To try her fortune in the Gulf in charge of Captain Clark,
   Her crew was a hundred and seventy-three, a strong and hardy race,
   Some from St. John's and Brigus, some more from Harbour Grace.

2. She reached the Gulf in early March, those whitecoats hove in view,
   When seventeen thousand prime young harps killed by her hardy crew,
   All panned and safely stowed below and colors waving gay,
   When the *Southern Cross* she left the ice, bore up for home next day.

3. She passed near Channel homeward bound as news spread out next day
   To say a steamer from the Gulf she now is on her way.
   "No doubt it is the *Southern Cross*," the operator said,
   "And looks to have a bumper trip well down into the head."

4. That very night the storm came on with blinding snow and sleet,
The *Portia* bound for western ports the *Southern Cross* did meet,
When Captain Connors from the bridge he saw the ship that day,
And thinking she would shelter up in St. Mary's Bay.

5. St. Mary's Bay she never reached, the news spread out next morn,
She might have been all night at sea out in that dreadful storm.
No news came from the *Southern Cross* for three long days or more
To say she reached a harbour around the western shore.

6. The steamship *Kyle* was soon sent out to search the ocean round,
But no sight of that missing ship could anywhere be found.
They searched the bays and every port until they reached Cape Pine,
But of that ship or wreckage our captain saw no sign.

7. Now the *Southern Cross* for twenty days she now is overdue,
We hope please God she'll soon arrive and all her hearty crew,
So put your trust in Providence and trust to Him on high
To send the *Southern Cross* safe home and fill sad hearts with joy.

8. All things do happen for the best, but if they're called away,
The brave lads on the *Southern Cross* out in the storm that day,
We trust they reach that heavenly land and rest with Him on high,
Where cares and sorrows are no more but all is peace and joy.

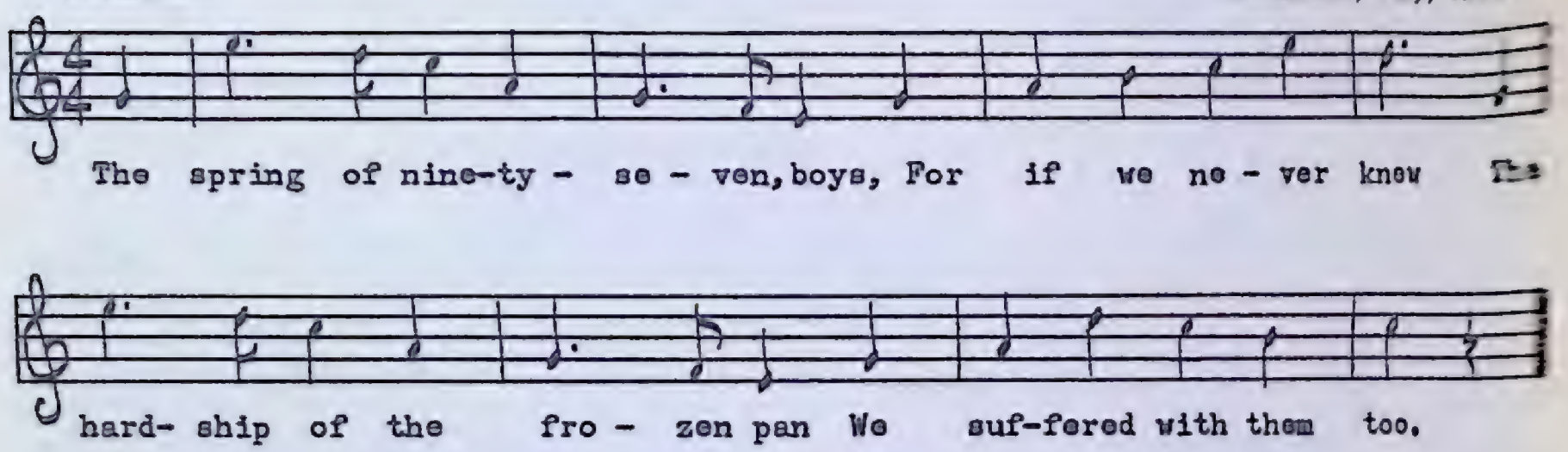
This famous native sea ballad achieved wide circulation in Newfoundland through the Gerald S. Doyle booklets, where it was reprinted from *Ballads and Sea Songs of Newfoundland* by Greenleaf and Mansfield. The original singer was Lizzie Rose of Fox Harbour, Labrador. This present variant has a completely different tune from the one noted by Greenleaf and Mansfield.

Scene in Notre Dame Bay in the north

The Spring of '97

PEA 5 No. 29
Mrs. Way
Bonavista, July, 1951

Moderate



1. The spring of 'ninety-seven boys,
   For if we never knew
   The hardship of the frozen pan,
   We suffered with them too.

2. We struck the seals off Cabot Isle
   Five days out from port,
   We thought to have no long delay,
   And loading would be sport.

3. Eleven thousand prime young harps,
   We put on board that day,
   And sixteen thousand more that night,
   We safely stowed away.

4. Next day a storm broke off the ice,
   Which ripped through our port bow,
   To save a life it was enough,
   For each man to look how.

5. We suffered awful hardship then,
   When often cold and wet,
   And all the dangers of that spring,
   We never will forget.

6. 'Twas bad enough till death it came,
   Made our condition worse,
   For one of our brave harbour men,
   Died on the twenty-first.

7. When doing duty like a man,
   Our comrade stopped to fall;
   From which he suffered much too dear,
   Till death did give a call.

8. Then ship-mate Jim Sparkerell,
Such hardship could not stand,
And on the twenty-ninth he sighed,
Passed on to a better land.

9. 'Tis on the second of April,
Poor Swain did pass away,
Soon followed poor Mike Sullivan,
Belong to Caplin Bay.

10. He bravely fought to keep up fit,
To see his friends once more,
But never will his footsteps tread
Upon the Southern Shore.

11. Oh Newfoundland, in north and south,
Around in every bay,
Take pity on our poor countrymen,
Caught up in this sad way.

12. They bravely died in duty's path,
And God will mercy shed,
Those men who strived so hard on earth,
To earn a crust of bread.

The name of the sealing vessel is not given in the ballad, so it would be difficult to trace its origin. The 'harps' in verse 3 are a species of Greenland seal with a dark harp-shaped marking on the back fur. This is one of several native songs from the National Museum's collection given to Gerald S. Doyle of St. John's for his 1955 booklet *Old-Time Songs of Newfoundland.*

The "Union" from St. John's

A

MS 117
Michael Aylward
King's Cove, July, 1952

Moderate

Ye lands - men and ye pans - men bold, 'Tis lit - tle do ye know What we poor sea - men do en - dure When stor - my winds do blow.

B

PEA 124 No. 879
Mrs. Wallace Kinslow
Isle aux Morts, June, 1959

Moderate

Ye lands-men and ye sea - men bold But lit - tle do you know What we poor sea - men do en-dure When the stor - my winds do blow, What we poor sea - men do en-dure When the stor - my winds do blow.

PEA 115 No. 845
Arthur Nicolle
Rocky Harbour, August, 1958

1. Ye landsmen that live on the land,
Come listen to what I write;
While plowing on the raging main
I always took delight.

2. You'll stay on shore with your pretty girls,
Telling to them fine tales,
But the hardest labor that ever you done
Was to plant and reap your fields.

3. 'Twas the eighteenth day of November last,
The heaviest gale came on,
The heavens above looked angry,
And the clouds overcast the sun.

4. The winds being south-be-east, my b'ys,
With heavy showers of hail,
The night being so dark as a dungeon,
'Twas on the lee shore she fell.

5. Our captain he gave orders,
His orders for to obey,
He said, "You had better get forward, my b'ys,
Your foresail to lower away."

6. We tried to reef our mainsail
But that could not be done,
It's under a three-reef foresail, my b'ys,
Five lengths of a sea she run.

7. Two hours in that condition,
We had no means to stay,
To see the seas come tumbling down,
A wreck she continued to lay.

8. Once more she slowly rises
Which causes all hands to say:
"God bless our little vessel, my b'ys,
Once more she heads the sea."

9. About two o'clock in the morning
We received a dreadful shock,
The vessel on her beam-ends lay
Three miles below Bellow's Rock.

10. We boarded the wreck in the morning,
What a pitiful sight to behold!
Three frozen seamen lashed to the pumps,
While six in her cabin lay cold.

11. They're all as hardy young fellows
As ever you could find,
Like heroes brave they fought the waves,
Like British heroes died.

12. She is the *Union* from St. John's,
Right well I know her mold,
And every time as I think on this,
It makes my blood run cold.

13. She is the *Union* from St. John's,
Right well I know her name,
And every night as I lay on my bed,
I would hear those young widows complain.

14. But now they're gone, God bless them,
My b'ys, your day is done,
A widow may weep for her husband dear,
While a mother her darling son.

Mr. Nicolle's Dorian tune is very similar to Michael Aylward's. The melodic contours of variant *B* suggest it is related, despite its Mixolydian-Ionian duality. The two texts not reproduced have twelve verses each. Mr. Aylward's second verse (like his first under the melody) is a little different:

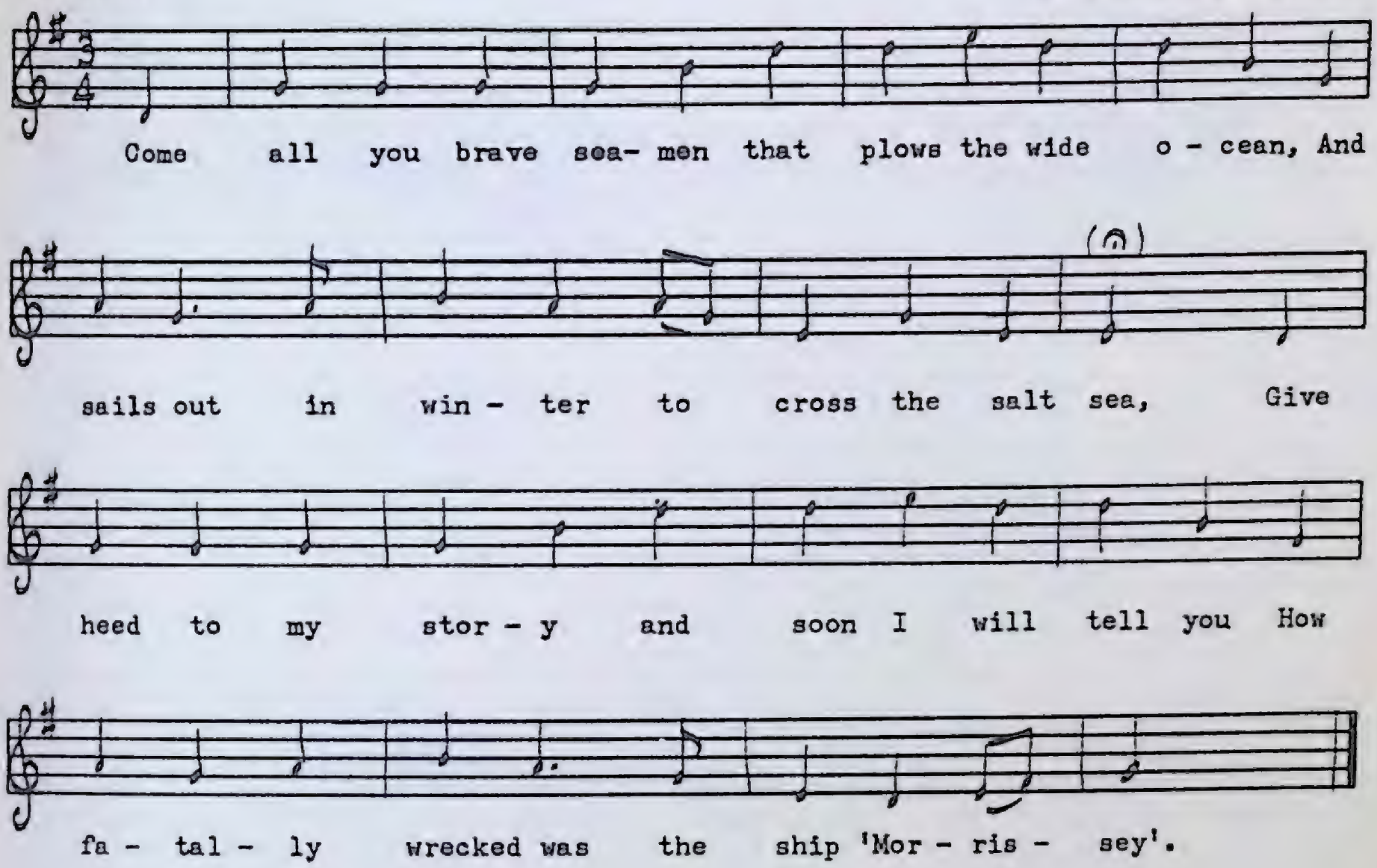
You may stay on shore with your pretty girls,
Fond tales to them you'll tell,
But the hardest labour that ever ye done
Was your corn to reap and fell.

Verse 4 of the text is from Mrs. Kinslow's variant.

The Wreck of the "Morrissey"

PEA 84 No. 709
Everett Bennett
St. Paul's, July, 1958

Moderate



1. Come all you brave seamen that plows the wide ocean,
   And sails out in winter to cross the salt sea,
   Give heed to my story and soon I will tell you
   How fatally wrecked was the ship *Morrissey*.

2. Both fitted and handled and bravely commanded
   By one Charles Bailey from St. Mary's Bay,
   Whose life was rewarded and name was regarded
   The bravest of seamen that plows the salt sea.

3. We arrived at Cape Breton, that place of no fittin's,
   The breeze had displayed on our own native shore;
   And out on the ocean we gently went floatin',
   The last trip she made down here evermore.

4. We arrived at the country the place of the station,
   The port of Bonne Bay to him was well known,
   To receive fresh orders and load with salt-herring,
   And then Captain Bailey he would return home.

5. The forecast was telling barometer felling,
   The glass was gone down just below twenty-nine;
   But poor Captain Bailey like most the brave seamen
   Did not mind the forecast barometer sign.

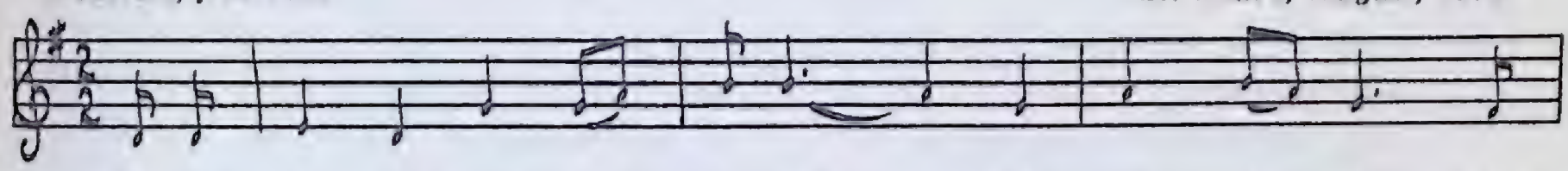
6. The anchors was weighed at the bows same as usual,
She spread her white wings and sailed out of the bay;
And out on the ocean in the Gulf of St. Lawrence
Where poor Captain Bailey could not foresee his way.

This is all Everett Bennett could remember of what promises to be a very good native sea ballad. He says it was composed about forty years ago by Nick Kane of Port Saunders, an outport north of St. Paul's near the tip of Newfoundland's northern peninsula. The tune is of Irish derivation.

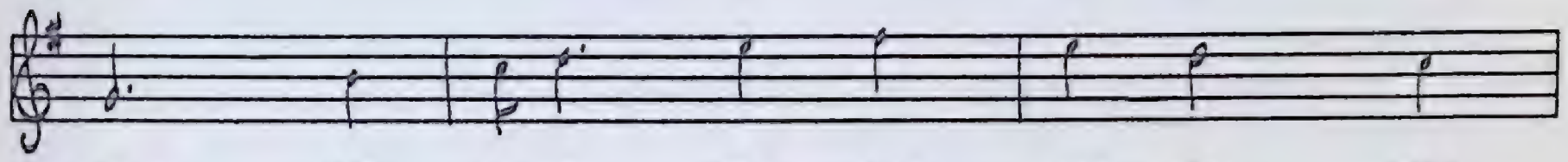
The Wreck of the "Semmity"

PEA 100 No. 776
Everett Bennett
St. Paul's, August, 1958

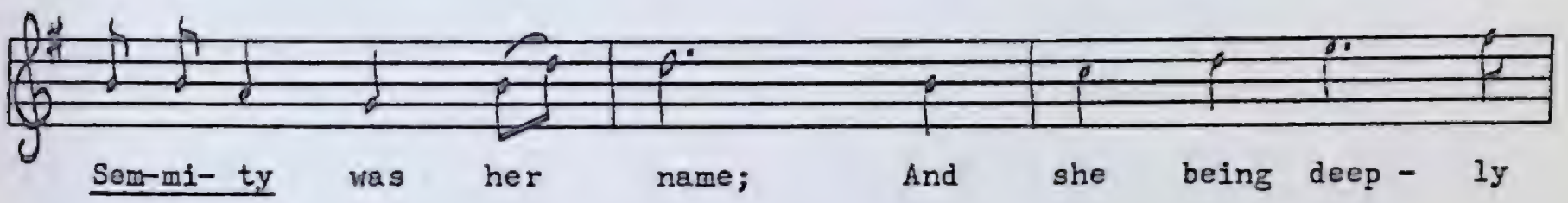
Moderate, free time



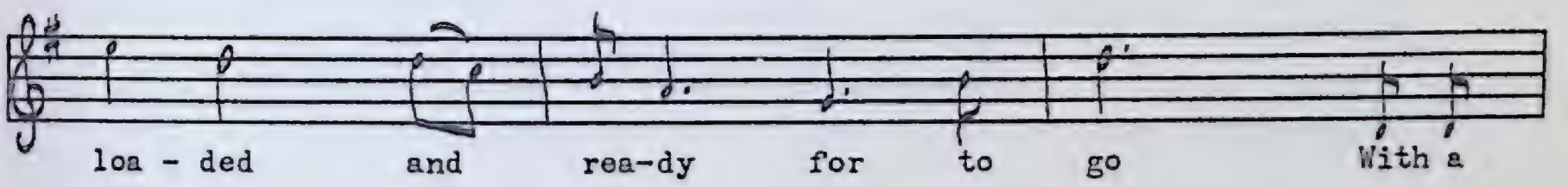
I was in the Bay last win-ter, I'm go - ing to ex -



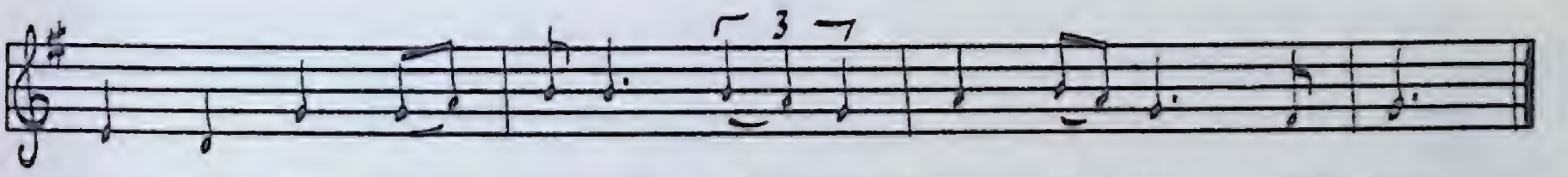
plain, All in a Yan - kee ves - sel, the



Sem-mi- ty was her name; And she being deep - ly



loa - ded and rea-dy for to go With a



load of fro - zen her-ring, she looked beau- ti - ful you know.

1. I was in the bay last winter, I'm going to explain,
   All in a Yankee vessel, the *Semmity* was her name;
   And she being deeply loaded and ready for to go
   With a load of frozen herring, she looked beautiful, you know.

2. We steered our course across the Gulf as long as she could run,
   The clouds piled up before us and soon o'ercast the sun;
   The sky it did prove angry and seemed to throw a storm,
   'Twas all the signs of a breeze of wind before daylight next morn.

3. We hugged her under the western shore for twelve long hours or more,
   The wind it veered from the nor'-nor'east and bitterly it did roar,
   It veered around from the nor'-nor'west and blowed a heavy gale,
   Every man was to his station for to close-reef the sail.

4. We tried her under double reefs but nothing could she do,
Our captain he gave orders to heave the vessel to,
Whilst in under three-reef foresail we let the *Semmity* lie,
To take her chance to break the sea or let her live or die.

5. In the first watch of the *Semmity* 'bout ten o'clock that night,
The seaman on the lookout could just discern the light,
Our captain he's just gone below to get ready to turn in,
He came on deck and this did say: "Heave your vessel by the wind."

6. He then picked up his sheeting short and pricked the vessel off,
He saw by his good reckoning how many miles she was off.
"That must have been a steamer's light that fellow had seen then,
We'll run her for another hour so swing her off again."

7. 'Twas about fifteen minutes just after the words were said
The seaman on the lookout cried, "Breakers right ahead!"
We saw she could not clear it and every man stood by,
'Twas on a sunken rocky reef he runned her high and dry.

8. The first wave that rolled down on us I tell you he looked blue,
And all the crew like monkeys up ratlines they flew,
The second one rolled down on us, to the broad-beam she gave way,
She parted in the midships and her spars fell in the sea.
There was six in the main riggin', and four in her for'ard,
They all got sove exceptin' one by the mercy of the Lord.

Another variant by George Decker of Rocky Harbour gives the ship's name as *Sennity*. Mr. Decker says this native ballad was composed in Ramea on Newfoundland's south coast. His tune and text are very similar to Mr. Bennett's with the exception of the second verse which follows.

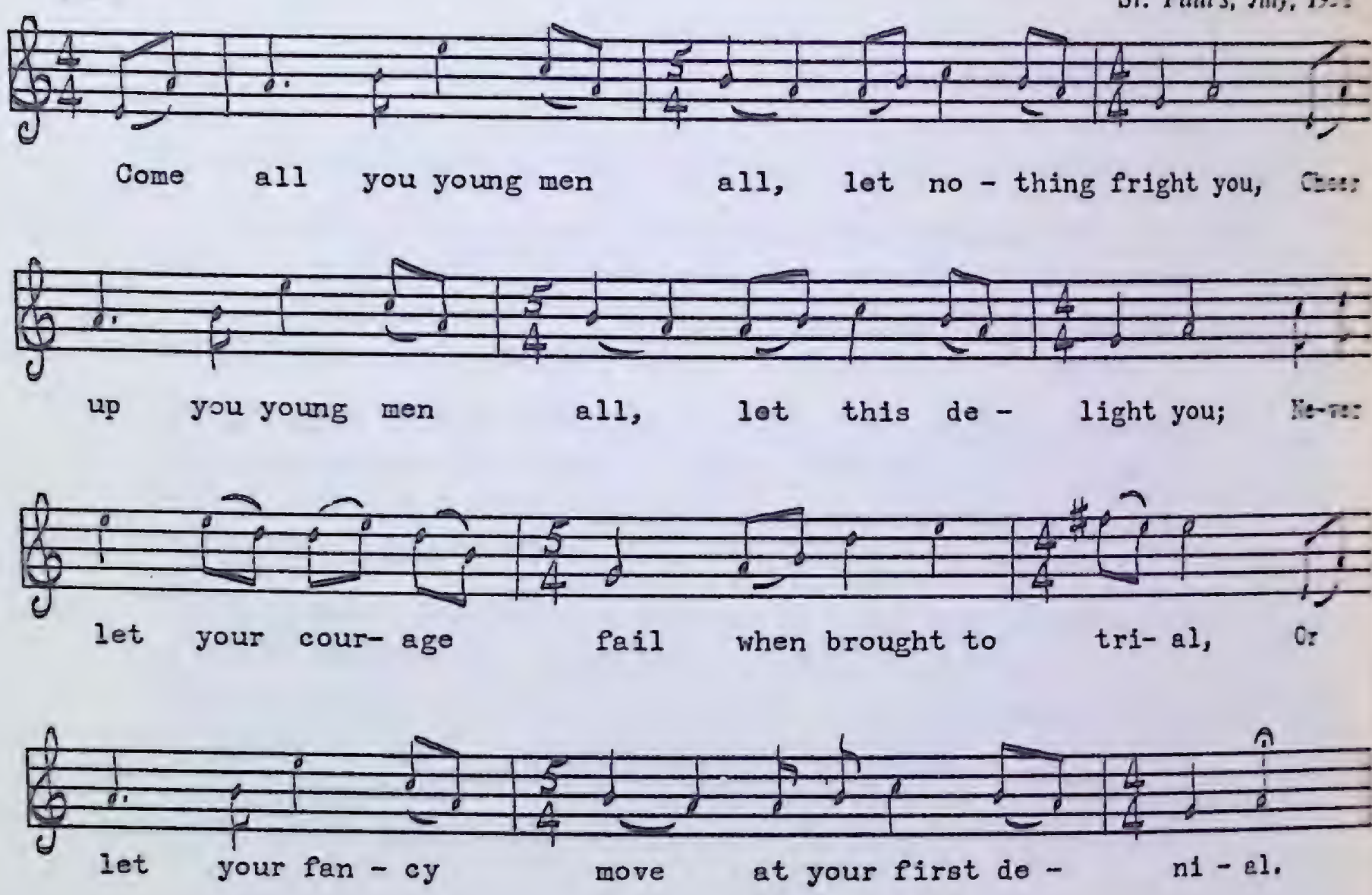
We went out to St. Pierre and we waited for a time,
Up sprung a big sou'easter which hardly crossed our mind,
The sky it did look angry and threatened to be a storm,
And every sign a breeze of wind before daylight next morn.

A third variant by Mrs. Wallace Kinslow of Isle aux Morts calls the vessel by a completely different name, *Old Spike*. All three tunes are similar.

War Songs

Bold Wolfe

PEA 80 No. 6[illegible]
Freeman Bennett
St. Paul's, July, 19[illegible]



1. Come all you young men all, let nothing fright you,
   Cheer up you young men all, let this delight you;
   Never let your courage fail when brought to trial,
   Or let your fancy move at your first denial.

2. I sat down by my love thinking to woo her,
   I sat down by my love not to delude her;
   But if ever I speak one word my tongue do quiver,
   I darest not speak my mind whilst I am with her.

3. "Madam, here's a diamond ring, long time I have kept it,
   Madam, here's a chain of gold if you'll accept it;
   But when you oppose me think on the giver,
   Madam, remember me, undone forever."

4. Bold Wolfe he took his leave from his dear jewel.
   Sorely she did lament, "Love, don't prove cruel."
   He said, " 'Tis for a space that I must leave you,
   And love, where'er I go I won't deceive you."

5. This brave and gallant youth has a-crossed the ocean,
   To free Americay of her perversions;
   He has landed at Quebec with all of his party,
   The city to attack both brave and hearty.

6. Bold Wolfe called up his men in a line so pretty,
On the plains of Abraham before the city,
On the plains before the town where the French did meet us,
And all the numbers 'round they did mean to beat us.

7. So mutely Bold Wolfe, on his mount came walking,
So mutely between two armies stalking,
When a-shot from off of his horse fell that brave hero,
And we'll lament his loss that day in sorrow.

8. The French are seen to break, their ranks are flying,
Bold Wolfe he seems to wake as he lay dying;
In lifting up his head where the drums did rattle,
Unto his army said, "How goes the battle?"

9. His lieutenant did reply, "It is in our favour,
Quebec and all her pride, there is none can save her,
It is falling in our hands with all its treasure."
"And now," replies Bold Wolfe, "I'll die in pleasure."

After two hundred years of oral transmission, one would expect the pretentious literary tone of this ballad to have been drastically modified. However, the ballad appeared in so many printed broadsides and books during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries that its literary matrix has hardened beyond recall. The occasional phrase of this Newfoundland variant receives a new, though not necessarily better, treatment. For example, "all her perversions" in verse 5 was originally "faction's dire commotion." The first part of the story is quite true. Before his departure Wolfe did become engaged to a Katherine Lowther, but there is no record of his being shot from a horse as the ballad would have it. Fortunately the tune is interesting enough to make up for some of the textual shortcomings.

The Bonny Bunch of Roses O

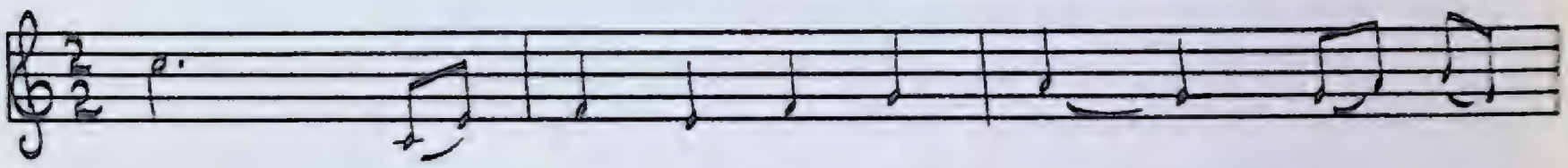
PEA 100 No. 775

Everett Bennett

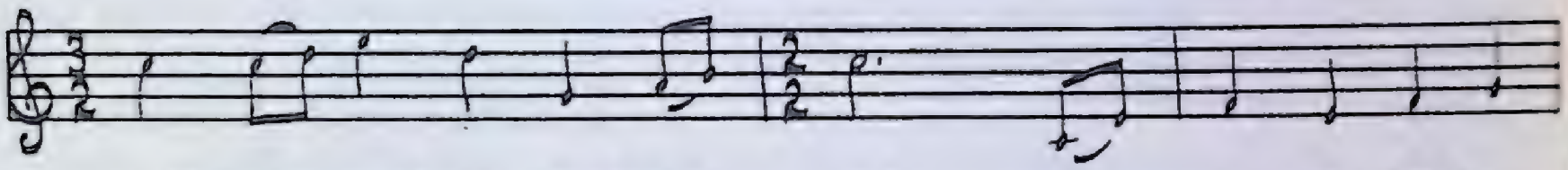
St. Paul's, August, 1958

Moderately slow

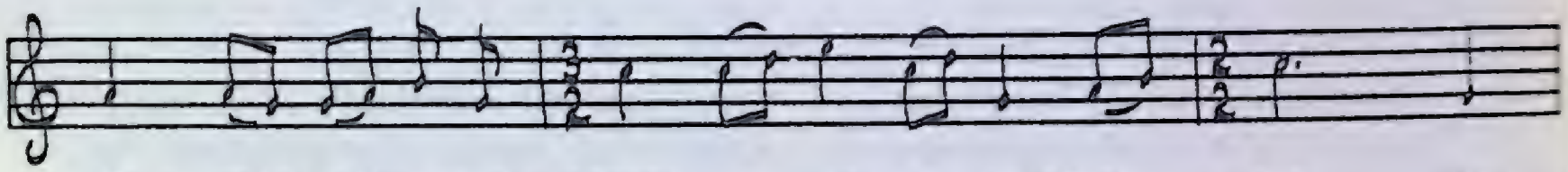
By the bor-ders of the o - cean one mor-ning in the month of



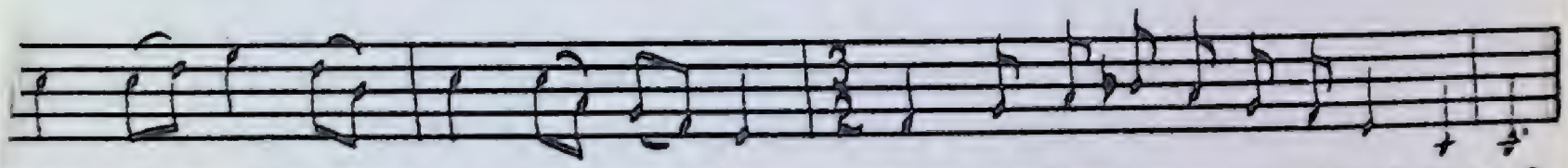
June, To hear the war - like song - sters, their



love - ly notes did sweet-ly tune, I o - ver- heard a



fe - male talk-ing who seemed to be in grief and woe, Con -



ver- sing with young Bo - na -parte con - cer-ning the bon-ny bunch of ro-ses O.

1. By the borders of the ocean one morning in the month of June,
   To hear the war-like songsters, their lovely notes did sweetly tune,
   I overheard a female talking who seemed to be in grief and woe,
   Conversing with young Bonaparte concerning the bonnie bunch of roses O.

2. Oh up stepped young Napoleon and took his mother by the hand,
   Saying, "Mother dear, have patience whilst I am able to command,
   And I will take my army, through tremendous danger I will go,
   And I will conquer Moscow and return to the bonnie bunch of roses O."

3. "Oh son don't speak so venturous, for in England there are hearts of oak;
   There's England, Ireland, and Scotland; the unity was never broke;
   Dear son think on your father—on the isle of St. Helena his body lays low.
   And you will soon follow after him, so beware of the bonnie bunch of roses O.

4. "He took five hundred thousand men and kings likewise to bear his throne,
   He was so well provided that he could sweep the world alone;
   But when he came to Moscow he was overpowered by the driving snow,
   And Moscow was a-blazing—there he lost the bonnie bunch of roses O."

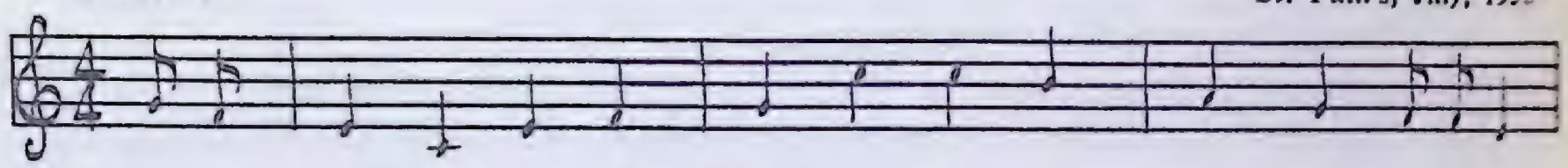
5. "Now do believe me dear mother now I lay on my dying bed,
   If I had lived I would have been clever, but now I drop my youthful head;
   And whilst our bodies lay mouldering the weeping willow o'er our bodies grow,
   And the deeds of great, great Napoleon will stain the bonnie bunch of roses O."

The Napoleon of this song is the Emperor's son by his second marriage to Marie Louise of Austria. After his famous father abdicated in 1814, the Allies refused to recognize his status as Napoleon II, and he was kept a virtual prisoner in the Austrian court at Vienna. His dreams of following in his father's footsteps were never realized, for he died of tuberculosis at the age of twenty-one. This song immediately appeared as a broadside and had wide circulation both in America and Britain. It is patterned after an older broadside called *The Bunch of Rushes*. Both Roy Mackenzie and Helen Creighton have found it in Nova Scotia. Mackenzie writes that his singers took great pains to explain the symbolism of the bunch of roses (England, Ireland, Scotland) before beginning the song.

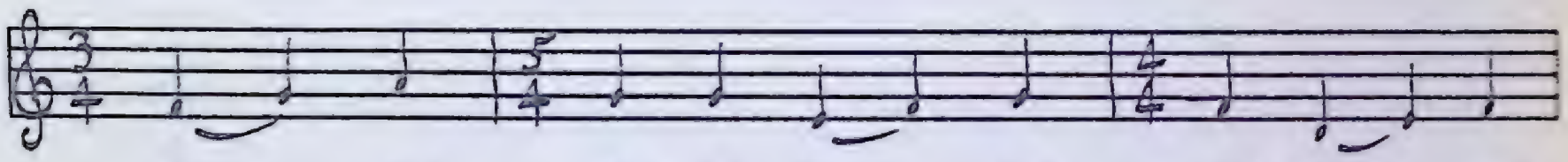
Captain Strachan

PEA 87 No. 719
Freeman Bennett
St. Paul's, July, 1955

Moderate

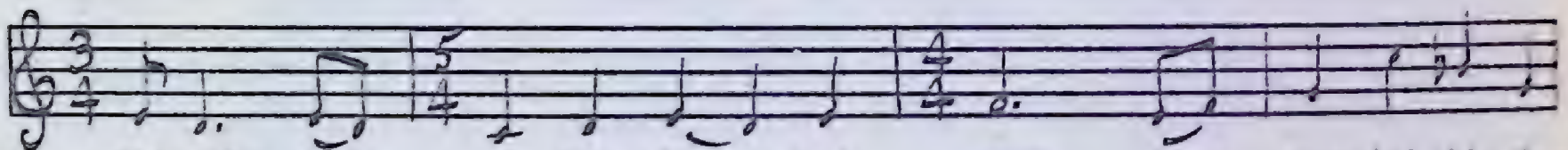


Here's a health to Cap-tain Strachan, my b'ys, and his ex - pe-ri-enced



men; One day as he was sai- ling three

leagues from Al - la - din,(?) He spied a lof - ty



fri-gate out of Mar -seil - les came, Guns moun-ted thir- ty-

six, b'ys, al - most five hun - dred men. He men.

1. Here's a health to Captain Strachan, my b'ys, and his experienced men:
   One day as he was sailing three leagues from Alladin[?]
   He spied a lofty frigate out of Marseilles came,
   Guns mounted thirty-six, b'ys, almost five hundred men. } (*twice*)

2. "Oh come all hands to quarters," our captain he replied,
   "And get all clear for fighting before she comes 'long side."
   "Cast off your quarter-seasons," our gunner he did say,
   "For never 'twill be said, b'ys, that we will run away." } (*twice*)

3. "Oh come lieutenant Crockett; come steward, serve the wine,
   Come bear a hand brave fellow since we have no time to dine."
   The fiddler he played up a tune, we drinked the merry pint,
   No sooner in our bellies, b'ys, we begin the bloody fight. } (*twice*)

4. We hauled our helm to wind'ard to keep her close 'long shore,
With our great guns and small arms like thunder they did roar,
Till three hundred and sixty-five was killed and wounded on the decks then they did lie;
"Well done," cries our bold commander, "we'll board her immediately." } (*twice*)

5. No sooner the words was spoken we board' the proud *Moselle,*
We hauled them down the hatch-way until the decks was clear,
We hoist up English colours, the French cried out, "Mon Dieu,
We are all prisoners taken, good Lord, what shall we do?" } (*twice*)

6. "Oh now the prize we've won, b'ys, we'll way to Gibraltar sing,
With a rattlin' bowl of punch, b'ys, we'll make the tavern ring;
With the pretty girls all on our knees we'll drive all care to hell,
By the rogue he might be hung, b'ys, but for fear of the proud *Moselle."* } (*twice*)

Les clairons sonnaient la charge

PEA 139 No. 949
Mme Joséphine Costard
Loretto, juillet 1959

Assez vif

L'air est pur, la route est large, Et les clai- rons son-naient la

charge, Les zoua - ves montent en chan - tant, Mais là-

haut sur les col - li - nes, Dans la fo - rêt qui lu-

REPRIS

mine, On les guette, on les at - tend. Tra-

[plus animé]

la, la-la, la - la, la-la, Tra - la, la-la, la - la, Tra-

la- la, la- la - la, la - la - la, la-la, La - la la-la, la-

la, la- la, la, Tra - la- la, la - la-la, la-

la- la, la-la, La - la, la-la, la - la, la- la, la - la.

L'air est pur, la route est large
Et les clairons sonnaient la charge,
Les zouaves montent en chantant,
Mais là-haut sur les collines,
Dans la forêt qui lumine,
On les guette, on les attend.

Tra-la, la-la, la-la, la-la,
Tra-la, la-la, la-la,
Tra-la-la, la-la-la, la-la-la, la-la.
La-la, la-la, la-la, la-la, la,
Tra-la-la, la-la-la, la-la-la, la-la.
La-la, la-la, la-la, la-la, la-la.

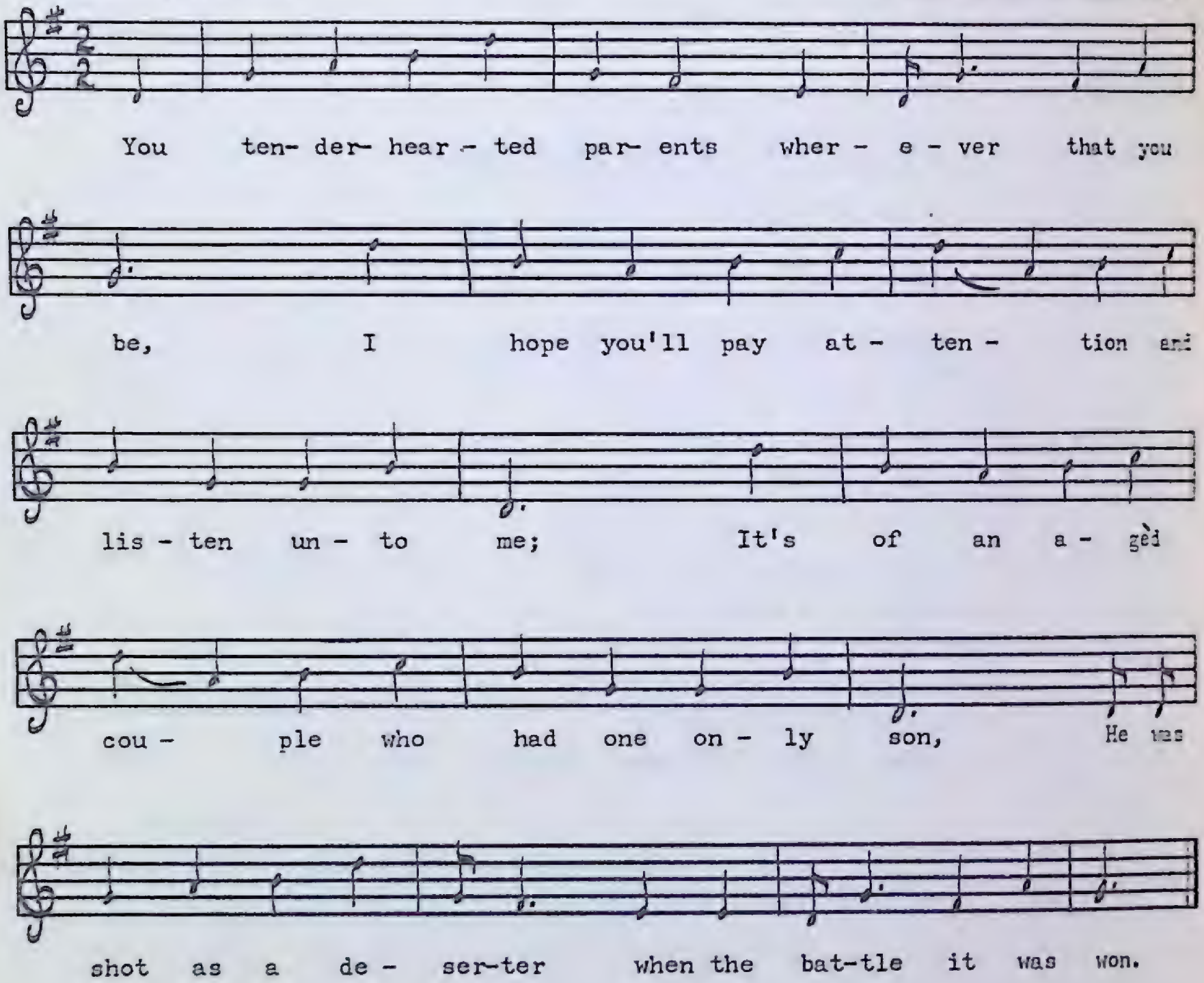
Les clairons c'est un vieux brave,
Et lorsque la lutte est grave,
C'est un rude compagnon,
Il l'a vu monter bataille
Et porter plus d'une entaille
Depuis les pieds jusqu'au front.

Et lorsqu'en grimpant la rive,
On marche à la baïonnette,
Et les échos rebondissent
Quand enfin les cris se jettent,
On marche à la baïonnette,
Il sonnait, sonnait toujours.

The Deserter

PEA 76 No. 674
Mrs. Thomas Walters
Rocky Harbour, July, 1958

Moderate, free time



1. You tender-hearted parents wherever that you be,
   I hope you'll pay attention and listen unto me;
   It's of an agèd couple who had one only son,
   He was shot as a deserter when the battle it was won.

2. He was both tall and handsome, his complexion it was fair,
   His eyes were of the deepest blue and dark brown was his hair,
   And as he gazed upon the crowd he gave one heavy sigh,
   "If it was not for my father I would not care to die."

3. About a three weeks after as I stood in the field
   A letter came into my hand and deep black was the seal;
   I quickly tore it open, those words did meet my eye:
   "Come home, come home, dear Willie, once more before I die."

4. Oh who could slight a dying wish from such a mother dear?
Before the dawning of the day my mother I stood near;
She pressed me to her sobbing heart, those words she said with joy,
"You're welcome home dear Willie, my own, my soldier-boy."

5. I scarce had time to press her lips when a heavy foot drew near,
I turned myself around and an officer appeared.
He said, "You cowardly rascal who from the field did run,
You will be shot as a deserter when the battle it is won."

6. I pointed to the bed-side, "Be careful what you say,
My mother she is dying and on her death-bed do lay;
I don't care if you shoot me I from her will not go
Until she do recover or to her grave do go."

7. He sent his men around me and took me right away
Before I could defend myself or have one word to say;
They sent me to the guard-house where many had gone before,
And my poor dying mother I never saw no more.

8. The officer that brought me here he swore away my life,
He thinks he will gain Mary, she's going to be my wife;
He thinks he will gain Mary, that girl whom I adore,
But to her true-love soldier she proved faithfuller than before.

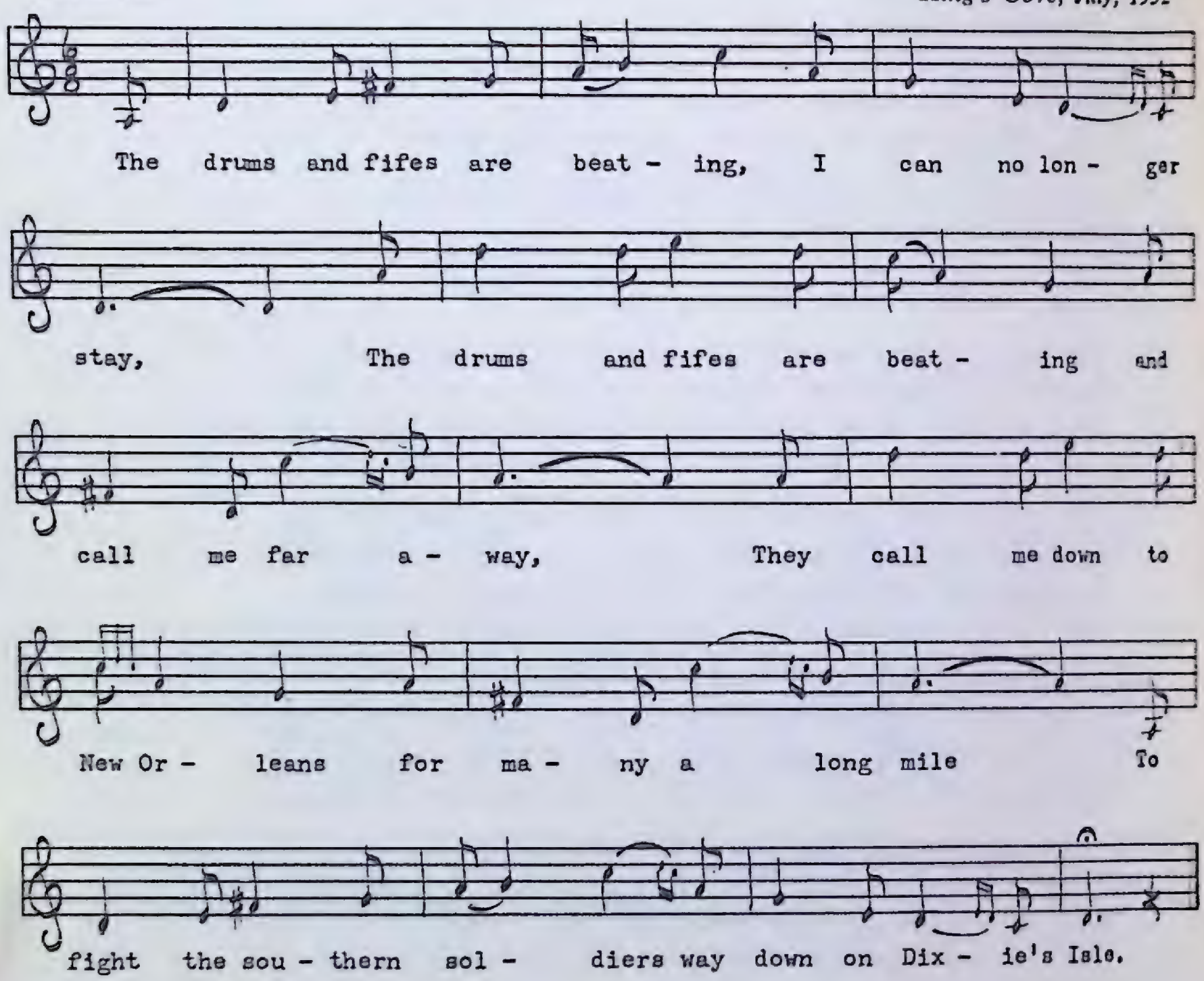
9. About a two days after an officer appeared,
"Come shoot this cowardly rascal, no more of this I'll hear."
He fired and shot young Willie, a bullet pierced his heart,
And from his true-love Mary on earth they had to part.

10. The officer a-courting unto Mary he did go,
Which proved his sad misfortune and earthly overthrow;
She said, "You shot my Willie and death shall be your bride."
She fired and shot the officer, he fell dead at her side.

Both Roy Mackenzie and Helen Creighton have noted this American ballad in Nova Scotia where it is known as *When the Battle It is Won.*

Dixie's Isle

MS 27
Thomas Sullivan
King's Cove, July, 1952



1. The drums and fifes are beating, I can no longer stay.
   The drums and fifes are beating and call me far away,
   They call me down to New Orleans for many a long mile
   To fight the southern soldiers way down on Dixie's Isle.

2. "Jimmy, lovely Jimmy, may I go along with you?
   I will cut off my yellow locks and go to Orleans too."
   "Your waist it is too slender, love, your figure is not the style,
   And I'm afraid you would not answer way down on Dixie's Isle.

3. "Our colonel gave us orders, his orders did run so,
   Our colonel gave us orders, no women they should go,
   The scorching sun of New Orleans your delicate figure would spoil,
   Way down on the sandy deserts, way down on Dixie's soil."

4. My curse be to all wars when fighting first began,
   It robbed New York and Boston of many's a decent man;
   It robbed women of their husbands dear, protectors of the soil,
   The blood it flowed, stained the grass that growed way down on
   Dixie's Isle.

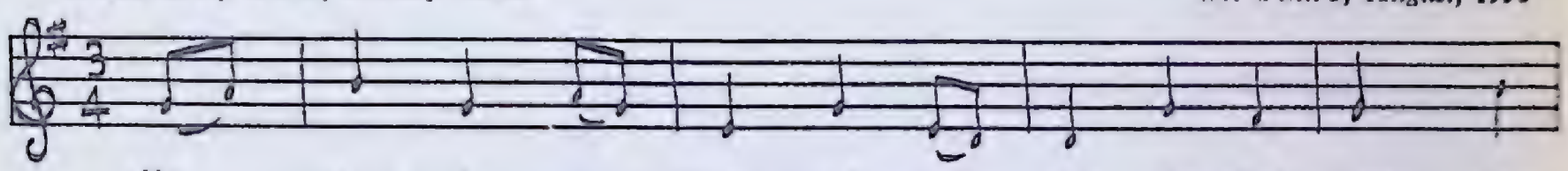
5. Now the war is over, and home we will return,
   Unto our wives and sweethearts, and those we left to mourn,
   May the great God look down on us and pity us every mile,
   We'll go no more a-fighting way down on Dixie's Isle.

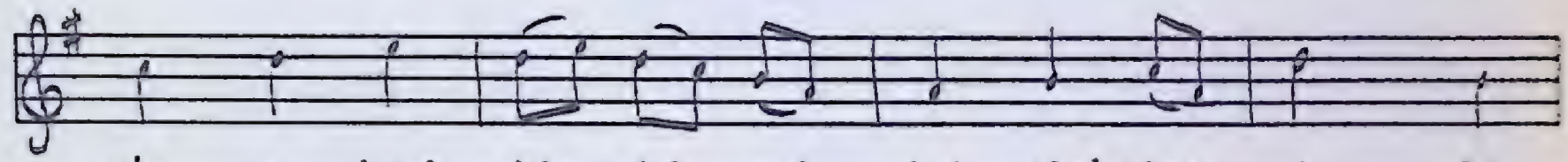
This fine Mixolydian air is one of the best I have seen used for this American war ballad.

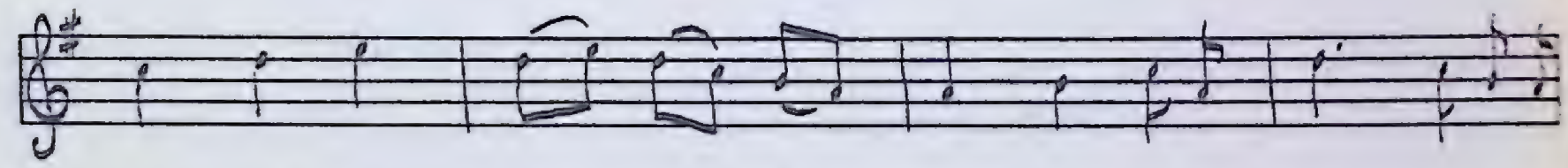
General Munro

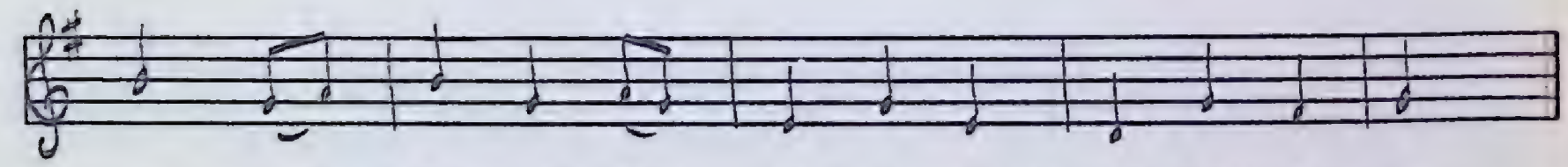
PEA 105 No. 796
Freeman Bennett
St. Paul's, August, 1958

Moderately slow, steady time









1. My name is John Snaney, my age is eighteen,
   Many's a hard skirmish and battle's been in;
   But this is the hardest I have to undergo—o—o, o—o,
   Command by that hero called General Munro.

2. Oh Ross took the mountains, Munro took the field,
   Munro being valiant to him would not yield.
   "The rattlings of those small arms shan't never daunt me so—o—o, o—o,
   Fight on, my brave heroes," called General Munro.

3. Munro being drowsy for the want of some sleep,
   He gave five-ten guineas his secrets to keep;
   But when they got the money they servèd him so—o—o, o—o,
   They sent for the cavalry to take in Munro.

4. The cavalry came there and surrounded the field,
   Munro being valiant to him forced to yield.
   They took him a prisoner without more delay—ay—ay, ay—ay,
   Clapped his head on a spear that very same day.

5. Here's adieu to my wife and children all three,
   My land and my living I will give unto thee,
   My land and my living I will give unto you—ou—ou, ou—ou,
   And the sweet county of Wexford I'll now bid adieu.

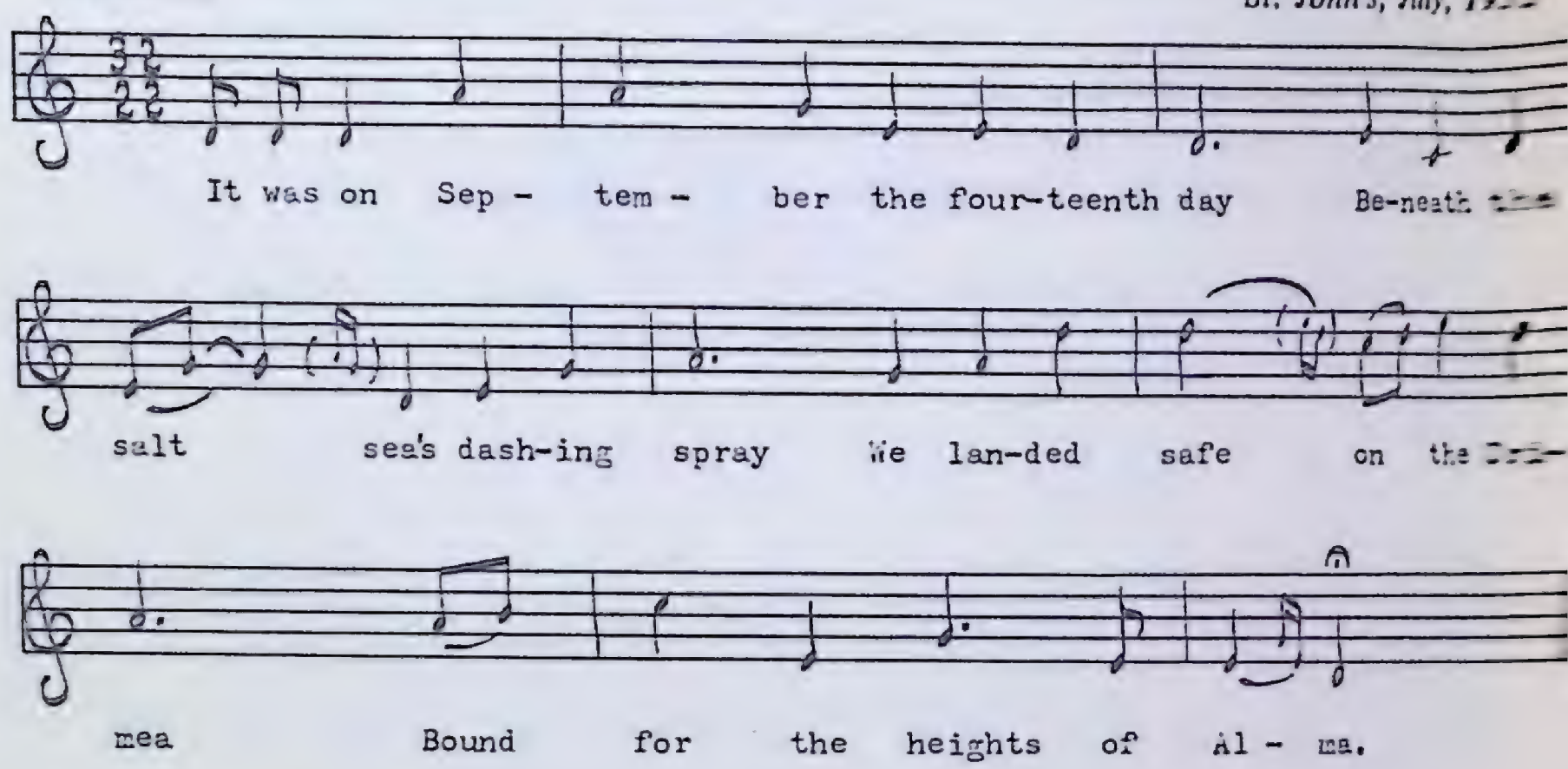
6. His sister came there, she was clothed all in green,
   With a large glittering sword so sharp and so keen.
   She slayed five of those tyrants before she did go—o—o, o—o,
   Saying, "Fetch me my brother called General Munro."

7. Oh now to conclude and to finish my song,
   Oh something might happen before it is long.
   May the union of liberty to the kingdom now go—o—o, o—o,
   And the tyrants lay bleeding that beheaded Munro!

An Irish ballad that may be found in the *Journal of the Irish Folk Song Society,* XIV, 35. Colm O Lochlainn has also included it in his *Irish Street Ballads.*

The Heights of Alma

PEA 16 No. 9[illegible]
Gordon W[illegible]
St. John's, July, 19[illegible]



1. It was on September the fourteenth day
   Beneath the salt sea's dashing spray
   We landed safe on the Crimea (pronounced 'Crimay')
   Bound for the heights of Alma.

2. That night we lay on the cold damp ground,
   No tents, no shelter could be found,
   With rain we were oh nearly drowned,
   Bound for the heights of Alma.

3. Next morn the burning sun did rise
   Beneath the cloudless eastern skies,
   Our gallant chief, Lord Raglan cries,
   "Prepare, my boys, for Alma!"

4. When Alma's heights we have in view
   The stoutest heart it would subdue
   To see that mighty Russian crew
   Stood on the heights of Alma.

5. Their bullets fell as thick as rain
   As we their battery tried to gain,
   And manys a hero then got slain
   All on the heights of Alma.

6. When the Thirty-third of the Fusiliers
   They gained the heights and gave three cheers,
   Their ringing voices fret our ears,
   Our island lads on Alma.

7. Our island lads with kilt and hose,
They were not less, you may suppose,
But boldly faced those Russian foes,
And victory gained on Alma.

8. When Alma's heights we did command
We fought those Russians hand to hand,
And soon we brought them to a stand
All on the heights of Alma.

9. To Sebastopol those troops are gone,
And news we'll hear before 'tis long,
And if their power was twice as strong
We would have revenge on Alma.

10. To Sebastopol those Russians fled
Leaving their wounded and their dead,
And rivers that day ran crimson red
With blood was spilled on Alma.

11. Their guns and knapsacks they threw down,
And ran like hares before the hounds,
All hell about us did resound
Of victory gained on Alma.

12. There's manys a pretty girl will mourn
For a lover that will never return,
Which cruel wars have from them torn,
And their bodies lie on Alma.

13. From sisters' eyes the tears will roll,
And none the widows will console,
And mothers will mourn beyond control
For the sons they lost on Alma.

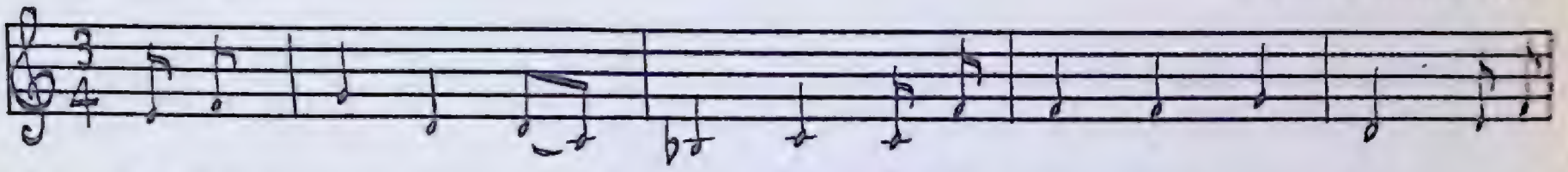
14. Eight hundred Britons I heard say
Fell dead upon that fatal day,
While thirty thousand the Russians lay
All in their graves on Alma.

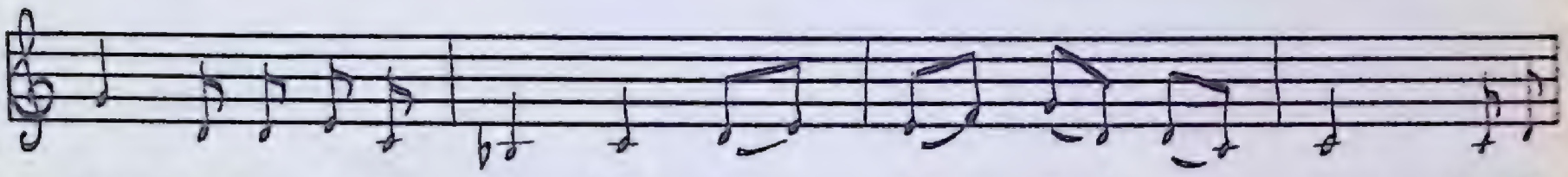
Alma was the site of the Crimea battle September 20, 1854, when Franco-British forces defeated the Russians. I am not familiar with the official casualty figures claimed by either the British or the Russians, but even allowing for normal patriotic exaggeration and poetic licence the figures given in the last verse of this ballad would seem to be outrageously optimistic. Despite its broadside origin, though, this is one of the best war ballads to survive in oral tradition. The verse is not too stilted, and the tune is first-rate.

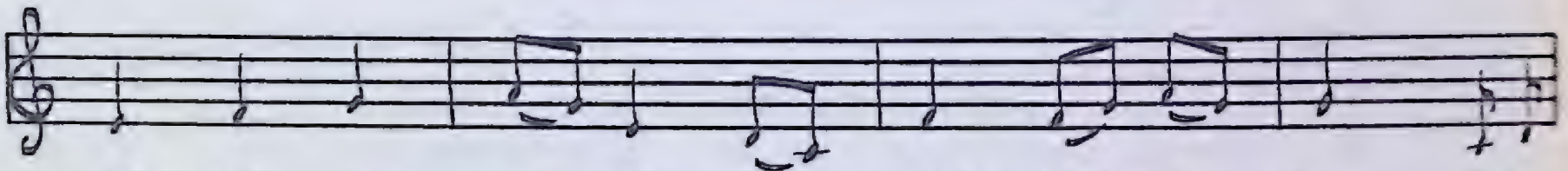
Here's Adieu to Old England

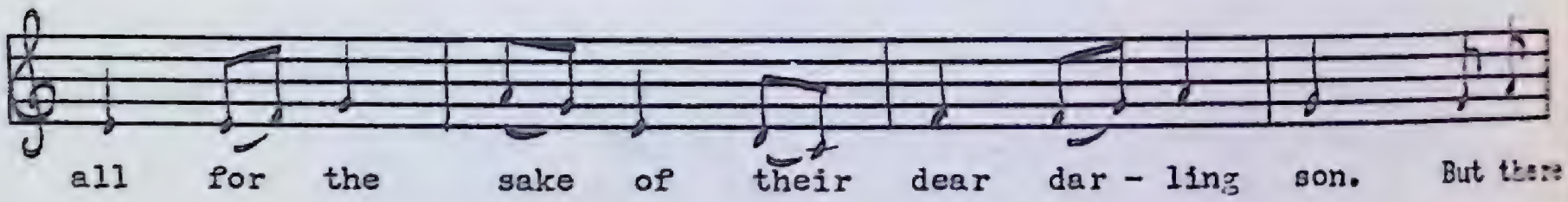
PEA 93 No. 745
Freeman Bennett
St. Paul's, August, 1955

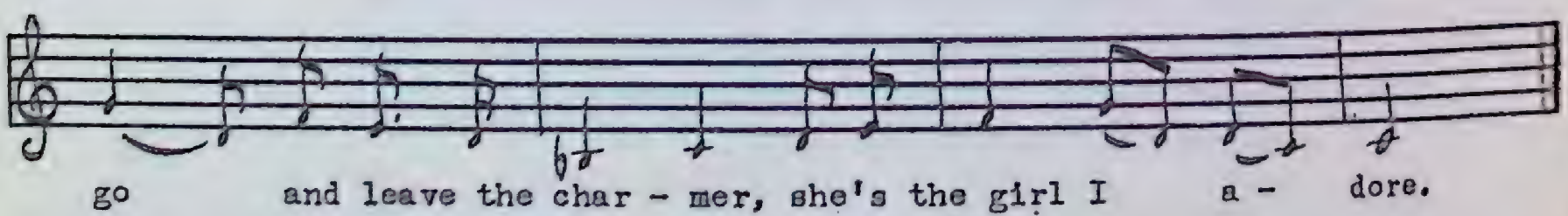
Moderately slow











1. Here's adieu to old England since I must leave the shore,
   And perhaps never never see that dear island no more;
   Leaving father and mother and sisters to mourn,
   It is all for the sake of their dear darling son.
   But there is one thing more that do grieve my heart sore,
   It's to go and leave the charmer, she's the girl I adore.

2. In fair London city where I took great delight
   In courting of those pretty girls by day and by night,
   And to the Hyde Park where the musicks do play,

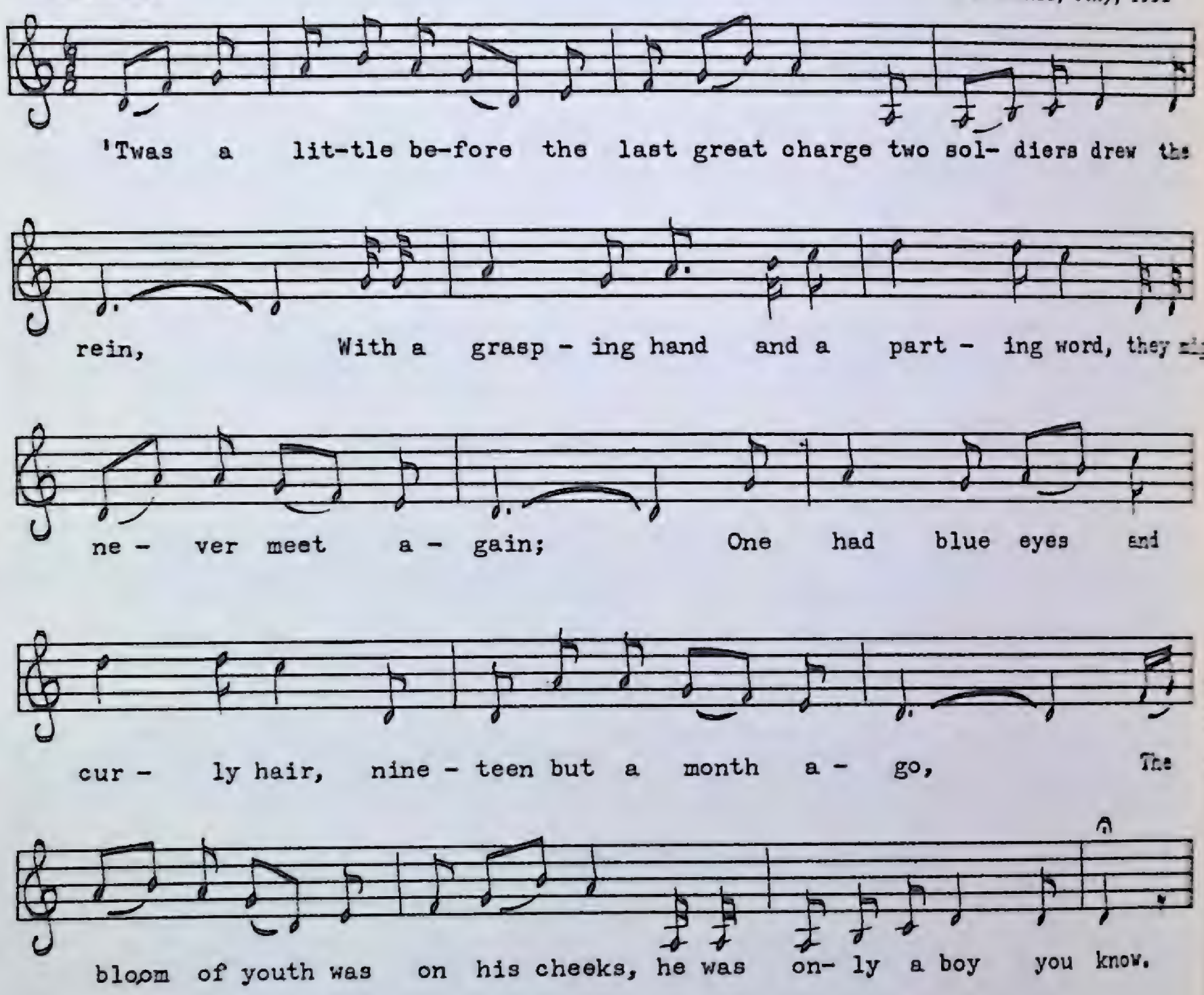
And thousands of pretty girls to be seen every day.
But since it is all o'er we can play there no more,
We must go and play the music where the loud cannons roar.

3. Oh now my brave boys, never let us repine,
In honour and glory our convoys we'll join,
With our twenty-six pounders we will fight blow for blow,
We will make them to surrender wheresomever we go.
But if 'twould be our lot for to die on the field
Never let us be down-hearted, for we never will yield.

The Last Great Charge

PEA 17 No. 100
Mike Kent
Cape Broyle, July, 1952

PEA 17 No. 106
Mrs. Ghaney
Fermeuse, July, 1952



1. 'Twas a little before the last great charge two soldiers drew the rein,
   With a grasping hand and a parting word, they might never meet again;
   One had blue eyes and curly hair, nineteen but a month ago,
   The bloom of youth was on his cheeks, he was only a boy you know.

2. The other was tall, dark, and proud withal, his countenance straight
   and slim,
   He only trusted to those he loved who were all the world to him.
   They had ridden together for many a raid, marched many a dreary mile.
   But ever before they had met their foe with a calm and a cheerful
   smile.

3. 'Twas there they stood for a moment of time gazing into each other's eyes.
The tall, dark man was the first to speak saying, "Charlie, my hour is nigh,
If you ride up this hill with me you must ride back alone,
And this is the message you must take when I am dead and gone.

4. "Write to my mother when I am dead, write to her most tenderly,
Write to her tenderly how I died and where my resting place be,
Tell her my spirit will wait for her on the borders of land or sea
Between heaven and earth until she'll come, for it won't be long, she'll say.

5. "There is a face upon my breast I'll wear it into the fight,
With blue eyes and curly hair and a smile like the morning light,
Like the morning light was her love for me for she gladdened my lonesome life,
What cared I for friends or foes when she promised to be my wife?"

6. Tears filled the eyes of the blue-eyed boy, his voice grew low with pain.
"I'll do your bidding, comrade mine, if I return again,
But if you return and I am left you must do the same for me,
My mother at home must know the news, write to her most tenderly.

7. "For of one and the other of those she loved she lost both husband and son,
And I myself fought this countery 'cause she kissed me and bid me come;
She's praying at home like a weary saint with her pale face white with woe,
And her heart will be broken when I'm gone, it won't be long I know."

8. 'Twas soon the orders came to charge, they both rode hand in hand,
They shouldered arms and off they rode with a clear and a thoughtless band,
Until they came to the clip of the hill where the rebels loosed shot and shell,
They poured lead and death into the ranks and charged them as they fell.

9. Amongst the dead and the dying lay the boy with the curly hair,
The tall, dark man rode up to him and died beside him there.
"There is no one to write to our mothers at home to tell her her son is dead,
There is no one to write to that blue-eyed girl a word that her fond lover said,
There is no one to hear our last fond words or ease our aching pain,
Until they'll cross the river of death and stand beside us again."

This Damon and Pythias style ballad comes out of the American Civil War. Some versions specify Fredericksburg or Gettysburg as the locale. Roy Mackenzie has noted it in Nova Scotia as *The Battle of Fredericksburg*, and in the United States it is sometimes known as *The Last Fierce Charge*. The present text is a collation of two similar texts from the singers listed. Mr. Kent's tune is used.

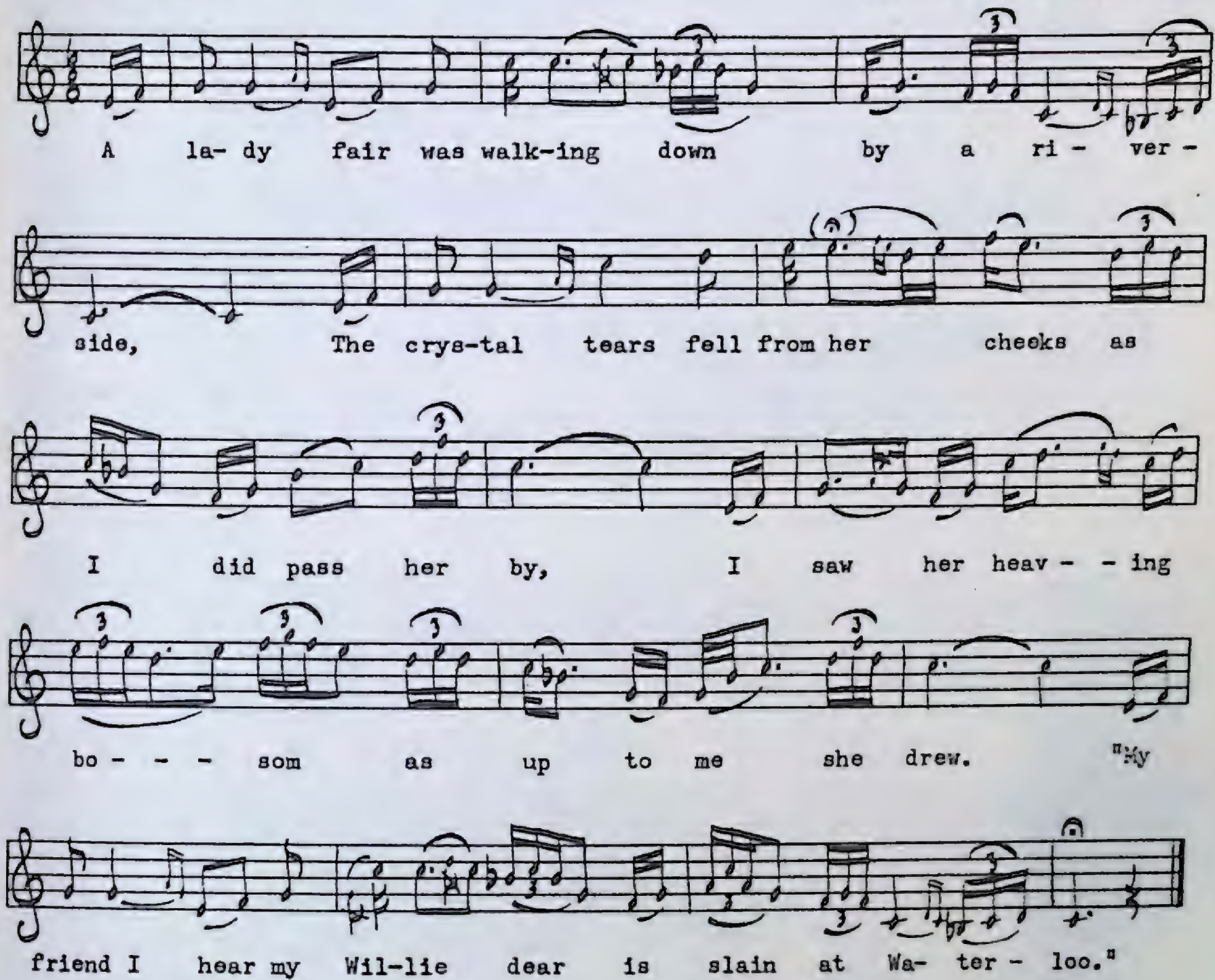
Lonely Waterloo

A

MS 69

Mrs. John Fogarty
Joe Batt's Arm, July, 1952

Slow, free time



1. A lady fair was walking down by a riverside,
   The crystal tears fell from her cheeks as I did pass her by,
   I saw her heaving bosom as up to me she drew,
   "My friend I hear my Willie dear is slain at Waterloo."

2. "What sort of clothes did your Willie wear?" the soldier made reply.
   "He wore a highland bonnet with a feather standing high,
   A glittering sword hung by his side over his dark suit of blue,
   Those were the clothes my Willie wore on lonely Waterloo."

3. "If that's the clothes your Willie wore I saw his dying day,
   Five bayonets pierced his tender heart before he down did lay,
   He took me by the hand and said some Frenchman did him slew,
   It was I who closed your Willie's eyes on lonely Waterloo."

4. "Oh Willie, dearest Willie!" and she could say no more,
She fell into the soldier's arms those dreadful tidings bore.
"May the jaws of heaven open and swallow me down through,
Since my Willie lies a mouldering corpse on lonely Waterloo.

5. "If I had some eagle's wings I would surmount on high,
I would fly to lonely Waterloo where my true love do lie;
I would light upon his bosom my love for to renew,
I would kiss my darling's pale cold lips on lonely Waterloo."

Despite the high ornamentation of variant *A*, both tunes appear to be related. With its dual Mixolydian-Dorian flavour, variant *B* is quite interesting in its own right, though greatly overshadowed by its fioritura cousin. A third variant is similar to *B* and is not reproduced. All variants have the same five verses. In verse 4 of Mr. Nicolle's variant the third line begins "May the jaws of death now open."

B

PEA 117 No. 857
Arthur Nicolle
Rocky Harbour, August, 1955

Moderate

As a la - dy fair was wal - king down by a ri - ver -

side, As the crys - tal tears rolled from her eyes as

I walked by her side, I saw her hea - ving

bo - som, those words so kind and true, Saying

"Friends I'm scared my Willie is slain at lone-ly Wa - ter - loo."

Napoleon's Farewell to Paris

MS 86

Phillip Foley
Tilting, July, 1952

Moderately slow

Fare - well ye splen-did ci - ta- del, me - tro-po-lis called
Flo - ra's bright au - ro - - - ra ad - van - cing from the ho-

Pa-ris, Where Phoe - bus e - - very morn - ing shot
ri-zon, His ra - di-ant light a - dorn - ing the

1. 2.

four re - ful - gent beams; Where
clear and shin- ing streams. That

eve when cen - sure does re- tire while the o - - ocean glows like

fire, And the u - - ni- verse ad - mires our

mer - - chan-dise and store; Com - mend - ing Flo - ra's

frag - - rance, the fer-tile fields to de - co - rate, To il-

lu - mi-nate that royal Cor - si-can a - gain on the French shore.

1. Farewell ye splendid citadel, metropolis called Paris,
Where Phoebus every morning shot four refulgent beams;
Where Flora's bright aurora advancing from the horizon,
His radiant light adorning the clear and shining streams.
That eve when censure does retire while the ocean glows like fire,
And the universe admires our merchandise and store;
Commending Flora's fragrance, the fertile fields to decorate,
To illuminate that royal Corsican again on the French shore.

2. My name is Napoleon Bonaparte the conqueror of nations,
I have banished German legions and drove kings from their thrones;
I have trampled dukes and earls, and splendid congregations,
Though they have now transported me to St. Helena's shore.
I am an allied oak, with fire and sword I've made them smoke.
I have conquered Dutch and Danes, and surprised the Grand Signor,
I have defeated Austrians and Russians, both Portuguese and Prussians,
Like Joshua at Alexandria or Caesar of yore.

3. Some say the first of my downfall was parting from my consort,
To wed a German's daughter that wounded my heart sore;
This female train I ne'er would blame, for never did she me defame,
She saw my sword in battle and did me adore.
Now I severely felt the rod for meddling with the House of God,
Coin and gold and images in thousands away I tore;
I stole Malta's golden gates, I did the works of God disgrace,
For if you'll give me time and peace back to them I'll restore.

4. My golden eagles were pulled down by Wellington's allied army;
My troops all in disorder could no longer stand the field;
I was told that afternoon upon the eighteenth day of June,
My reinforcements proved traitors which caused me to yield,
Now I'm on a desert island where rats the devil would afright,
But I'm in hopes to shine in armor bright through Europe once more.

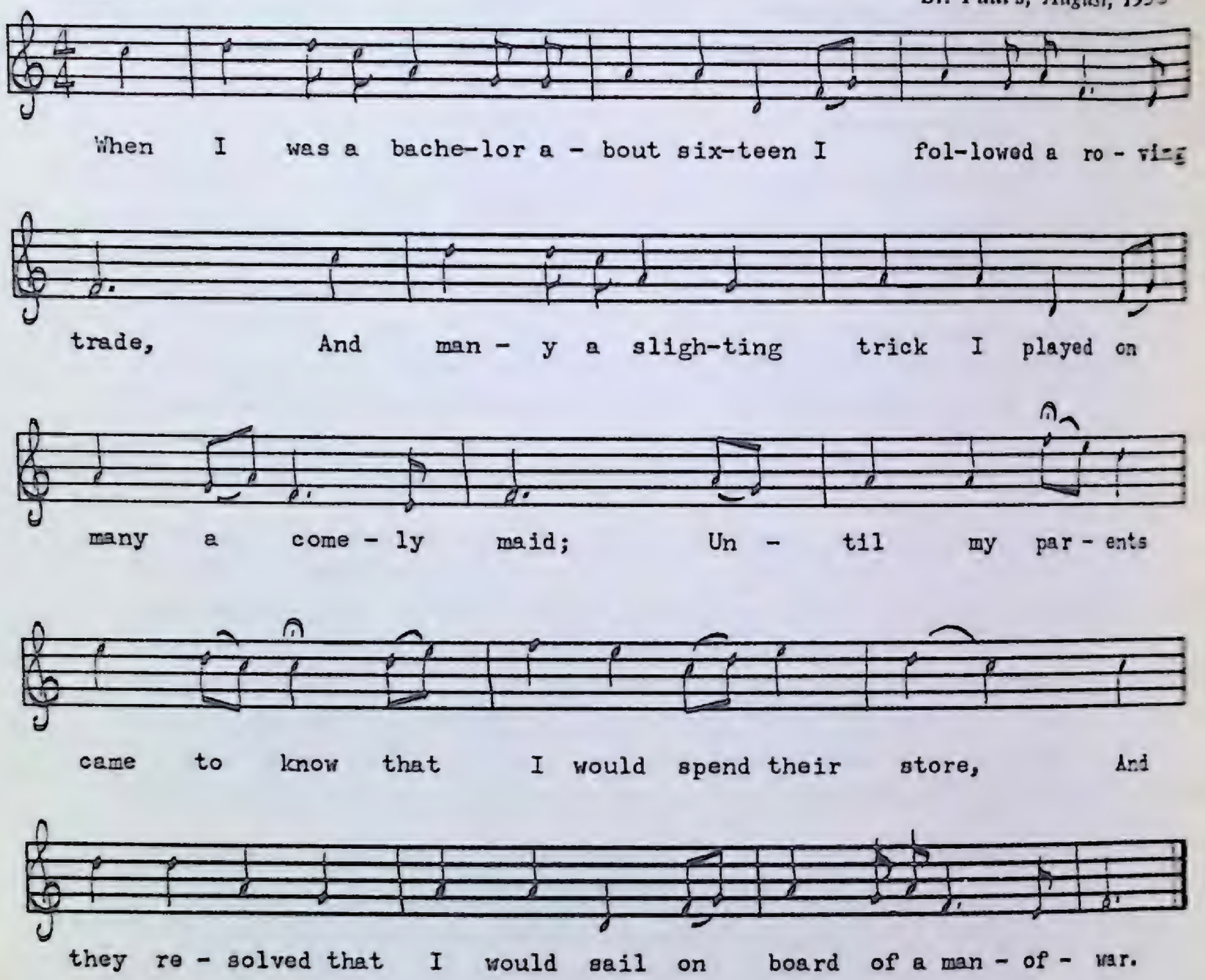
5. Now to the south of Africa and the Atlantic ocean,
To view the wild emotions and flowings of the tide;
Banished from the royal crown of imperial promotion,
From the French throne of glory to see these billows glide;
Three days I stood the pain, liberty's cause to maintain,
Thousands I left slain and covered in their gore;
I never fled without revenge, nor to the allied armies cringed,
Now my sword is sheathed and Paris is no more.

The Irish seem to be inordinately fond of these florid display pieces. Mr. Foley takes great pride in singing them and regards *Napoleon's Farewell* as the king of them all, a judgment I find it difficult to disagree with. Whatever one may think about the merits of the text, the melodic style is certainly worth more than a cursory glance. Mr. Foley has a naturally beautiful voice, high and lyrical; the perfect vehicle for the fioritura style.

For other examples of this style, see the songs of Mrs. John Fogarty, Patrick Rossiter, and William Stevens. I doubt if *Napoleon's Farewell* has been collected from oral tradition before in such a high state of preservation. Having nearly beat the English, Napoleon has almost become an Irish folk hero. By the way, since song books and broadsides of this song do not give any melody, Phillip Foley is responsible for preserving or inventing the beautiful melody.

On Board of the "Ninety-eight"

PEA 111 No. 827
Everett Bennett
St. Paul's, August, 1953



1. When I was a bachelor about sixteen I followed a roving trade,
   And many a slighting trick I played on many a comely maid;
   Until my parents came to know that I would spend their store,
   And they resolved that I would sail on board of a man-of-war.

2. When I got on board of that gallant ship then I began to steer;
   Our admiral gave the word of command, saying, "Stay no longer here."
   .....
   .....

3. Before we reached near Columbia's shore we had many a heavy drill,
   They soon learned me an easier way for to handle an iron pill.
   It was not long when fight took place, we British tars lay straight.
   What would I give if I could have run from on board of the
   Ninety-Eight.

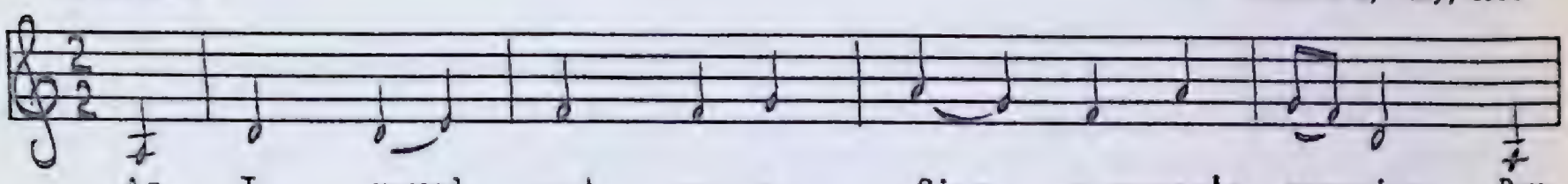
4. 'Twas in the battle of Trafalgar where Nelson fought and fell,
'Twas in that bloody, daring battle where I done my duty well,
I done my duty, served my King, now I must bless my fate,
For damn that I'm too old to sail, for I'm almost ninety-eight.

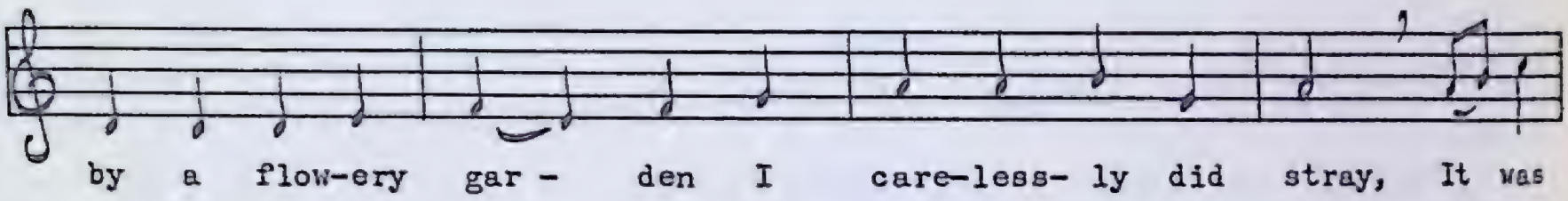
A variant of this rather rare ballad was collected in Norfolk by Vaughan Williams early in the century and appeared with piano accompaniment in *Folk-Songs from the Eastern Counties,* Novello, 1908.

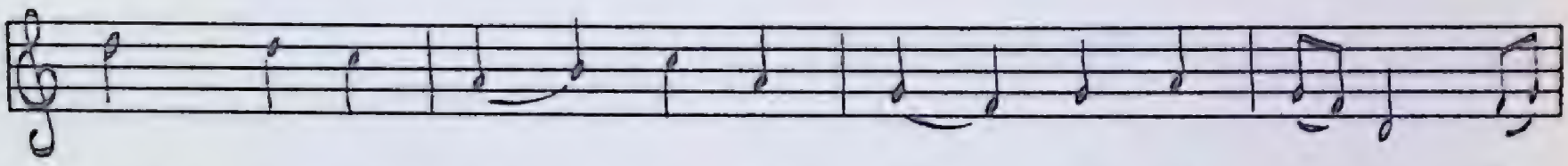
The Plains of Waterloo (I)

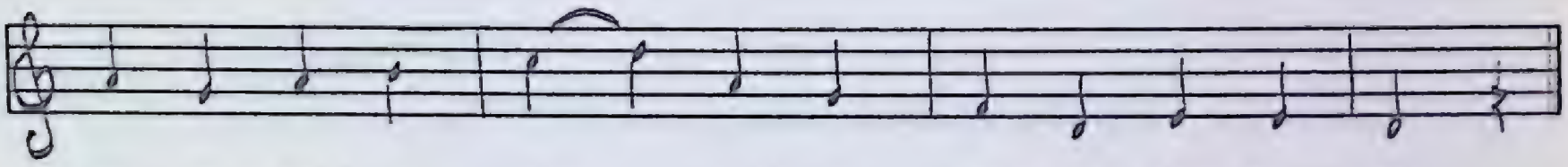
MS 97
Michael Matthews
Duntara, July, 1951

Moderate









1. As I roved out on a fine summer's evening,
   Down by a flower garden I carelessly did stray,
   It was there I beheld a most beautiful damsel,
   I set myself in ambush to hear what she would say.
2. The songs that she sang caused the valleys to ring,
   The small feathered songsters around her they flew,
   Saying, "The wars they are all over, peace is proclaimed,
   And my love is not returned from the plains of Waterloo."
3. I said, "My fond creature, the pride of all nature,
   Since I must make as bold as to ask your love's name,
   For I being in battle where great guns did rattle,
   From your description I may know the same."
4. "Willie Smith was the name of my hero of fame,
   He enlisted as a soldier which caused me to rue,
   And there's no one I'll enjoy but my own darling boy,
   That's when he do return from the plains of Waterloo."
5. "If Willie Smith was the name of your hero of fame,
   It was along with him I spent many a campaign;
   Through both England and France we both marched together,
   He was my loyal comrade while marching through Spain.

6. "Till at length by those Frenchmen we were so surrounded,
Like brave British soldiers we did them subdue;
We fought them for three days till at length we them defeated,
They are bold Napoleon's army on the plains of Waterloo.

7. "It being on the fourth day we ended our battle,
Which caused many a hero for to complain,
Their big guns they did roar, our cannons loud did rattle,
It was by a French soldier your true love was slain.

8. "As I passed by him I saw him lay bleeding,
I scarce had time for to bid him adieu;
In a faltering voice these words I heard him say:
'Here's adieu to lovely Nancy on the plains of Waterloo.' "

9. Her eyes they then grew dim and her color it soon changed,
And her red rosy cheeks they became pale and wan;
And when I saw her in this sad situation,
I boldly advanced saying: "I am your man."

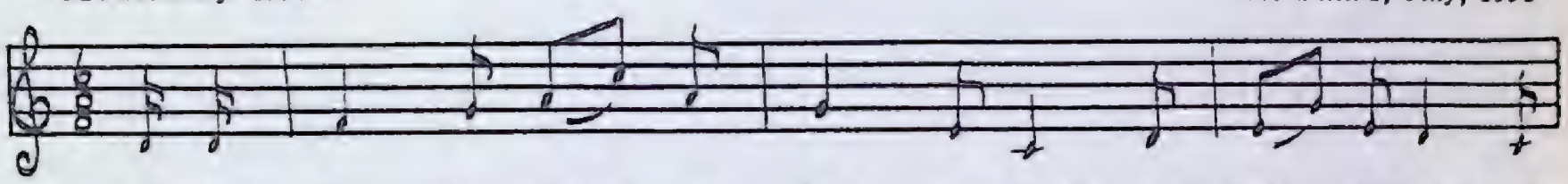
10. Saying, "Here is a ring that between us was broken,
In the midst of all danger it reminded me of you."
She flew into his arms soon as she saw the token,
Saying, "You are welcome back dear Willie from the plains of Waterloo."

This 'broken token' version of *The Plains of Waterloo* was noted by Roy Mackenzie in Nova Scotia as *Waterloo*. It also appears in the Greenleaf-Mansfield book *Ballads and Sea Songs of Newfoundland*.

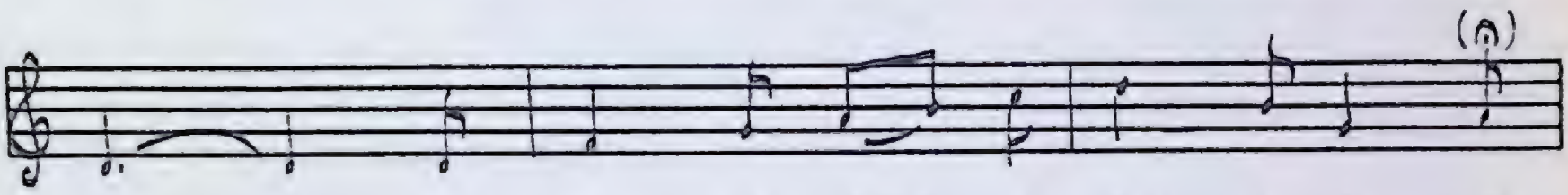
The Plains of Waterloo (II)

PEA 79 No. 692
Freeman Bennett
St. Paul's, July, 1958

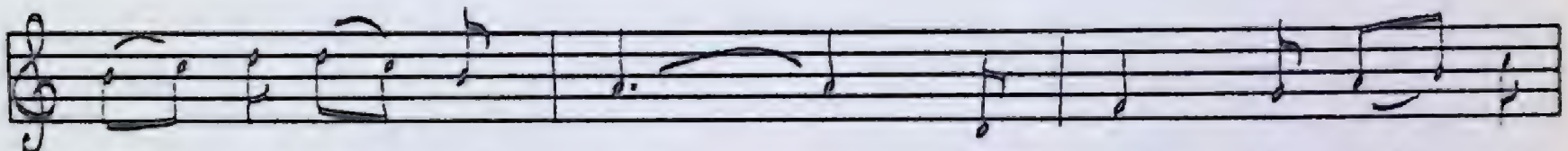
Moderately slow



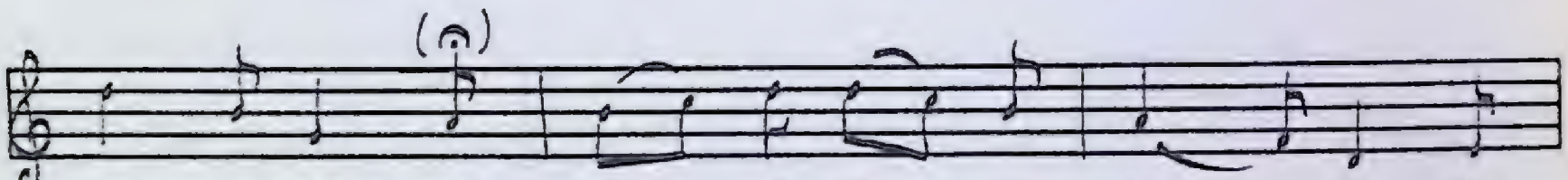
On the four - teenth day of June, my boys, on Flan -ders where we



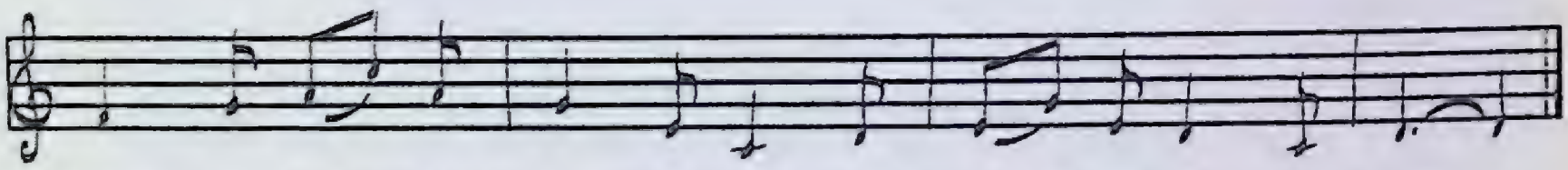
lay, Such bu - gle 'larms of all did sound be -



fore the dawn of day; Three Bri - tish bold - ly



Bruns - wi-ckers and men of Er - in too, oh, How



they crowd sails that mor -ning for the plains of Wa - ter - loo.

1. On the fourteenth day of June, my b'ys, on Flanders where we lay,
   Such bugle 'larms of all did sound before the dawn of day;
   Three British boldly Brunswickers and men of Erin too, oh,
   How they crowd sails that morning for the plains of Waterloo.

2. On the very first march we did proceed, 'twas three in the afternoon,
   Each Briton's heart like fury burned, their tyrants to fall down;
   Near Quatrebras we meet the French, their shapes to us endure, oh,
   And in steel armour they was clothed on the plains of Waterloo.

3. In fierce array Britannia stood and viewed his sons that day,
   The prince had come to Wellington and this to him did say,
   "If you'll not believe of laurels grand on yon Europa's brow,
   Attack us all!—you shall be called the prince at Waterloo."

4. Bonaparte said to his soldiers before the fight begun,
"My heroes if this day we lose our nation is undone,
The Russians we have already beat and soon will the English too,
And display victorious eagles on the plains of Waterloo."

5. "Now to the right about, my boys, fresh laurels for to gain,
Disdain e'en every danger though thousands here lay slain;
Well done my boys," Wellington cries, "my army is but small, oh,
Although we fought them three to one we forced them for to yield.

6. "Now to the right about, my boys, and give to them three cheers,
Never mind their firing, my brave boys, but keep your left rank clear;
Well done my boys," Wellington cries, "my army is but small, oh,
The worst of all that grieves me so to see my Britons fall."

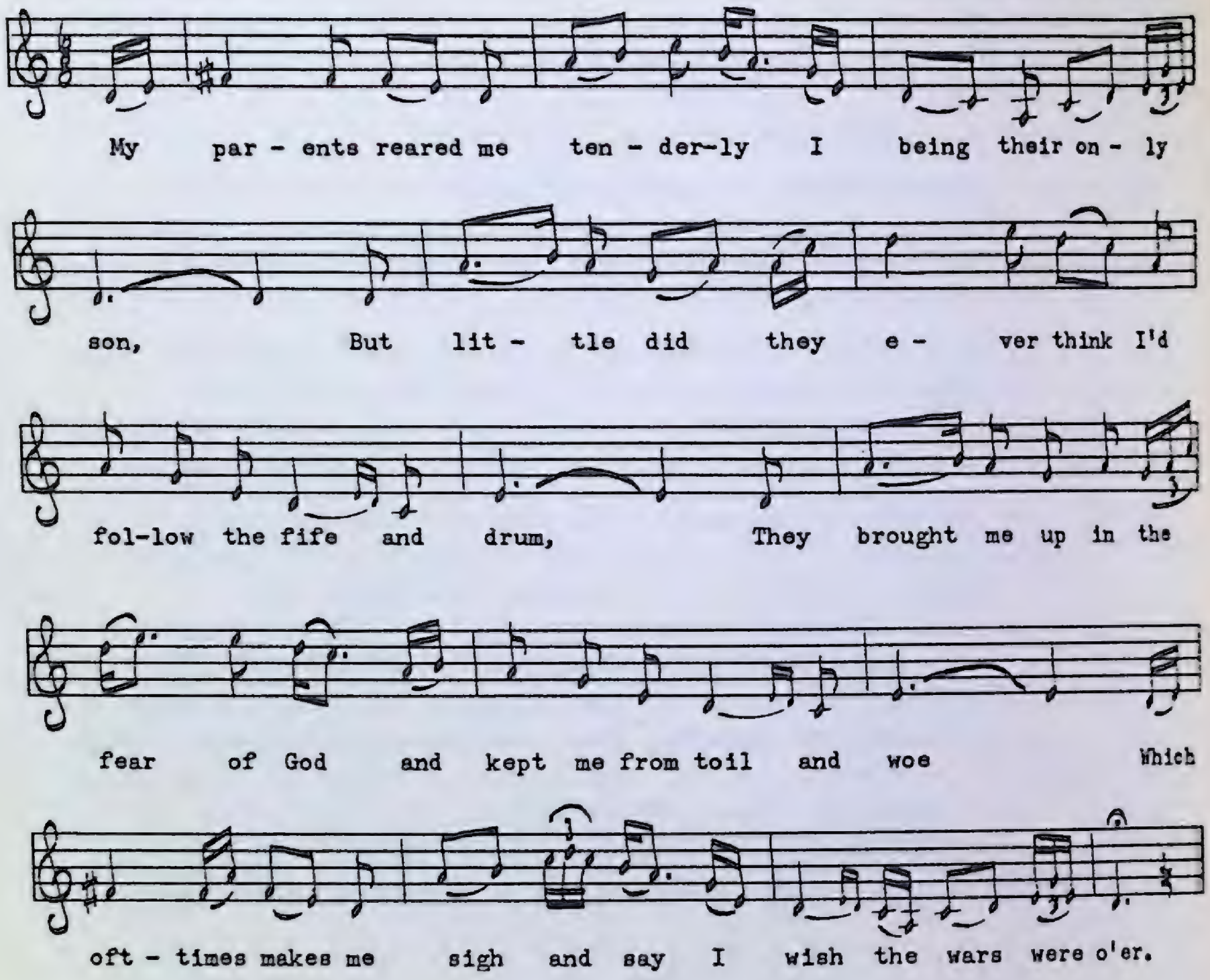
7. Then smoke and fire consumed the air and thunder reached the skies,
Soon we enclosed upon their rear and forced them for to fly;
Three generals leaved behind them their guns and colours too, oh,
While Britons boldly cheered them all from the plains of Waterloo.

8. And now returning home again we'll make the ale-house ring,
We'll drink in toast the girls we love and George our sovereign king;
And we will go to Trafalgar where Nelson bled before, oh,
And Spain shall soon the trumpet sound that welcomes us on shore.

This is the historical version of *The Plains of Waterloo* and may be found in several collections including Ford's *Vagabond Songs and Ballads of Scotland,* I, p. 59–63. In the last verse, Trafalgar is pronounced 'Trufflegar.' In *Traditional Tunes* Frank Kidson says this version of the ballad was supposed to have been composed by a Sergeant Grant of the 92nd regiment immediately after the battle.

The Soldier Boy

MS 106
Mrs. John Fogarty
Joe Batt's Arm, July, 1952



1. My parents reared me tenderly I being their only son,
   But little did they ever think I'd follow the fife and drum,
   They brought me up in the fear of God and kept me from toil and woe
   Which ofttimes makes me sigh and say I wish the wars were o'er.

2. To finish my education I went to school a while,
   And by my good industry I went there in proper style,
   Until strong liquor got in my head as I roamed over grass growing green,
   It was with young Barbour I did enlist to go and serve the queen.

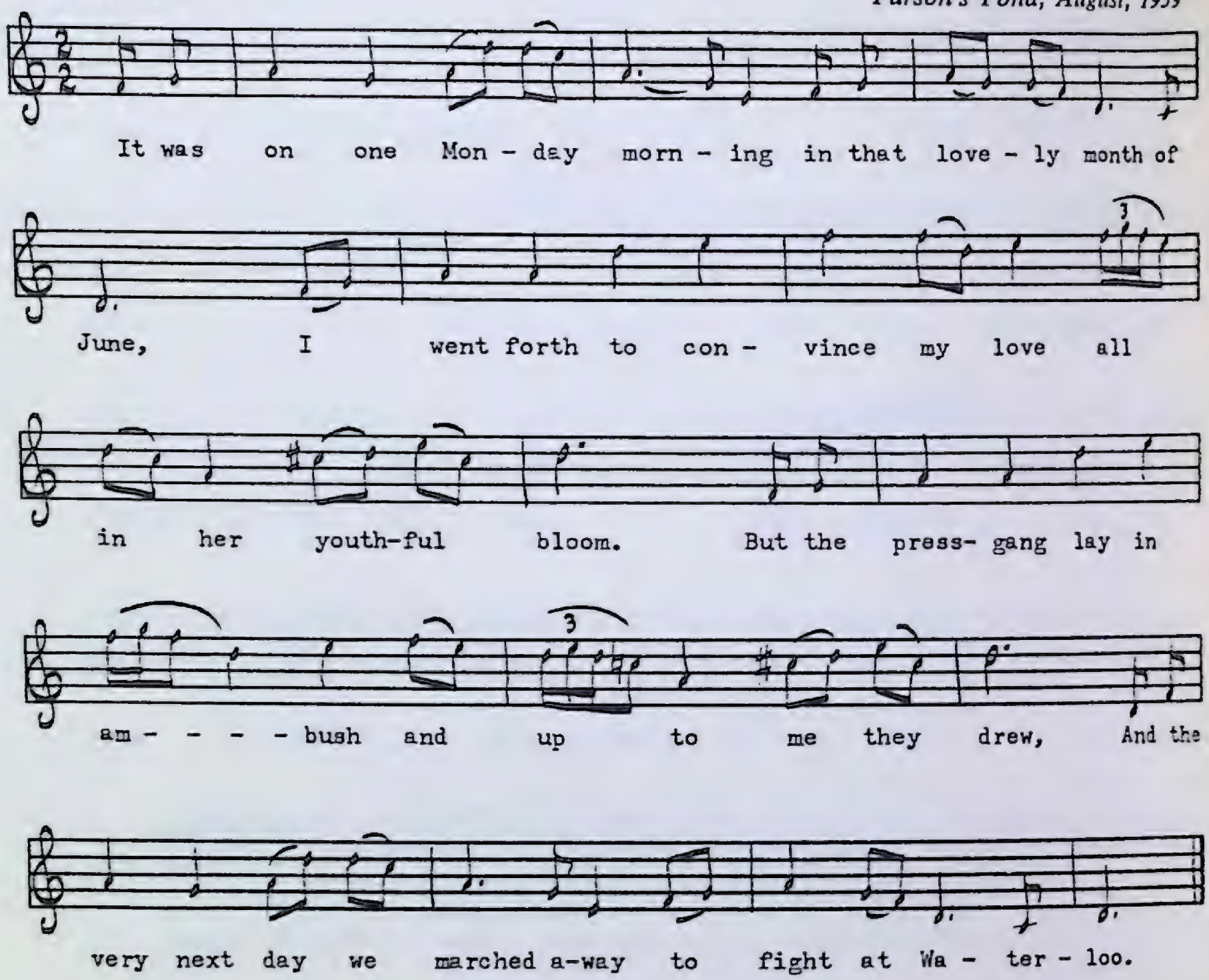
3. It was early day one morning I asked him one request:
   Would I be free and at liberty when my ten long years were pressed?
   And this reply he made to me which grieved by heart full sore,
   That I should go and serve the queen for twenty-one years or more.

4. I took the second bounty not knowing it was for life,
It was little did I ever think my gun would be my wife,
Since I left home I ofttimes sigh for the girl I left on shore,
Love, don't mourn until I return as soon as the wars are o'er.

Waterloo

A

PEA 157 No. 1015
Mrs. Charlotte Decker
Parson's Pond, August, 1959



1. It was on one Monday morning in that lovely month of June,
I went forth to convince my love all in her youthful bloom.
But the press-gang lay in ambush and up to me they drew,
And the very next day we marched away to fight at Waterloo.

2. It happened on the eighteenth, the day that I was pressed,
It was on the twenty-second I first put on my dress,
My waistcoat of the scarlet, my hat and feather too,
And the very next day we marched away to fight at Waterloo.

3. The day we fought at Waterloo it being a heavy blast,
It was early the next morning we were ordered to Belfast,
And when we came near Belfast town our captain he did say,
"I am very much in doubt, my boys, that we won't gain the day."

4. It was early the next morning we were signalled on the plain,
Our captain cried, "My hero boys, don't let your courage fail,
I hope you are victorious and keep your colors true,
I hope to God you will gain the day we fight at Waterloo."

5. It was eight o'clock in the morning the battle it did commence,
And every man with sword in hand to stand his own defence.
The first shot came, my arm swung, so loudly I did bawl,
And the next one took my leg from me which caused me for to fall.

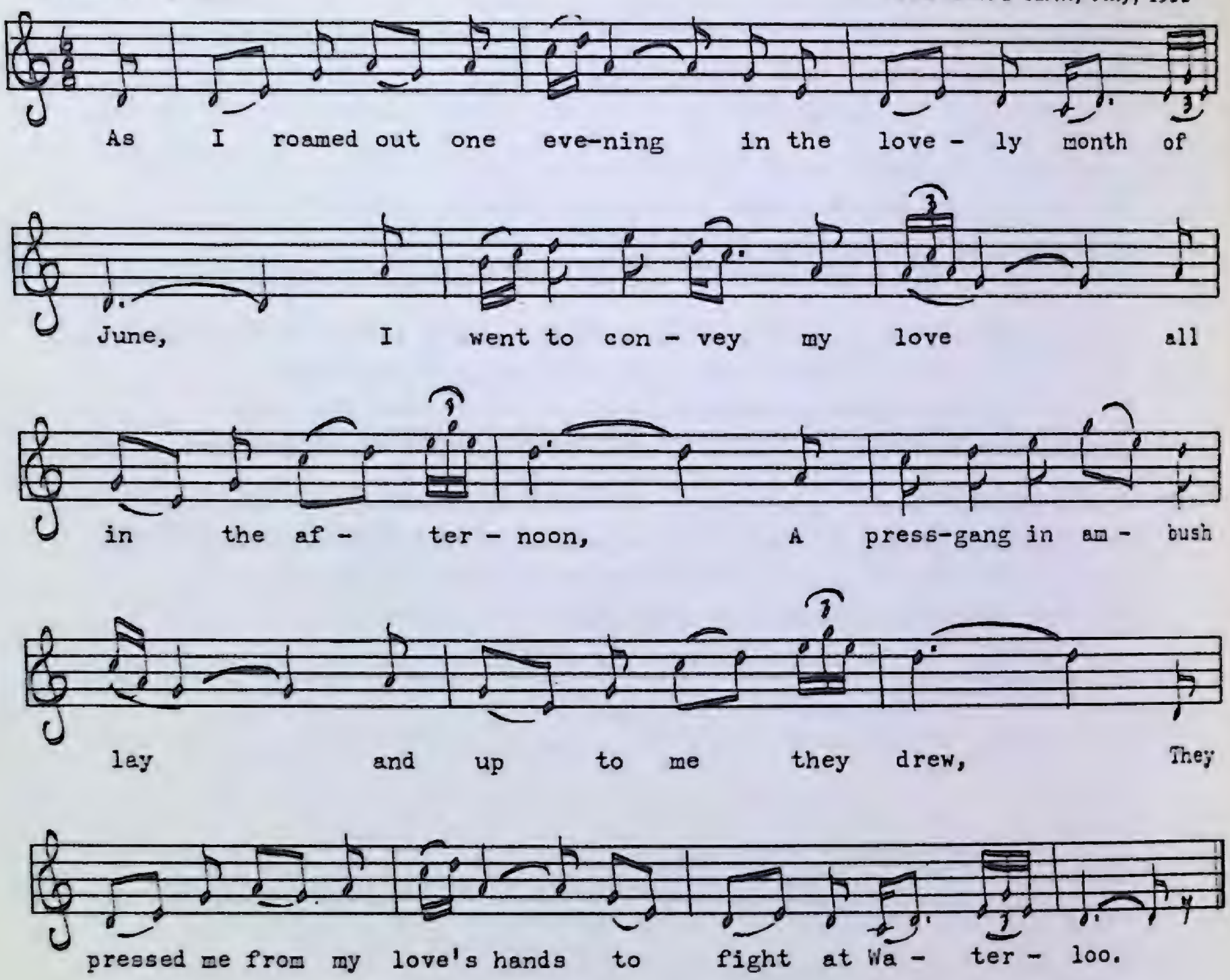
6. And when my limbs were gone from me I fell down on the plain
All for to rest my wounded limbs in heavy wracks of pain.
And when my comrades' work was done 'twas up to me they flew,
I have often cried and wished I'd died that day at Waterloo.

7. We ranged along till nine o'clock till the going down of the sun,
Each one of us a husband dear or a loving mother's son.
Out of eighteen hundred noble slaves we only lost but two,
They had to yield and quit that field we gained at Waterloo.

8. It was by our honorable captain we were ordered on the course,
The distance being so far home we were all brought back on horse.
I was both tall and strong-limbed when I first left my dear,
But now receive a pension of thirty pounds a year.

B

MS 118
Mrs. John Fogarty
Joe Batt's Arm, July, 1952



1. As I roamed out one evening in the lovely month of June,
   I went to convey my love all in the afternoon,
   A press-gang in ambush lay and up to me they drew,
   They pressed me from my love's hand to fight at Waterloo.

2. It being all on the eighteenth the day that I was pressed,
   And on the twenty-second I first put on my dress,
   My scarlet coat and trousers my cap and feather too,
   And the very next day we marched away to fight at Waterloo.

3. So early then next morning the fight it was begun,
   It was piping hot from eight o'clock till the going down of the sun,
   The first shot came, my arm swung, so loudly I did bawl,
   And the next shot came took my legs from me and caused me for to fall.

4. As I lay upon the ground I lay in wracks of pain,
Looking all round me my sorrows to bewail,
Until one of my companions sadly up to me he drew,
I ofttimes cry and wished I'd died that day at Waterloo.

5. Up speaks our noble captain, he ordered me a car
To be drawn home by horses the distance being so far.
He said, "You were so strong in limb when first you left your dear,
And now you become a pensioner at forty pounds a year."

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